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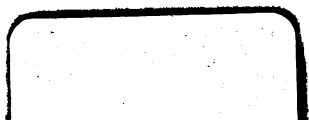
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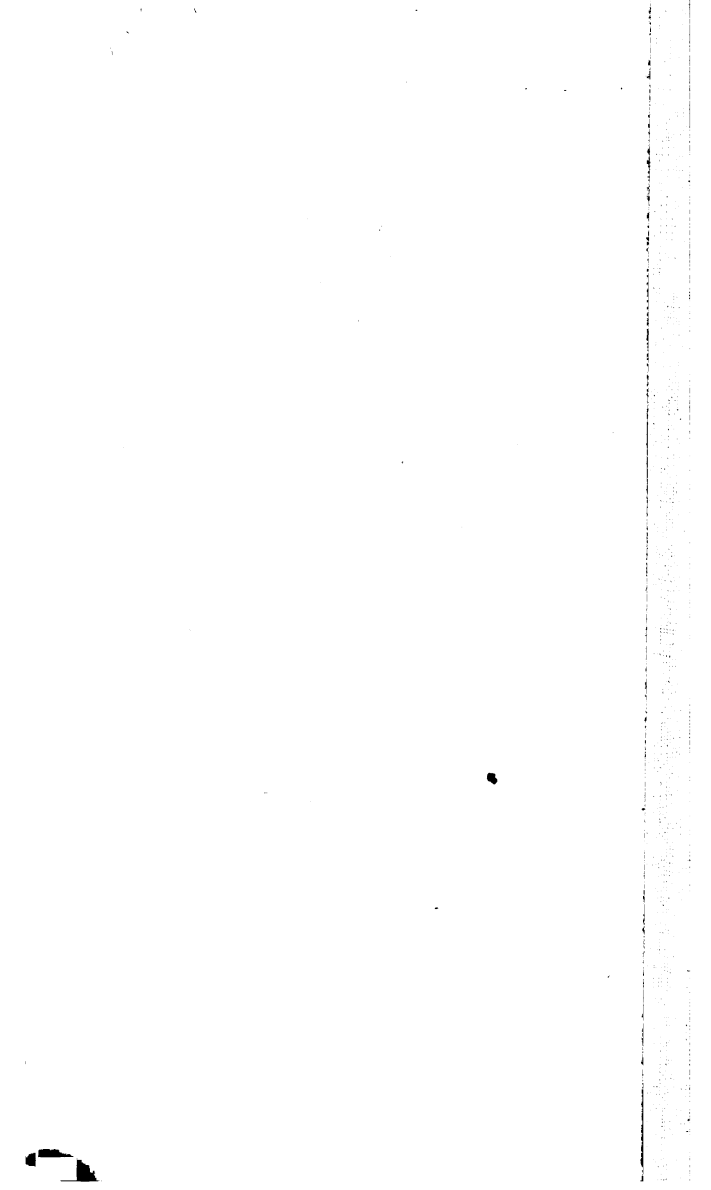
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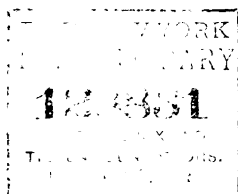




The
Christian Lady's
Magazine.

VOL. XXVIII
JULY TO DECEMBER
MDCCCLXVIII

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P R E F A C E.

‘ Do you see the CHRISTIAN LADY’S MAGAZINE ? ’ was the question put to a friend of ours—‘ Oh no,’ was her answer, ‘ I think the monthly publications make people idle.’ Now if this sweeping charge were true, we should at once feel it a duty to withdraw from our present occupation, for it would be no light offence to tempt those to idleness, whose time is a talent entrusted to them for their Master’s service. At the same time, indiscriminate censure may convey a useful lesson ; and in sending forth another volume of our Magazine, we cannot forbear suggesting to our readers the enquiry,—Has the CHRISTIAN LADY’S MAGAZINE this year made them idle ? The genus idleness contains several species. There is the idleness of perfectly inert minds, to whom the pleasantest thing in life is the ‘ dolce far niente,’ a state of existence that can hardly be called life at all ;—but this is not the commonest species of idleness. There is another well characterized by Miss

Taylor, as 'busy idleness,' the characteristic of which is a restless dislike of vacancy, combined with great indisposition to mental exertion. These idlers are great friends of the booksellers, for nothing meets their wants so well as the abundant supply of reading furnished in the present age. They may sit still, and allow the thoughts and images of other men's minds to pass in rapid succession before them; for, to occupy and not to cultivate their own, is their object. The periodical literature forms a part of their entertainment; they rapidly glance through the table of contents in a Magazine, to see what looks interesting, turn eagerly to the continuation of last month's tale, look at the notices of books in the same way as they run over the advertisements in a newspaper, and laying down the Magazine, say they have looked through it. Some such readers we must calculate on, but not all, and it is to the rational part of our readers that we now turn, feeling deeply, how unable we are to supply as we would, the material of thought which they have a right to claim, but earnestly entreating them not to suffer our labour to be entirely lost. We desire to afford useful information, but it is impossible to make it invariably entertaining; we desire to bring important scripture truth before them, but we know it is of no value if it only passes over their minds instead of working in them. We desire to follow, in some measure, our honoured predecessor, in keeping awake the attention

of our Christian sisters to the blessed progress of divine truth, and to the insidious advances of Popery in our land : but this detail of public events will be little else than vain gossip, unless it awakens the hopes, fears, and prayers of Christian patriotism. We ask, then, that the CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE may not be considered a book of mere entertainment, but a means, however feeble, of spreading the knowledge of Him who is the great object of the Christian's life. While such fearful streams of pollution are daily, weekly, monthly, pouring from the press, it is no small responsibility to have any share in the direction of our periodical literature ; and we ask the prayers of our readers, that He to whose service this Magazine was first dedicated, and who has blessed its past course, would continue to vouchsafe to use it as one instrument to promote his kingdom and glory.



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THE
CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1847.

THE TREASURES OF WISDOM.

No. X.

“ I am the Light of the world.” Such is the brief and sublime description which our Lord has given us of His own true character. Light, with all its many wonders, as observation and science have revealed them in every field of Nature, is only a type ; and He himself is the glorious antitype. Above and beyond this outward world, lit up with the sunbeams, there is a higher and nobler world of thought and reason, of truth and eternal wisdom, of which the Lord Jesus is the Sun and Centre, the one source of true light to the whole intellectual and spiritual universe. Here then, is a still wider field of meditation, in which to explore His unsearchable treasures of wisdom and knowledge.

The truth itself meets us, in various forms, throughout the whole course of inspired Scripture. Do we read, in its very opening, the sublime fiat of the Creator ? “ God said, Let there be light, and there was light.”

JULY, 1847.

B

We are told also, that the same God, who then commanded "the light to shine out of darkness, shines into the hearts of men, to give them the light of the knowledge of His glory in the face of Jesus Christ our Lord." The Law and the Prophets, in their last messages, announce the coming of Messiah, as the Sun of righteousness, to arise with healing in His wings. The gospel, in the song of Zacharias, takes up and re-echoes the promise, while it speaks of the tender mercy of God, "whereby the Day-spring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness." When our Lord begins His public ministry, the message is renewed in similar terms. "The people that sat in darkness have seen a great light. They that sat in the region and shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined." Nay, the same truth crowns and completes the last message of Divine love, in the vision of the heavenly glory. "The city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

Let us trace this analogy in a few of those many aspects which it will present to a thoughtful mind ; and may He, who is the true Light, himself shine into our hearts, and enable us, by the mirror of His outward works, to discern His own goodness and infinite beauty.

Science reveals to us an immeasurable abyss of ether, encompassing all the worlds that our eyes behold, and which baffles all her most profound research by its inconceivable subtlety, and elastic energy of secret influence. Every sun and star is bathed with its hidden splendour, and thus becomes a fountain of sensible light, which travels with immense rapidity in all directions, and traverses, with swift waves, this hidden and unfathomable sea. All the communion of eye with eye, and

of worlds with worlds, all the rich variety of colouring spread over the face of nature, the lustre of every gem, the beauty of every star, the varied harmony of every landscape, the sparkling brilliance of every planet and star, is due entirely to this hidden and mysterious agency, which alone imparts their unity, life, and splendour, to the visible works of God.

And all this is only a type of Christ. He is, to the universe of thought, to the world of spirit, what natural light is to the universe of matter. His wisdom and love are a brighter glory, more wonderful in itself, more various in its forms, more diffusive in its beneficent and cheering influences, than the ether which floods all the lower creation with light, and clothes it with rich and ever-varying beauty.

Is the ether, in its very nature, invisible, mysterious, and unsearchable? So also is the nature of Christ an unsearchable mystery. "No man knoweth the Son but the Father." There is a "height and length and breadth and depth" in His love, which "passeth knowledge." His wisdom, like the boundless ether, includes all worlds in its infinite range. He counts the dew-drops, and clothes the lilies of the field; "He telleth the number of the stars, and calleth them all by their names." His unseen Presence encompasses the wide universe, while He "upholdeth all things by the word of His power." But especially, the higher world of intelligence and spiritual being is embraced, in every part, by His unfathomable thoughts of love. Every spirit, of man or angel, is itself a world; and all these worlds are silently and unconsciously bathed, on every side, by the ocean of His immeasurable wisdom. He knows every thought, and every motive; the secret springs of action, the laws of mental association, the powers and

capacities of all created beings. There is no field of thought which we can explore, but the light which serves to explore it must be borrowed from Him. There is no outlying and distant province of the intellectual universe, which is not surrounded and shut in by His wisdom, even as the still depths of the luminous ether shut in every distant star and nebular system of stars ; or science itself would have been smitten with blindness, and could never have descried their presence in the blue firmament. "Great is our Lord, and great is His power ; yea, and His wisdom is infinite." Beyond all that has been revealed, either to men on earth, or to angels in heaven, there is a depth of understanding for ever unexplored, a fulness for ever inexhaustible. "No man knoweth the Son, but the Father." He is the Fountain of all true light ; and while its streams will enlighten all the redeemed through eternity, the hidden abyss from which they flow is invisible and unfathomable, surpassing all created knowledge.

Perpetual diffusiveness is another feature of natural light, which makes it a fit emblem of our Lord, and of the higher light which He diffuses perpetually through all ranks of the intelligent creation. Let us contemplate this property in the sun, the chief source of light to our own planetary system. What a flood of splendour is streaming forth, day and night, from this one fountain, to irradiate the planets and all the depths of space ! The portion of his light which falls on our earth, and kindles whole continents into beauty and life, is as nothing, compared with the whole amount. The rays which issue from him daily would be enough to light up two thousand millions of planets with a brilliance equal to that of our own world. Yet there is no exhaustion, no signs of decay and weariness in this glorious fountain.

Every part of the planetary space is now lit up with his brightness, as on the first day of creation, when his light dawned upon the wondering universe.

So it is also with our Divine Lord and Saviour. "He is the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." The faculty of reason, the powers of fancy, the endowments of genius and lofty imagination, are all His gifts, and proceed from Him alone. If His presence were once withdrawn, a total eclipse would rest upon the whole intelligent universe. It is He "who maketh the angels spirits, and His ministers a flame of fire." Their lofty powers of spiritual discernment, their ethereal energy of thought, like the wind and the flame, are all due to His sustaining power, by whom thrones and dominions and principalities and powers were created at the first, and are still upheld in their ceaseless activity. The Sun of Righteousness must ever shine upon them, or they will be lost in darkness. The millions of immortal souls who have tabernacled on earth, for thousands of years, are only so many planets, dark in themselves, and lighted dimly, in spite of the thick and gloomy clouds of sin, by this one Fountain of all true light and heavenly wisdom. And even as the sun could enlighten thousands and millions of planets, each as large as our own, with an equal brilliance, so also the true Light shines continually on ten thousand truths, and fields of spiritual thought, where no created intelligence has ever yet placed itself to receive the blessed influence. The truths, which are still unknown to science, after all its discoveries, are ten-thousand-fold more numerous than all which it has hitherto decyphered. The mysteries of God's holy Providence are infinitely deeper and more various, than the noblest philosophy, with all the aid of revelation, has ever fully

explored. Even the word of God alone contains worlds of hidden wisdom. The soul of the Christian may there find mountain-tops more numerous than those of Zophim, from which to gaze on the wide landscape of redeeming love. All of these are lit up continually with the brightness of His presence, and the beams of His Divine wisdom ; though no created thought has ever reached their summit, or gazed on this half-revealed inheritance of the children of God.

Another character of natural light, as it issues from the sun, its great fountain, is unsullied brightness. The stream is pure as well as ethereal. No stain can defile it, no pollution mingle with its immaculate beauty. It discovers every mote in the air through which it passes, and every stain where it falls, but continues free itself from all earthly defilement. He who is the true Light has the same prerogative, only in a far higher degree. His light shines perpetually amidst the darkness of a world of sin, but the darkness cannot infect it with its own obscurity and gloom. He looks upon iniquity, but only with pity and abhorrence. His love rests upon the millions of mankind in this fallen world, and all their thoughts, and plans, and counsels for long ages, enter into the vast scheme of His holy Providence ; but His ways are not as their ways, nor His thoughts as their thoughts. They are all wise and good, pure and holy. No taint of sympathy with evil, of causeless anger, of impatient severity, or of a foolish and weak indulgence towards guilt, has mingled with those innumerable counsels of wisdom and love. Well may the seraphim veil their faces in the presence of His spotless purity, and say, " Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts—the whole earth is full of His glory ! "

If we contemplate, again, the quickening power of

light, the force and beauty of the emblem is equally apparent. What would our world be without its pleasant influence? Chaos would return once more. The whole animal creation would pine away in darkness and expire. The trees would droop and wither, and every green thing that clothes the face of the earth would entirely disappear. Even seas and continents would either be confused together once more, or their separation be rendered entirely useless, when the same veil of thick darkness would be spread over them. But God has commanded the light to shine, and all creation has started at that voice, into life and beauty. The earth is clothed with verdure, and adorned with flowers; a thousand forms of animal being are sustained in life, and guided in their free activity, by the quickening beams; even the depths of ocean seem to laugh with joy, as the sunlight falls brightly upon them; and every part of creation owns the sweet and powerful influence.

Such too is the word and presence of Christ to the whole world of spiritual being. It is He alone who can fill the spirit with peace and joy, enrich it with Divine wisdom, and render it like a watered garden, fruitful in every part with the fragrance of heavenly affections, and the beauty of true holiness. Where His presence is withdrawn, all is darkness and confusion, and the reign of terror begins in the moral world. Where He returns with the beams of his grace, the valleys of quiet and domestic life are clothed with all lovely graces, and the mountain-tops of worldly power become bright with a celestial glory.

The harmony and variety of its hidden colours is another feature of the sunlight, very beautiful in itself, and very marvellous, when first detected by the research of science. Is not this also a figure of Him who is the

true Light ? In His pure and perfect goodness, how many various perfections are harmonized and combined ! How strict His severity against all evil ; how tender and deep His compassion to the sinner ! How Divine His simplicity, when He speaks a word in season to the weary, and preaches the gospel to the poor ! how profound His wisdom, when He reveals to holy prophets and apostles the deep wonders of His providence, or the higher mysteries of the heavenly world ! How infinite His majesty, who telleth the number of the stars ! how strange His condescension, who could wash the feet of His disciples, and counts the very steps of His children ! In Himself, pure and perfect brightness : but, as manifested in His providence on earth, the first and the last, the root and the offspring of David, the destroyer of Sodom, the pardoner of Manasseh, the King of kings, and the Man of sorrows. Surely all the variety of colour, in which the pure sunlight reveals itself, whether in the prism of science or the flowers of the field, is only a dim emblem to shew the many-varied forms of Divine love and wisdom, in which the Son of God has manifested himself to the sinners of mankind. No element is here wanting ; the deeper shades of severity and holiness, the gentlest colours of compassion, tenderness, and sympathizing affection, are all mingled in full harmony, and complete the glory of His perfection, who is fairer than the children of men, and altogether lovely.

But let us view the emblem, further, under three aspects, repeatedly set before us in Scripture, and consider how it illustrates the conversion of the sinner, the sanctification of the believer, and the state of final glory.

The soul, in its fallen state, is compared to a land

of darkness and of the shadow of death. Conversion is a turning from darkness to light ; it is the dawning of a heavenly day-spring upon every region of thought, and on all the inward faculties and powers of the soul. The gross darkness disappears ; He who commanded the light to shine on the depths of chaos, shines into the heart, to give the light of the knowledge of God in the face of Jesus Christ. And hence the sweet Psalmist describes this dawning of Messiah to the desolate heart in those beautiful words ; “ He shall be as the light of the morning when the sun ariseth, a morning without clouds ; as the tender grass springing out of the earth, by clear shining after rain.”

How lovely and glorious is a day-break in the morning of spring. Before, the whole landscape was buried in darkness. But now the streaks of rosy light are seen in the eastern sky. At once the birds awake from their slumbers, and pour forth their innumerable songs of joy and melody. The mountain-tops catch the first beams of daylight, and the clouds drink deep of the splendour from the yet unrisen sun. A brighter and brighter glow spreads over the hills, and pierces slowly into the deep valleys. The beasts of the field wake up from their grassy couch. Presently the sun arises in his strength, and all creation, once more animated with new life, rejoices in the glorious apparition. The birds redouble their songs, the landscape laughs with brightness, the dew-drops sparkle with richest colours, the flowers once more unfold their delicate petals, and yield their fragrance. Man goeth forth to his labour, and life and beauty and joy soon spread over the landscape, that was buried so lately in the stillness and gloom of death.

Such, and so blessed is the change, when Christ, the

true Day-spring, arises in His mercy, and shines into the heart of the fallen sinner. The soul, before dull and mute, learns now to utter a new song of praise. The obscurity which rested on the powers of the understanding, and made them blind to all heavenly things, is driven away, and the whole world of the inner man, which was once darkness, now becomes light in the Lord. The tears of godly sorrow are themselves lit up by the promises of the Saviour, till they sparkle with the bright reflection of heavenly joy. The powers of the soul, which were fast locked in the sleep of sin, awake to new activity, and go forth to labour in the vineyard of the Lord. The light of wisdom dawns on the understanding, the light of holiness on the inward affections, the light of joy and gladness on the heart. The soul becomes a watered garden, lit up with the blessed sunshine of the Redeemer's love, and sending up to heaven its perpetual incense of devout praise, humble adoration, and deep and pure thanksgiving for the tender mercy which has visited it from on high. O that the millions now sitting in darkness, the slaves of sin, might speedily rejoice in this glorious light, and the Sun of Righteousness might soon arise and dawn upon them with healing in his wings !

But the emblem has only to be varied, and it will equally illustrate the character of true holiness in the hearts of believers, and reveal, in another light, the treasures of wisdom in our blessed Lord.

"They shall be mine, saith the Lord, in the day that I make up my jewels." Every believer is thus compared to a precious stone, formed and polished by a Divine Artificer, to adorn the sanctuary of God, or shine for ever in the Saviour's diadem. And what is it that distinguishes the gem or precious stone from all other sub-

stance ? Its transparency or lustre ; its peculiar affinity for the light of heaven, and its aptness to reflect it with a peculiar brilliance, and in a rich variety of colour, according to its own peculiar line and character, or the figure which it has received from the skill of the lapidary. Even when it was secretly forming in the mine, we have reason to believe that electric influences, akin to those of light, if not the very same, determined its structure, and gave the crystal its hidden beauty. And when it has been brought out, and duly polished, its surface sparkles with every sunbeam, each point and facet is enriched with a reflected splendour ; and what seemed once a mere speck of useless earth, is now a ruby, or topaz, or diamond, beaming out a lovely radiance, and glistening with a continual play of varied colours, a jewel fit to adorn the coronet of kings.

Very similar is the nature of that change which must pass upon the Christian in his preparation for a brighter world, and the mark which separates him from the worldling is the very same. It is a peculiar affinity for the light of heaven. There is a secret power which must mould the heart, to produce this aptitude for reflecting the radiance of Divine love. And when this secret change has been wrought in the solitude of the closet, there is a further work of holy discipline, by which the crust of evil habits and sinful tempers must be removed, and the outward life be brought into harmony with the inward work of grace, and taught to reflect, in various hues and forms of holiness, the love of the Saviour. Then, at length, the gem receives its true perfection, and shines with a heavenly lustre. But all its brightness and beauty are due only to Him who is the true Light, the Giver of all grace, the source of every good and perfect gift to the souls He has redeemed. It

is He, who by a secret influence moulds the very structure of the renewed heart into an entire affinity with His own heavenly light, and makes it transparent to the messages of His love. It is He who, by His wise Providence, fulfils the part of the lapidary, and removes the crust of earthliness and selfish desires from the souls whom He loves. And then it is He also, who shines upon them with the bright sunlight of heaven, to bring out all their various graces, and renders them beautiful with his own reflected beauty. How various in their form, colour and lustre, are these precious stones, all set in the breast-plate of the Great High Priest ! Here we see the stern dignity of an Elijah, very jealous for the Lord God of hosts, and there, the tenderness and contrition of a Magdalene, weeping beside the open grave of her risen Lord. Here we see a Zechariah, uttering the language of a righteous indignation in the hour of death—the Lord look upon it, and require it ; and then a Stephen, praying for his murderer —“ Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.” But all these varied forms of holiness, however bright or beautiful, derive their beauty and brightness from a higher source, and receive it from the fulness of Emmanuel. The Sun of Righteousness must shine upon them, or all their borrowed glory will disappear.

But science can detect, in every crystal, many hidden properties that escape the eye of the casual observer. Their outward appearance depends only on the reflected light which glances from their surface ; but there are delicacies of structure, and secret qualities, which can only be detected when light is transmitted through them. The results are as beautiful as various, which thus reveal themselves to the keener eye of science. The pure sunbeam will thus resolve itself into innumer-

able forms of light, that rival the rainbow in their rich colouring, while they almost baffle description by their elegant complexity of form. No part of science is more fascinating to the eye than this branch of optics, due to modern discoveries in polarity and crystallization. And here too we have an emblem, full of significance to the spiritual mind. Besides those distinctions of character in the believer, which meet every eye, there are others deeper in the heart's experience, and which only the Searcher of hearts can fully discern. Each ransomed spirit has its own peculiar appetency for special parts of Divine truth. Some lessons of God's word have been more deeply impressed on it than others, some examples have a stronger hold on its hidden sympathies, some precepts a double power over the conscience, some promises are felt doubly precious to the heart, and are endeared to it by the memory of peculiar consolation they may have rendered in the hour of deep sorrow. The foundation of the heavenly city is "garnished with all manner of precious stones." None of these jewels of the Lord will have had the same experience, or be moulded into precisely the same form of spiritual feeling and heavenly wisdom. One will resemble the glowing ruby, and another the green emerald, and every variety in the natural world meets an answering variety in the divine forms of delicate sympathy, pure emotion, and refined experience of Divine truth, among the children of God. He only, who knows what is in man, and bears the names of His people like precious stones on His breast-plate, to intimate His full knowledge of their various characters, and the various forms of Divine beauty in which He is preparing them to shine for ever,—He only can form and polish these gems of the sanctuary, and prepare every saint for His own pe-

culiar work and destined office of heavenly grace and wisdom in the kingdom of God.

In that final state of glory, how beautifully does the same emblem still describe to us the blessedness of the redeemed, and the surpassing excellence and love of the Redeemer. The glory of God shall enlighten the heavenly city, and the Lamb is the light thereof. "With Thee is the fountain of life, and in Thy light we shall see light." The rainbow around the throne is a type of the full harmony of all Divine perfection, manifested in the whole course of His Providence, from the beginning of time. The light which fills the heavenly city is a figure of that pure and unspotted holiness, that infinite love and boundless wisdom which will beam for ever in its unclouded brightness on all the redeemed ones of the Lord. The foundation of precious stones, the gates of pearl, and the walls of jasper, all serve to complete the glorious emblem of light, in all its fulness, love, in all its depths and reality, holiness, manifested in every various form of celestial beauty and grace. One Fountain of light shall thus feed all the streams of created being with fresh and undying radiance, and be reflected by all the children of light, the jewels of the Lord, the precious stones of His diadem, in ever-varying forms of holy fellowship, of meditation, thanksgiving and praise. May we be prepared, by His grace, for that blessed home. May He who is the true Light, cast upon us ever the bright beams of His love, that walking here in the light of His truth, we may at length attain to the light of everlasting life, and have our largest hopes far exceeded by the brightness of that promised glory.— "For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face ; now we know in part, but then shall we know even as we are known."

T. R. B.

THE SPIRIT OF NATURE.—No. III.

“ In the starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
We learn the language of another world.”

CHANGELESS, spiritual, shining in pure, unshadowed radiance, revolving in ceaseless, harmonious concord, from the far depths of the ethereal vault, the starry worlds speak of eternity. The patriarchs of the antediluvian earth gazed with silent awe upon their silver brilliance ; generation after generation drifted by upon the waves of time ; the world was overswept by deluge, and convulsed by earthquakes ; still, in their spiritual and lustrous beauty, the glorious stars looked down upon the sons of men.

It was a sublime idea of Pythagoras, that the planets emitted sounds proportionate to their respective distances from the sun, and thus formed a celestial concert, too ethereal in its melodious chorus to become audible to children of the dust. In a metaphorical sense, this music of the spheres still descends to those who have become the adopted sons of the Creator ; the stars utter a melodious hymn : “ The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy-work.”

Some of the Indian tribes believe the galaxy or milky-way to be the spirit's path to paradise. The idea is beautiful and imaginative, but the sublimity of the galaxy rises, and almost overpowers imagination, when we consider that its brightness is caused by countless starry systems revolving around their respective suns ;

and our planetary system with its central sun, forms only one among the innumerable groups of stars, which blend their faint and crowded rays to form that path of light. Two thousand nebulae or clusters of stars were discovered by Sir William Herschel alone, and notwithstanding the apparent contiguity of the orbs, yet 'their mutual distances cannot be less than a hundred thousand times the radius of the terrestrial orbit.' Thus contemplated, the galaxy becomes indeed a path-way of light, conducting to the Creator ; its countless worlds on worlds revolving in harmonious regularity before one Almighty Being, who, in the grandeur of Infinity, controls, directs, upholds all. Yet more, this immortal king, this Omnipresent Spirit, permits the children of clay to call Him Father, invites them to lean on His omnipotence, and repose upon His love. Nay, more, that High and lofty One who inhabiteth eternity, condescendeth to dwell in the lowly and contrite heart of a unit among the myriad mortals, who dwell on one of the smallest of the innumerable worlds which he has made.—Nay more, not merely to dwell therein, but to infuse a portion of His divine Spirit ; to manifest his Presence with joy ; to establish more intimate communion with the immortal spirit, than it could possibly experience with its fellow-beings.

By one of the sacred minstrels of the present day, the departure of friends to a better world, has been compared to the gradual disappearance of the stars from the firmament :—

“ Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away ;
As morning high and higher shines,
Unto the perfect day ;
Nor sink those stars in endless night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.”

What a consoling remembrance. They have passed away from our sight, because the glorious brightness of their home is too dazzling to be pierced by mortal view. But as the silent stars unseen shine on through the noon-day, though, from the overpowering radiance of the sunbeams, we cannot detect their presence, even so, it may be that our lost beloved, in their spiritualized being, often hover around us, although we see them not. We know that ministering spirits unseen, attend the footsteps of the redeemed; is it not more than probable that the Father of mercy may permit glorified beings to descend upon His messages of love, to those whom they have loved on earth, in preference to other believers whose destinies have never been entwined with theirs; whose faces they have never seen in the flesh? It was a glorified mortal, and not a created angel, who was commissioned to unfold the brightness of the eternal world to the enraptured apostle at Patmos; his inclination to worship the resplendent messenger was rebuked by the words,—“See thou do it not, for I am of thy brethren the prophets, and of them who keep the sayings of this book.” If, in this instance, the ministering spirit was one which had once dwelt in clay,—why should we restrict the ministering office to members of the original, angelic host—we may not, it is true, penetrate the mysteries of the invisible world, but we may hope that those glorified saints whose removal left chasms in our hearts, have not been utterly removed; enrolled amid the ministering band, they may often unseen glide near us, and will assuredly be the first to welcome us to the mansions of bliss.

“When Heaven its own is calling,
And fast thy fetters falling,
Know then thy guide is nigh.”

Death hath no power over the immortal spirit ; it can only dissolve fetters of clay, and dash away every vestige of corporeal being, but it cannot obliterate one remembrance from the soul, nor dim one faculty of the mind. It has no power over that love whose rivet hath been from the eternal throne, nor can it destroy that union of hearts, which has been cemented by the eternal Father's smile. Unscathed, uninjured in its feelings as in its existence, the immortal spirit drops its fetters in the dark valley, and passes on to everlasting joy or woe.

Arrived in the world of spirits, how fearful shall be the fate of those unransomed souls, who shall be as wandering stars, for whom shall be reserved the blackness of darkness for ever and ever ; how resplendent the glory of the redeemed, who "shall have turned many to righteousness, and shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." It is strange, where the blessings of salvation are so unspeakably great, the agonies of condemnation so unutterably fearful, that so little exertion should be made by the majority of Christians to win others to the way of righteousness. The sons of Belial are far more active in making converts, than the sons of Zion. "Come with us, come with us !" they incessantly reiterate as they pass down the broad way ; they never form a mischievous or sinful project, from the school-boy's falsehood to the hoary-headed gambler's carousal, without the incessant invitation "Come with us !" The shafts of ridicule, the artillery of argument, are continually brought into requisition to drive the unstable to swell the ranks of sinners. How much less urgently the soldiers of the cross repeat the invitation, "Come with us ; forsake the paths of perdition, and pursue the way of everlasting peace." How frequently

a false timidity, an inward shrinking paralyses effort and restrains zeal—yet, if ever there was a time when every Christian individual should be up and be doing ; should be continually and actively employed in winning others to righteousness, that time has come. There is a universal stir, a rapid movement abroad. Time hastens, events crowd, inventions multiply, the earth is rushing onwards towards its end. Every year is fraught with some momentous event, every day is marked by some important change ; the tideless repose of the olden time is gone for ever. Galvanism arouses the dead to convulsive action, electricism telegraphs thought with the speed of light ; knowledge runs to and fro over the earth, its iron pathways traverse the land, its mastless vessels sweep the seas. That aged stereotype, the Chinese empire, has caught the innovating spirit of the day, and received the apostles of truth within the hitherto prescribed barriers of the celestial empire. Intellect, infidelity, all the powers of good and evil have doubled their activity, it is no time for Christians to stand still. The shadows of superstition are breaking, the darkness of ignorance is being dissipated throughout the world, “the night is far spent, the day is at hand, let us cast off the works of darkness, and go forth in the armour of light.” Let none deem a sphere too humble, or a path too narrow, for usefulness. Let each commence in the home-circle, among dependants, among the poor, in any or every path that seems practicable, and persevere with prayer ; and new paths will open, spheres of action be enlarged, until pilgrims are constrained to cry out with astonishment, “It is God who worketh in us to will and to do of His own good pleasure.”

Although, individually, many might be aroused to in-

creased exertion : yet, collectively, the religious world has largely partaken of the universal excitement ; many believers have burnished their armour in action, and visited the throne of grace more frequently in retirement. Charity has cast uncounted stores into the lap of famine. Not in vain have the shrieks of the dying been borne across the Atlantic. The voice of our brother's blood has cried out from uncoffined graves, and appealed on behalf of surviving sufferers. Famine and pestilence still traverse the devoted land ; but, amid the perishing people, walk the messengers of peace, bearing in their native beloved language, the glad tidings of salvation, gladdening the couch of sickness by the news of a precious Saviour, turning the hopes of the departing spirit from the unsatisfying reliance on a mortal queen of heaven, to a joyous faith in the love of a reconciled God.

Eternal blessings light upon the gallant band, who originated the scheme of thus providing for 'the spiritual exigencies of Ireland.' They have sent forth the light of the Gospel upon the dark mountains, and prayed that the day-spring from on high may arise upon those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death ; may their own homes be irradiated by joy and peace ; they have sought to turn many to righteousness, may they shine as the stars for ever in the presence of their God.

S. O'MOORE.

The passage in Revelation quoted by our esteemed correspondent, will not support the delightful inference she would draw from it. It is slightly ambiguous in the original, but the most natural construction would be that of the following paraphrase, 'I am a fellow-

servant of thine, and of thy brethren,' &c. Sacred worship being declined on the plea of being, though an angel, a fellow-creature, and as such a fellow-servant. —ED.

“ALL things are yours ; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come ; all are yours ; and ye are Christ's ; and Christ is God's.” Even this world is theirs. Though they actually possess little of its wealth or power, yet He that rules the rulers of the world, makes all things subserve his own cause, and contribute to the ultimate good of his people. Even in their persecutions, their enemies are ministers to them of good. They suffer, not from the indifference or weakness of their Heavenly Father, but that they may be made perfect like their great Head. Shall the Duke of Wellington regret the strife of nations, through which he is placed at the head of the children of renown? Shall the Christian not rejoice when he is called to suffer for Christ's sake, knowing that his reward will be great in heaven. Death itself, as well as life, serves these heirs of God. It is the vestibule of glory. To die is their great gain. Their greatest enemy is constrained serve them. Things present, and things to come, all, are theirs.'—*Carson*.

ON THE SERVICES OF THE CHURCH.

No. XI.

THE Litany, or General Supplication, was not originally intended to be added to the order for Morning Prayer, but to be used at some intermediate time between the morning and evening-service. It is principally drawn from the Litany of Gregory the Great, which is about 1250 years old. Could we trace back these long ages, and decipher the real history of this sacred service, what a thrilling record it would be. How many a broken heart, even in the dark ages of superstition, may have found a relief in these earnest cries for mercy ! How many evils of famine and pestilence, rebellion and schism, may have been warded off by the united prayer of the Church, ‘ Good Lord, deliver us ! ’ How many a sick bed has been cheered by the thought, that all sick persons were remembered in the house of God ! The Litany has been a service peculiarly dear to the children of God. Many of those without the pale of our beloved church have given their testimony to its fulness and simplicity. It is related of George Herbert, that, when he was on his death-bed, he was asked by a clergyman, whom he requested to pray with him, what prayers he should offer up with him ? His answer was, ‘ O Sir, the prayers of my mother, the Church of England : no other prayers are equal to them. But, at this time, I beg of you to pray only the Litany, for I am weak and faint.’ Dear

reader, if you do not share this dying saint's enjoyment of the Litany, it is because you have not, like him, been in the habit of *praying* the Litany. It is one thing to join in the responses, another to pray the Litany.

The Litany commences with an invocation of all the persons of the blessed Trinity. Dwell for a moment on the wonderful contrast these opening clauses present to us. On the one hand, there is the holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, on the other, miserable sinners ; the glorious Godhead, and poor feeble man ; the thrice Holy, and the guilty sinner ; perfect blessedness, and deepest misery. What are the links that can bind this height and this depth ? It is not vengeance and terror ; it is not contempt and hopelessness : no, it is mercy and humble confidence. The miserable sinner may look up to the throne of the Father of heaven ; here he may cast his burden of sin and misery, and receive in exchange the robe of righteousness and the oil of gladness. The Redeemer of the world, who shares that throne, once bore the burden for him. God took the load of human guilt, that man might share the holiness and blessedness of God.

The next part of the service is deprecatory of evil, and begins therefore with the source of all evil. 'Remember not, O Lord, against us, our offences, nor the offences of our forefathers.' We soon forget our own offences ; a moment's contrition, a regretful thought, some feeble cry for forgiveness, and the sin is wiped from our minds. But sin is not thought so lightly of in the court of heaven ; and if we had more of the mind of God, we should enter more into the earnestness with which our Church teaches us to pray, that sin may be no more remembered against us. We cannot fully understand the righteous decree which visits the sins of the fathers upon

the children, but we know that the Judge of all the earth must do right; and, when we reflect that we are not only guilty ourselves, but the offspring of a guilty race, and that the effects of sin are long and lasting: we may well cry, 'Spare us, good Lord; spare thy people, whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood.' An untold amount of guilt is recorded against us, but the blood that redeems us is of untold worth, 'be not angry with us for ever.'

The evils from which we first pray to be delivered, are those which weigh constantly on the heart of the Christian; 'sin, the crafts and assaults of the devil, the wrath of God, blindness of heart, the deceits of the world, the flesh, and the devil.' Who that has groaned under these burdens, will not, from his heart, breathe the prayer, 'Good Lord, deliver us?' We next seek deliverance from evils, 'which may assault and hurt the body, from lightning and tempest, from plague, pestilence, and famine, from battle and murder, and from sudden death.' This has been our prayer Sabbath after Sabbath: have we ever considered our preserved lives as an answer to this prayer? Have we remembered whose hand directed the lightning's flash, so that it touched us not? who has cast his protecting shadow over our beloved land, so that for centuries the roar of battle has not been heard in it? who has crowned our fields with plenty, and who, but a few years ago, at the voice of our cry, turned away from the threatened scourge of pestilence? Common daily mercies are in much danger of becoming forgotten mercies, till some threatening of their withdrawal awakens us to a sense of their value. Perhaps we have never thanked God so heartily for our daily bread, as this winter, when the cry of famine has sounded so near us. Again and again, we

need to stir up our souls with David's exhortation, "Bless the Lord, oh ! my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

The following clause deprecates first, civil evils, sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion ; then, those which assault the Church, false doctrine, heresy, and schism ; and lastly, that from which all social evils flow, hardness of heart, and contempt of God's word and commandment. The services of our church are, in the fullest sense, those of a National Church : we are never taught in them to look on ourselves as isolated individuals, but as members of one great body, intimately concerned in all that concerns the welfare of the nation, and bound therefore to seek it earnestly in prayer. When we consider how the selfishness of our natural hearts extends even to our hours of devotion, how naturally our own pressing wants exclude from our view the wants of others, we may be thankful that, once a week, at least, we are called out of this narrow sphere, and reminded how it is our duty to pray for all estates of men in Christ's holy Church.

The pleas by which we urge our petitions are most full, most exquisitely touching. In rapid survey, we pass over each scene of our Saviour's suffering and triumph ; and alike by the pangs he bore, and by the victory he won for us, we intreat him to deliver us. It is a plea He cannot refuse, a plea on which we may well love to linger, that our faith may grow more assured, our love and gratitude more warm, before we sum up our petitions, with the comprehensive words, ' In all time of our tribulation, in all time of our wealth, in the hour of death, in the day of judgment, Good Lord, deliver us.'

How complete is this deprecation of evil. There is

first, a simple, a repeated cry, of miserable sinners to the Triune Jehovah for mercy ; then, as if sins arose before them in terrible array, and could not be forgotten, they cry to God to remember not their offences, to spare, still to spare his people. Now, having gained some confidence that past sins shall be cast into the depths of the sea, they can pray for deliverance from future evils, chiefly from the evils of falling again into those sins from which they have scarcely escaped ; those deceits of the world, the flesh, and the devil, by which they have suffered so sorely. A Father's protection is then sought from all natural and social evils. The plea furnished by a Saviour's death and victory, is urged with touching pathos ; and, mentioning no more individual evils, the sinner seeks deliverance in sorrow and joy, in life and death, and even at the awful day of judgment.

The Litany was at first only used on special occasions of humiliation, when evils were to be especially deprecated. In conformity with the expression in Joel, "Let the priests, the ministers of the Lord, weep between the porch and the altar," it was appointed to be read at a faldstool, a low or *fald stool*, in the centre of the church. A natural outward expression of the inward feeling of humiliation the Litany breathed : what sympathy had it with the present zeal and eagerness with which some speak of faldstools, the exultation with which they regild the eagle of an antique lectern ? The form, while the substance lasted, while the spirit breathed in it, might be harmonious and beautiful ; but the form, without the spirit, has become a trifling vanity : it is not the gilded lectern, but the broken and contrite heart, that can restore the true glory of the Litany of the ancient Church.

SPIRITS OF THE FRENCH REFORMATION.

No. IV.

SCHUCH.

" Tout à coup il s'anime ; il se lève avec courage ; il hausse la voix ; comme saisi par l'Esprit d'en haut, et regardant en face ses juges, il leur dénonce les terribles jugements de Dieu."—D'AUBIGNÉ.

THE heretic, the sentenced man,
 The wretch beneath the pontiff's ban,
 Confronts the rulers of the earth,
 Men of renown and noble birth ;
 And boldly in their judgment-hall,
 For his Redeemer dares them all.
 Not one his countenance to brace
 With sympathy of friendly face ; *
 Not one his name or cause to own
 Before stern Antoine's ducal throne ;
 But still from coronet and cowl
 Glared through his soul one withering scowl,
 Till quailed they at the bold rebuke
 Of their poor victim's voice and look,
 When to his lips, a coal of flame,
 The Spirit's words spontaneous came.
 Like Stephen, who his murderers told
 Their blood-red sins, in days of old,

* Prov. xxvii. 17.

So Schuch denounced and set at nought
What priests and friars fondly taught ;
Razed to the ground their worship vain,
And mocked the gods of all Lorraine ;
Impeaching Rome, while she possess'd
The ghostly sceptre of the west.
His words before her boldly bring
Her idol-hosts, the accursed thing,
To powder stamp the lying trust,
And make her drink the molten dust.*
The Spirit's sword at first o'ercame
His wondering foes with rage and shame.
Clenched were their teeth—their lips were sealed,
While their dark doings were revealed :
At length they found a meet reply,
Dooming the heretic to die.

The capital of proud Lorraine
Pours forth its multitudes again ;
Burgess and knight and churchman go,
Eager to see the dreadful show.

From temples that were built for prayer

Lo ! the death-summons swells,

As, rising on the noon-day air,

Toll out the solemn bells.

To see that sad procession, wait

Franciscans at their convent-gate.

It comes, it comes, it now draws nigh,

And old René his anxious eye

Strains hard to note if Schuch turn pale,

If fear grow strong, or courage fail.

" Ho ! daring heretic," he said,

" Bend low thy knee and bare thy head ;

* Exod. xxxii. 20.

Do reverence where devotion paints
God, and his mother, and the saints.”
Vaunting his gods the prior stood,
And showed them carved in stone and wood.
With head erect and knee unbent,
Straight to the stake the martyr went,
But as he passed the convent-door
Rebuked the blasphemy once more :
“ Our God will make his glory known,
And break your toys of wood and stone ;
He will reprove you to your face
For these delusions vile and base,
Will bring your secret crimes to mind,
And bare their shame to all mankind.”
But though his firm and godlike zeal,
Priest, friar, and monk are doomed to feel ;
Yea, though he could to blood withstand
The idols of a guilty land,
To God he urged a sinner’s need,
And his last words for pardon plead.
“ Lord ! to the sinner at thy feet,
Mercy by thy full measure mete.”
The blood now bursting from my veins
Is powerless to atone ;
Then cleanse my soul-defiling stains,
Redeemer, in thine own !

A. N.

CHAPTERS ON SCRIPTURE GEOGRAPHY.

No. V.

MADAI, GOMER AND HIS SONS.

FROM Madai (says Josephus, Vol. i. p. 83) came the Madeans, who are called Medes by the Greeks. This valiant people, spoken of in Scripture as that "bitter and hasty nation," and described in Isa. xiii. 17, 18, as most barbarous and cruel, inhabited the country called originally Iran. They are not to be confounded with the Shemite Persians, who now hold that country, and who sprang from Elam, and spoke apparently a different language. The tongue of the children of Madai was Sanskrit, that language which, we believe, will be found, with more or less modification, to belong to the tribes of Japheth. From Media the north of India was rapidly peopled. One of the earliest names of the Medes was Arii, which Lassen supposes to be etymologically identical with the word Arya, by which the followers of the Brahminical religion are designated in Sanskrit. Amongst the early tribes which peopled Germany, the Arii are often mentioned; and, though perhaps it is difficult now to distinguish which of the European nations sprang from Madai, and which from Gomer, yet there is no doubt that some of the nations of central Europe, (possibly the Prussians) owed their origin to Madai; and we think it probable that, as investigation

is made into these subjects, and the end more closely approaches, the European Medes will be discovered. Lord Lindsay, in his work entitled, 'Progression by Antagonism,' has brought much learning, and perhaps still more imagination, to bear upon this subject. The Medes of old were the great means of effecting the destruction of ancient Babylon, and, it may be, that their European descendants will, under some modern name, be employed by God for the pulling down of the Babylon of the New Testament, and we shall then see clearly, who were intended in the canons of prophecy.

Gomer. The name of this eldest son of Japheth, remains indelibly impressed upon many of the European nations. According to tradition, Gomer himself settled in that lovely and fertile region still called the Crimea, and spread over the Cimmerian Bosphorus. Josephus tells us, that Galatia was peopled from him, from which place the Gauls came as a colony, invading Italy, and peopling France. The Cymri also of Wales, and the Celts of Ireland, Spain, and Brittany, apparently own Gomer for their great ancestor. His three sons, Aschenaz, Riphath, and Togarmah, appear to have remained originally near the Euxine, in the vicinity of their father. On the East of the Euxine, we find a country Askania, and a river Askanius. The Basques in the North of Spain, are said by geographers to have migrated from this part of the world. The land of Ashkenaz is only once named in Scripture in Jer. li. 27, and in this passage the Jews interpret the word 'Saxons.' Riphath, or Diphath, as he is called in 1 Chron. i. 6, is not again separately mentioned in Scripture. His early home, like his brothers, seems to have been to the East of the Euxine, where were a people named Rhibii. Tobata, parts of ancient Paphlagonia, and Croatia, are said to

owe their origin to him ; and ancient geographers and classical writers speak of the great chain of hilly country, now called by the name of Alps, Uralian and Hartz mountains, under the name of the Riphœan Mountains.

Togarmah, who, with all his bands, is represented in Ezekiel as coming up with Gog against the land of Israel, seems to have inhabited that part of the country of Asia now called the Caucasus. The Armenian traditions assign as their ancestor Haik, the son of Torgoun, and grandson of Noah ; and there seems no reason to doubt the authenticity of the tradition. Under this view, the present struggle of Russia in the Caucasus may be viewed by the scriptural student with peculiar interest, and we may suppose that that mountain barrier will at length give way before the assaults of Magog, so that his passage into the East will no longer be checked. Thus we have given a rapid sketch of the settlements of Japheth, with the exception of Ziras, who is agreed on all hands to have settled in Thrace ; and we have seen the light which prophecy throws upon modern geography, on countries, which, although their names have been changed repeatedly on the maps of time, have remained stationary under the titles of their fathers, in the records of eternity. We have seen that the grand destiny of Japheth was colonization, and that Europe and the North of Asia, with the vast western colonies, belonged to him. God has enlarged Japheth, but it will be a sad return for former favours, if the great bulk of his children should, in the last days, be found fighting against the Lord God of Shem. We are happy, however, to think that, beyond the great northern powers of Magog, Tubal, and Meshech, and Gomer with his children, who, probably from their chief locality are dependent upon them, the other sons of

Japheth, are not mentioned as assisting in the great confederacy. May we not hope that Madai and Tarshish at least may be found on the Lord's side, and that Protestant Europe may yet make head against both spiritual and temporal despotism.

In the next paper, we shall proceed to notice some of the renowned children of Ham.

X. Y. Z.

The rise of the pretended Church.—When the Author of confusion discovered that the Almighty was building his own Church, undismayed, he erected his counterfeit chapel close at hand, and this was his motive. He saw that God sanctified his Church by making use of external means in baptism, the ministry of the Word, and the Eucharist, and Keys, and because he is perpetually rivalling and imitating the Almighty, and improving upon the divine works, he adopted also external modes of conferring holiness. He invented the custom of consecrating and blessing water, salt, herbs, candles, bells, pictures, palls, altars, clocks, shaven crowns, and what not ! The last invention, holiest of all, was the Monk's cowl, in which many have died and been buried to ensure their salvation. No doubt it is an excellent rule to use the word of God, to ask his blessing in prayer, when we partake of his gifts of creation, because every creature of God is good, and is sanctified by the word and prayer. (1 Tim. iv.) Such practice imparts to the creatures no new power, but they become confirmed in their former efficacy.—*Luther.*

HATH THE PRAYER ARISEN VAINLY ?

LATE, in lowly supplication,
 Britain knelt before her God,
 Owned herself a guilty nation
 Meriting his angry rod.
 From the lonely mountain-hamlet,
 From the city's gorgeous fane,
 From the famine-stricken dwelling,
 Sad abode of want and pain—
 From the high-born to the lowly,
 Rose one pealing earnest cry,
 " Father, spare, forgive thy people,
 Save us, help us, or we die."

Hath the prayer arisen vainly ?
 For still darker o'er us flow,
 Sorrow's stern and raging billows,
 Whelming us in deeper woe.
 Hath the prayer arisen vainly ?
 Doth the Lord refuse to hear ?
 Lists he not the groan of anguish,
 Sees he not the bitter tear ?
 Hath the prayer arisen vainly ?
 Oh, it almost seemeth vain,
 For no bow of promise shineth,
 Through the stormy cloud and rain.
 Hath the prayer arisen vainly ?
 For still louder on the gale,

From thy shores, unhappy Ireland,
Sounds thy dying children's wail.
And thy hardy sons, brave Scotland,
Yielding not to war or wave,
Bowed beneath disease and famine,
Seek a refuge in the grave.
O'er thee too, long-favored England,
Pestilence his wings hath spread ;
And from these once smiling vallies
Peace and plenteousness have fled.
Hath the prayer arisen vainly ?
There are some who deem it so,
Some who deem the great Jehovah
Takes no note of things below.
Yet 'tis his full hand supplieth
The young ravens when they cry,
He upholdeth yonder eagle
As it soareth toward the sky,
He hath decked the eastern lily
With each rich and varied shade ;
Not a sparrow falls unnoticed,
Not a flower unseen can fade.
Can he look on us unpitying,
See us humbled in the dust,
While we own his anger righteous,
Our extremest sufferings just.
Can he hear us speak of Jesus,
Pleading his atoning blood ?
Can he look on that dear Saviour
And forbear to do us good ?
Yes—the prayer *hath* risen vainly,
If his word can faithless prove,
If amid the lapse of ages
He hath ceased to be “ Love.”

But not else.—Although we perish,
Yet our trust shall be in Him,
And our heavenly prospects brighten,
As our earthly ones grow dim.
All things, all things work together
For his people's future weal,
And grief's surging waters harm not
Those who bear his mystic seal.
Sore affliction is upon us,
In adversity's dark day ;
Let us all with meek contrition,
Turn from every evil way.
And remembering our transgressions,
Multiplied as they have been,
May we seek the " fountain opened,"
Wash and be for ever clean.

Have we not despised his Sabbaths
In contempt of God's command ?
Have not blasphemy and cursing,
Echoed wildly through the land ?
Have we not exalted Mammon,
Bowing at his idol-shrine,
Offering upon other altars,
Incense, due, O Lord, at thine ?
Wealth and riches thou hast given us,
Talents to be used for thee,
To the Antichrist we yield them,
God and man's great enemy.
Now in sorrow we are learning,
That the gold is thine alone,
That Jehovah is earth's Master,
And her treasures all his own.

Christian England, thou hast truckled,
Meanly, faithlessly, to Rome ;
Oh, what marvel that around thee,
Gathers darker, deeper gloom.
Art thou, canst thou be *that* England,
Which in nobler, happier, days,
Dared alone and single-handed,
For the truth her arm to raise.
Talk of justice to thy fellows
Who profess another creed ;
Yet deem God's high will as nothing—
That were just and right indeed !
Take thy Bible, faithless England,
Oh, thy fathers knew its worth,
And ere they would scorn its precepts
Shed their life's blood on the earth.
Take thy Bible—dost thou see it ?
He who links himself with Rome,
He who joins himself to idols,
Must partake her fearful doom.
Yet return—thy steps retracing,
Human reasoning laid aside,
Seek the oracles of Scripture,
And by their commands abide.
Then the thunder-cloud shall vanish,
Leaving clearer, brighter day,
And thy God shall smile upon thee,
His fierce anger passed away.

Ireland—poor misguided Ireland !
Oh, in this thine hour of grief—
Seek thou not to saints and angels,
But to Jesus for relief.

Cast aside thy superstitions,
Dash thine idols to the ground,
And through Him whose name is mercy,
Joy shall yet to thee abound.

Hath the prayer arisen vainly ?
No—'tis treasured in the heaven,
Be it ours to wait with patience
Till an answer shall be given.
Be it ours in silent meekness,
Present chastisement to bear,
Soon the sun shall shine upon us,
Balmy breezes cool the air.
Ripened by the lightning's flashes,
Watered by the sparkling rain,
Soon to fruit shall change the blossom,
Soon shall wave the golden grain.
Then with grateful hearts rejoicing
Free and happy once again,
We shall know that prayer through Jesus,
Never can be made in vain.

J. T.

THE EXPERIMENT OF THREE HUNDRED YEARS.—No. II.

IN the short reign of James, we expect no light. That of William and Mary is more cheering, for while the queen lived, episcopal appointments were made with some integrity and discretion, and the good effects were felt even after her death. Mr. Macartney gives a beautiful sketch of the good Archbishop King, whose labours in this reign were greatly blessed, but though the prospect brightens, it is still gloomy. The following epitome closes his account of it.

‘In some instances, then, in the reign of William and Mary, the Church of Ireland was regarded as a religious institution, rather than as a political tool, and, though but feebly seconded in any effort for good by the state, much good was done. But can it be said that, in this reign, when no efforts were made for re-building the ruined churches—when bills for establishing schools were brought into parliament and suffered to drop away—when bishopries were the reward of attendance on the court in London, rather than on parochial duties at home, and when preferment was justly said to be given only to those who were ready to betray it—will it be said that, in this reign, the experiment was fairly tried, of presenting truth to the Irish people through the medium of the Established Church?’

In the reign of Anne, vigorous, and, as usual, successful

efforts were made by some of the lower clergy for the conversion of the native Irish, but the bishops refused their countenance. When energetic measures for appointing Irish preachers were proposed in the lower house of convocation, they met this chilling answer from the Bishops. 'We think that endeavouring the conversion of the papists is very commendable; and as to preaching in the Irish tongue, we think it useful where it is practicable.' So the matter dropped and they did nothing.

In the reigns of the two first princes of the house of Hanover, preferment seems to have been given on purely political motives: the details given in the following extracts are so disgraceful, our Author may well wonder that any Protestant remained in Ireland.

'Writing to Mr. Addison, the Archbishop says—
 " ' You make nothing in England to order us to provide for such and such a man £200 per annum: and when he has it by favour of the government, he thinks he may be excused attendance: but you do not consider that such a disposition takes up, perhaps, a tenth part of the diocese, and turns off the cure of ten parishes to one curate.' " (p. 288.) And to another correspondent—
 " ' You make nothing of recommending a cast clergyman, whom you are not willing to prefer in England, to £200 per annum in Ireland, and do not consider that in many dioceses £200 per annum is near a fifth part of the maintenance of the clergy of the whole diocese: that to make up £50 per annum very often ten parishes must be united, and after all an ill, an insufficient clergyman, does ten times more mischief in Ireland than in England. You likewise bespeak sinecures for particular friends: but I can make it appear that there are not above a score in the whole kingdom

that are perfectly so, and where they are they starve the cure.' ”

‘ The recommendations of a bishop of Elphin to office are thus described by the archbishop :—“ ‘ He was a gentleman of the Bristol family, and his father was Bishop of Dromore here. He was a great master of painting in little water colours, and by that greatly recommended himself to men in power, and ladies ; and so was early made a bishop. In the year 1678 he passed his letters patent for Limerick, and was translated from thence by King William and Queen Mary, immediately after the Revolution. He generally lived out of his diocese : and, though his predecessor left him the shell of a very good house, yet he took no care to finish it, or, by what I can learn, to preserve it from decay. He left the diocese, as I understand from everybody that comes from thence, in a miserable condition : churches greatly wanting, and those that are, ill supplied. I am informed that, though the diocese be large, there are only about thirteen clergymen in it.’

‘ When the Irish aristocracy saw in the heads of the church a body of strangers called over to beard and trample on them in the House of Lords, and sneer in private society at the land they batted on ; when the people saw the offices of religion neglected altogether, or committed to a starving and ignorant deputy, while benefice after benefice, involving the spiritual well-being of millions yet unborn, was heaped on absentees ; when efforts to enlighten or benefit the Popish population were crushed or suffered to perish through neglect ; when the church, from its highest to its lowest offices, was treated as an engine of state, and religion utterly postponed to political objects, can we wonder if the religion thus trampled on by its professed guardians

made little progress ; or is it not wonderful that one Protestant remained in Ireland ? I have observed, have read, and thought, and still am utterly unable, except by the immediate interposition of Providence, to account for the surpassing wonder, that one single Protestant remained in the country. The ruined churches, the impoverished and barbarous clergy, the dark tales of ungodliness and misery, all sink into insignificance as hindrances to the progress of truth, compared with the heartless ecclesiastico-political government in the reign of George I., and the administration of Primate Boulter.'

The following circumstances took place in the reign of George II.

' There is, however, one case which deserves especial notice. Had an infidel been appointed to an Irish bishopric, for the purpose of disseminating infidelity, it would have been a departure from what we have stated, and *proved*, to be the course scarcely ever deviated from by the English government—that of altogether overlooking religion in connection with the Irish church, and using it exclusively as a political engine. Dr. Clayton, early in life, "formed an acquaintance with Dr. Samuel Clarke, the result of which was his adoption of those religious principles to which he adhered during the remainder of his life." (p. 614.) He was, however, in 1730, made Bishop of Killala, in 1735 translated to Cork, and in 1745 to Clogher ; and after this course of preferment, he very naturally felt that the sentiments, which he had taken no pains to conceal, and which had scarcely checked his preferment, ought to be proclaimed still more publicly, and might be proclaimed without offence. He accordingly made a speech in the House of Lords against the Athanasian and Nicene

creeds, which gave himself great satisfaction, till to his surprise he learned that his elevation had proceeded not in approval but in utter ignorance of his sentiments, and the clamour raised against him, when it was discovered that his lordship had opinions of his own, so affected him that he died. Such was the care with which the experiment of converting the Irish, through the instrumentality of the Irish church, was conducted under the two first princes of the House of Hanover.'

The historical materials are scanty for the reign of George III. ; we conclude, therefore, with Mr. Macartney's account of the present century. It is unnecessary to add any remarks to facts which speak for themselves.

'The most striking among the various important events which have characterized this century, has in this island been the religious awakening in the national church. From the death of Archbishop King to the close of the last century, God might have taken up against her the fearful charge brought against the church of Sardis,—“I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou livest and art dead.” From that time, whether it was that there were a “few names even” there “that had not defiled their garments,” or that the Holy Spirit willed thus to mark His approbation of the truths contained in the Articles and formularies, in the ideal of that lifeless form, or whether He chose to exhibit His own sovereignty in working by the most apparently hopeless means, we know not, but certain it is that the spirit of life has entered into that establishment, and she has presented an instance of apparently self-illumination, but really of divine vivification, unparalleled in the history of the church or of the world. It could not be said to her, “Remember from whence thou art fallen,” for we have vainly sought

for a previous period of spiritual life ; but in the counsels of God the words had been addressed to her, not in word but in power, "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." The earlier part of this period, up to 1830, was to the church a time of unexampled temporal prosperity ; scriptural schools were established, churches and glebe-houses built by liberal grants, or with liberal assistance, from the government, and she was enabled to obey the command, "Lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes." And when the spiritual awakening began, the very apathy of the ruling powers was made to work together for good. Amidst much ridicule, disapprobation, and dislike, the work of God was suffered to proceed ; the government, and even the prelates, with one or two remarkable exceptions, suffering preferment to flow in the ordinary channels without regard to the religious character of the aspirants, the most opposite characters being ordained side by side, and promoted with equal steps, and for the same reasons, connection and family influence ; and thus some of the brightest lights of the Irish church were placed in situations of importance, by those who opposed their principles and ridiculed their devotedness.

‘ With the increased religious feeling of the nation, a sense of decency seems to have influenced the government. It had been customary to promote distinguished members of the University with regard to their literary merits ; an edition of the classics, or a treatise on science, being appropriately rewarded with the oversight of the church ; and apparently in pursuance of this course, though for a very different kind of merit, Dr. Magee, author of the great work on the Atonement, was appointed to the see of Raphoe ; but there can be little

doubt, that his zealous and Christian superintendence of that diocese, led to his promotion to the archdiocese of Dublin, and the Protestants of Ireland hailed with surprise and delight what they hoped would be the commencement of a better era. Even had the ministry that appointed his grace continued, there was not much to encourage these hopes, but before long, the Irish Protestants found themselves, as a body, placed under the ban of the government, education taken out of the hands of their clergy, the church robbed and insulted, and the door of preferment closed against all who would not, by countenancing the bill in favour of national education, act in opposition to their vows, and betray the charge it was given them to keep. It is a remarkable combination of facts, that from the accession of Elizabeth to the year 1831, with the exception of the times of the great rebellion, and the reign of James II., the Church of Ireland, as an establishment, had always received (though, as we have seen in general, with little zeal or efficiency) the avowed countenance and support of the English government. We have seen, too, that during the long period of which Bishop Mant treats, she had assumed a secular rather than a religious aspect ; and though, at the commencement of this century a better spirit awoke among her inferior clergy, it was not till about the last ten years preceding 1831, that the church, as a body, could be regarded as standing forward in her really spiritual capacity, or with a missionary spirit, and it was just then, and not till then, that the long-afforded countenance was withdrawn, ten of the bishoprics suppressed, and her clergy impoverished and insulted. England supported the church establishment of Ireland in all its full privileges as long as it was not a religious body ; the moment it became so,

she set her face against it. A short and remarkable respite was granted us. The Earl De Grey came over, bound not to discountenance the policy with regard to education, which showed that England despised the church and her ministers, and despised the word on which that church was founded ; yet he not only refused to persecute, but exercised his patronage with a single eye to the glory of God, and the well-being of the land he was sent to govern. The blessing of God in a remarkable manner rested on his administration, but his was not the policy approved by England ; he was recalled, or teased into resignation, and a sacrifice of the first principles of Christian truth again demanded as the condition of preferment within the Christian church.'

THE IRISH PEARL.

No. VII.

THERE was a long silence ; when Father Eustace had concluded his narrative, he buried his face within his hands in deep and solemn self-communion, which, had I even been inclined, I could not have dared to interrupt ; but far, far otherwise : wrapt in thought myself, this world and its fleeting interests had passed away ; and, following that bright spirit in its upward flight, I seemed to realize the things that are unseen. I was at length recalled from this abstraction by the low tones of that impressive voice, as thus again he spoke ;— ‘ When we reach the threshold of eternity, our spirits often take a forward spring, even though still encumbered with their house of clay ; we are gifted with a clearer insight into futurity ; and, casting aside all outward influences, all personal feelings, we behold the motives and consequences of human actions without disguise : thus, whether it was in a spirit of prescience, or of experience, that your dying mother had spoken, her apprehensions with regard to your spiritual welfare, were equally verified : perhaps she had watched the dawning of the troubles that were gathering on the land ; perhaps she might have vainly tried on the one all-important subject, to influence the noble heart that sought to gratify her in every lesser thing ; or, as we are often made to feel the effect of our errors long after we have

abjured them, so perhaps the irresolute habits of her spirit's thralldom were never sufficiently conquered, to enable her resolutely to cast aside the veil with him she would have dreaded most to grieve—who may tell from whence she derived this sad foreboding—enough that it was too truly realized from that moment until now.

‘ During the first weeks of agony, your father would hold no communication, would receive no comfort ; and when, at length, he joined in social intercourse again, he had set his face as steel against one retrospective word. The traces of his heart’s anguish were indeed legibly engraved upon his countenance, but it found no audible voice, and none dared to intrude within the barrier he had raised.

‘ His world was for ever changed—domestic life had lost its charm, and his energetic nature soon sought a field of occupation in the political struggle, the actual strife that soon rent this unhappy land ; with eagerness he espoused the side to which his religion and his sense of loyalty naturally inclined him, and became at once a foremost man in their councils, and their deeds. None dwelling in the land, from the highest to the lowest, could escape involvement in the struggle ; and even I, though not drawn into the vortex, felt its influence by being impelled in another direction : when the star of King James gained its temporary ascendant, as I could not coalesce with his party, I was compelled to withdraw ; information had reached the royal ear, that even in papal Rome his antagonist had found partizans, and that for the sake of maintaining the balance of Europe against the exorbitant power of France, the Pope himself, Leo XI., had availed himself of Protestant resources, had relied upon Protestant impulses, and had actually entered into alliance with that Prince of Orange, who

was subsequently to secure the English throne to the Protestant faith : surely the Lord maketh the wrath of man to praise Him, for it was even so.*

‘ My long residence in Italy, my comparatively secret return, my uncongeniality of opinion, and want of confidence in my professing brethren here, all made me an object of suspicion, and the bitterness of party-spirit bursting into violence on the discovery of this political secret, I found myself suddenly in a dangerous position ; and, through your father’s timely warning alone, was enabled to escape the accusation, the fate of a traitor, and a spy. I fled from this distracted country : once more I was a wanderer, and found myself eventually entangled in pursuits which forbade my return, when the original impediments were removed ; in lands where the harvest was plenteous, the labourers few, it pleased the Lord of the harvest to bless my weak endeavours to glorify His name : and even for the precious duty I had vowed to discharge, I could not abandon this field until my place was supplied. But I waited in faith, and at last my way was made clear, a successor was raised up, and then the voice that had prompted so long, called me imperatively away ; it seemed to say, “ a door is opened in your own benighted land, and the pledge you gave, in other years, must now be redeemed.”

‘ I returned to find all changed : your father in exile ; the dynasty for which he had perilled all, swept as refuse from the throne ; the country still bleeding with the wounds it had received ; household hearths broken up, household feelings dissevered ; and the poor, and the ignorant, and the wretched, clinging to the faith that had misled them, with the tenacity of a dying grasp. Now was my time, here my station, here I might pour

* Vide Ranke’s Hist. of the Popes.

balm and oil into many a festering wound : I could comfort, exhort, instruct them here ; here where none approach, but such as feel their need of consolation and advice. In many an instance, I have reason to trust that my labour has not been in vain in the Lord, but the crowning mercy was yet to come, and even that has been at last vouchsafed. I could not have presented myself at your castle openly, I could not have resumed my former position without many an explanation, many an interruption that would have marred my usefulness here ; but all was now within my reach ; I knew an opportunity would be afforded ; I knew the gracious Providence that had hitherto led me, would still open my way. I trusted in this, and lo—it is done.

‘Oh, my daughter, you are the child of many prayers ; the voice that now is still, ceased not day and night to bring your future course before the mercy-seat of her God ; and, catching the last faint prayer that hovered on her lips, I have echoed it with a trusting heart, from that moment until now. At last, then, I restore to you those treasures, the reality, the symbol ; uniting under one name “the pearl of great price.” And, oh ! remember ever, in looking at the one, that it was freely cast aside when the other was recovered, that thus you too are called to part with every refuge of lies, to abandon all with gladness, for the sake of the priceless treasure here revealed. Remember too, my daughter, when you gaze upon this jewel in its soft mysterious shining, that notwithstanding the tradition which has so long assigned it an inherent power, its light is not in itself : it but emits the rays reflected from some brighter source, brightest of all when it catches the sunshine from on high ; and thus may you ever seek to have the inward

darkness, the natural deadness of a heart, which haply you have been taught to think a bright transparent jewel, enlightened by the Sun of Righteousness, purified by the Holy Spirit : may that Spirit lead you to look from each created thing ; each work of man's devising, to that wisdom which cannot be "valued with the gold of Ophir, of which man knoweth not the price, neither is it found in the land of the living : " here only is it to be discovered, in this the inspired word, the revealed will of the Most High. Then seek it here with all diligence, all faith, all prayer, and assuredly you will find peace and rest unto your soul.'

(To be continued.)

BONAR'S PROPHETICAL LANDMARKS.

No. II.

THE prophetic style is a subject of no common importance, and one concerning which a right judgment must be formed, before we can hope to interpret rightly the scripture prophecies. Are we, with German neologians, to regard the prophecies merely as a series of myths, expressing in poetic language some abstract truth already deeply engraven on man's consciousness? Are we even, with some truly holy men, to consider them as figurative descriptions of the future glory of the redeemed church? If we are obliged by the very nature of some of these prophecies to regard them as symbolical, from what source are the symbols derived?—Are they intended to obscure, or to explain the subject?—These, and some other questions of equal interest, are answered in Mr. Bonar's admirable chapter on the prophetic style, of which we will now attempt to give some analysis, and such extracts as our space will allow.

The first question proposed is,—What subjects may we reasonably expect to find in prophecy? If we were left to answer the question ourselves, each one would form a different opinion, in the same way as each person would write a different history of the world, according to his own view of the relative importance of events. Our only sure guide as to the probable subjects of prophecy, God's history of the future, is God's history of

the past. Here we find the main subject to be the corporate history of the church of Christ :—

‘ This is the main stream of scripture history, but not the only one. We have likewise the history of the church’s enemies ; or rather, in conformity with Scripture language, we should say, enemy, as the seed of the serpent, however numerous, is generally personified, and alluded to under the name of that nation or king, who, at any particular period, happened to be the head of the enemies of the Lord.’

The same course, Mr. Bonar shows, is pursued in the prophetic writings : any other would be like an attempt to write the story of a battle, by relating the actions and achievements of one side alone. He then shows that, out of the parallel events in the past history of the two parties referred to, is constructed the language in which their future history is written ; and many of the peculiarities of prophecy can only be fully explained, by a minute reference to, and comparison of, these parallel events. Assyria, Edom, Bosrah, Babylon, are all used, not merely in their geographical sense, or by any means indiscriminately, but as representing different characters assumed by the church’s enemy, corresponding to the features of these ancient idolatrous kingdoms. Here then is a wide field for careful research. We will extract Mr. Bonar’s description of Babylon, as a specimen of this peculiarity of Scripture language :—

‘ Take, again, Babylon, the name most frequently used in Scripture for the enemy of the Church in each successive age, the fullest, largest, most significant type of this, which Scripture affords us, round the very name of which are gathered images of gloom and grandeur, of glory and desolation, such as her imperial successor in the West has never yet paralleled. Babylon, the

city of confusion, the seat of universal monarchy, the citadel of superstition and tyranny, the capital of Nimrod and Nebuchadnezzar, enemy of Jehovah, persecutor of his Church, razer of his temple, destroyer of his city, enslaver of his people! It was pitched as Satan's metropolis and temple, right against the city and temple of Jehovah; and for centuries God permitted it to stand as a type of his Church's future enemies, and to furnish out of its name and history, a name and language for them all. Then it was swept with the besom of destruction,—tower and battlement, even to the foundation, leaving no fragment of its existence behind it, but the memory and name, that its desolation might furnish out language to the prophets, in picturing the ruin of a still mightier enemy to come. When God reared for himself again a people and a city in other lands, Satan again upreared his city in defiance, exchanging the Euphrates for the Tiber, the plains of Shinar for the seven hills of Latium. But to show that this new enemy was one and the same with the ancient enemy of the East, He sent forth his prophets and apostles to inscribe upon the gates and walls of the new city, 'Babylon the Great,' thereby not merely identifying her with Babylon of old, but proclaiming how much she was to outdo her model, in all for which she had been infamous. And now she stands before us at this day, true representative of her eastern progenitor, the mother of harlots, counterpart to the city of Semiramis, but a more relentless oppressor of the saints; darker prison-house of the church, truer personification of the evil one, seat of fouler superstition than the Chaldean astrology, of more hateful idolatry than the worship of Bel and Nebo, city of more daring pride, saying not merely, "I will ascend above the stars of God," but I will be above all that is

called God, or that is worshipped ; I will sit in the temple of God, shewing myself that I am God ; assuming all power above and below, changing times and laws, speaking great swelling words against the Most High, unpeopling earth of God's chosen Israel, and peopling heaven with the sainted pandemonium of Rome.'

The use of figurative language is one of the next subjects introduced.

' I may allow (says Mr. Bonar) that figures can be employed for the purpose of obscuring a subject ; but that this is their usual object, I deny. Their common use is to give force and beauty to the style. 'The chief difference between literal and figurative language, may perhaps be said to be, the indefiniteness of the latter ; such an indefiniteness, I mean, as does not at once, and by the very name of the word, suggest the one precise idea or object intended, as in such Hebraisms as the following :—cedars of God, *i. e.* mighty cedars—son of the burning coal, *i. e.* a spark—eyelids of the morning. *i. e.* dawn. Such figures, or paraphrastic expressions, of which all language originally consisted, may, to a certain extent, be charged with ambiguity, till, by familiar usage, or by the substitution of *one* word to express them, they have established themselves in the language and ideas of a nation. They may be called indefinite, till common use has stripped them of all but the precise idea intended, has sunk them to the level, and stiffened them into the cold precision of ordinary diction. But, then, such an indefiniteness can only be called obscurity, when there is no key to the exact meaning ; for, wherever by the hints of the author, or by the position in which the words occur, their significance becomes plain ; then their very indefiniteness ennobles and adorns the composition, fitting them

especially for embodying the sublimity and splendour of prophetic visions, which language less elastic and expansible could not have grasped.'

Having thus vindicated figurative language from the charge of being in its own nature obscure, Mr. Bonar goes on to show how the real obscurity has been, in great part, occasioned by those who have neglected, with regard to prophecy, the plain rule they would adopt for the other inspired books, 'literal if possible.' Taking, for instance, the beautifully plain and simple description in Isa. xi. 6—9 of the blessed condition of the renovated earth, and the share which even the lower creation is to have in this glad event, they say it signifies the harmony, which will one day subsist between men of the most turbulent passions and discordant dispositions. 'When we ask with astonishment if words so definite and simple *can* have such a meaning, we are told that it is a far more noble and sublime idea, that men of evil passions should be softened, than that the beasts of the field should become harmonious in their natures. It may be so. It may be a sublime meaning, but it will be difficult to prove it to be *the* meaning of the passage.'

To spiritualize prophecy is lawful in the same way as to spiritualize history, provided you have first interpreted it; but to *spiritualize* is not to *interpret*. The true contrast is not between the spiritual and literal, but between the figurative and literal, the spiritual being superadded to both.

Mr. Bonar next answers those, who would describe the prophecies as written in the highest style of poetry with the boldest figures, and therefore incapable of exact interpretation.

'The rich language and the exuberant imagery of

prophecy are not to take their place in the rank of loose metaphor and bold hyperbole. *There* human language labours for words of fit dimension to contain, and of worthy form to set forth, the conceptions of the Infinite mind. The figures of the prophets are not disposed of, according to the taste or fancy of the writer ; but they are the fittest, fullest, exactest forms for containing and conveying Divine truth to man. They may be ornamental, but they are far more than this. They are not like Gothic projections, which adorn, but do not strengthen the fabric ; they are like the pillars of Grecian architecture, for support and strength even more than for beauty.'

We are next led to consider the materials out of which these figures are constructed, that we may enter into their fulness of meaning. 'It is to the facts and events of scripture history, the characters of scripture personages, the records of scripture places and nations, the rites and ceremonies of scripture worship, that we are to look for the storehouse, out of which the prophets drew their figures and symbols : and by these we must interpret all their peculiarities of style. To the events of providence, and the services of the sanctuary under the Jewish economy, the prophets seem to resort, as furnishing materials of the only language, through which they could adequately express themselves. They appropriate Jewish words and allusions ; they embody Jewish history and ordinances in their style, and thereby construct to themselves a peculiar language—a rich and noble dialect—the fullest and most beautiful, the exactest and most expressive, that mortal has ever attained to. The language of heathen poets has been lauded as exquisite, and we say not but that it is worthy of uninspired men ; but it is poverty and meagreness in

comparison with this. And why? Not merely because they were uninspired men and pagans, but because they wanted the rich materials to which the prophets had access. Their language embodied merely the common events of life, the common objects of nature, and the fables of a puerile and unclean mythology. The prophets had all natural events to resort to, and to draw from, but they had more. They had the history and the ordinances of God's people; which history seems to have been recorded, and which ordinances seem to have been constructed with the design of furnishing materials for a language to the prophets of Jehovah, by which they were enabled to express ideas, and declare events which in no other way they could have succeeded in making known. More especially we would say this of the Apocalypse, which, being the latest book of prophecy, has the advantage of all others in this respect. It is written throughout in the language of the Old Testament, both historical and prophetical. All the Jewish ordinances are there, and all Jewish history. It seems as if the whole fabric of the old dispensation had been taken to pieces after it had served its time, in order to have its different parts all applied to the building of another and more stately edifice in combination with new materials. Its worship, its feasts, its sacrifices, its altar, its sanctuary, its high-priests, its outer and inner courts, its times and seasons, are all transplanted here. The history of God's ancient people, their Egyptian bondage, their direct sojournings, their possession of Canaan, their capture of its cities, their imprisonment in Babylon, are gathered together, to build up the prophet's style—all sought out from their various places, and with exquisite art and care, polished and perfected, so as to form themselves into one harmo-

nious composition—one splendid Mosaic, from which the various ideas of the Divine mind, and the various events of futurity, might fitly be reflected to the age of man.

‘The whole fashion and texture of the book are Jewish. Its style, its structure, its scenery are Jewish. Its scenes are laid in Palestine, in the holy city and temple. Each prophetic vista is hung with Jewish drapery, and all the light is transmitted through Jewish transparencies from the seven-branched lamp of the holy place. The scene shifts from the outer court of the temple with its worshipping crowds, to the inner court with its priests and incense altar, and from the inner court to the Holy of holies, trodden by the solitary high priest and filled with the shekinah glory. We have the redemption of the inheritance, the trumpets of jubilee and judgments, the sealed tribes, the feast of first-fruits, the palms of the feast of tabernacles. These are not mere names. They are all introduced with consummate art. They are so inserted, as on the one hand to serve as links joining together the different parts of the book in exact order, suggesting time, locality, and connexion ; and on the other, as hooks whereon to fasten the events which form the antitypes, and which thus, by the mere mention of the type, are fully embodied in the prophecy.’

Another subject ably touched by Mr. Bonar, in this chapter, is the progressive character of prophecy. Events of a kindred nature are grouped together, one near in point of time being described accurately, but with the introduction of some features that can only belong to a grander and more distant event, perhaps the consummation of all things. ‘By means of this exquisite art and divine wisdom, the prophecy suits all ages ;

every successive generation can say, that it does apply in a certain degree to it, though all can see that its fullness of accomplishment,—the summation of the whole series—is reserved for the last days.'

The extracts we have already given will, we trust, awaken some of our readers to consider what rich mines of thought are hidden in the sacred pages of prophecy. Lest any should be discouraged, and feel it is a subject too great for their feeble powers, we will quote the closing paragraph of the chapter.

'It is the deep digger into scripture that is its best interpreter. It is the man who, in studying God's word, and entering into his mighty thoughts, is becoming more entirely assimilated to God himself; it is he who alone is able fully to expound his word, especially in its prophetic revelations. The nearer we come to think as God thinks, to feel as God feels, to view all things from the points from which he showed them to his prophets, the more shall we understand the prophetic visions, and appreciate the prophetic style. To catch up the exact notes of the prophetic harp, to survey with understanding the prophetic picture, needs no depths of self-revolving thought, no exuberant redundancy of classic lore. It needs but a more entire assimilation of soul to the mind of God. It needs but a nicer spiritual ear, it needs but a truer and spiritual taste, and a finer spiritual eye.'

THE TWO PRESENTATIONS.

“THE fashion of this world passeth away,” its glory and pride are only for a short time, and then to pass away *for ever*. We are taught this in the book of Nature—a breath tarnishes the pencilled wing of the butterfly—a drop of rain mars the bloom of the rose—a cold blast cuts off the thread of the little insect’s life, who, but a moment before, was dancing in gay unconsciousness. Not only in nature but in art—the destroying fire changes the labour of centuries into a heap of ashes—the hand of war spares not the canvas on which the artist has breathed his very soul, or the marble which the sculptor has clothed with all that was beautiful and grand in the wide fields of his fancy. Thus we might trace out what God has written with broad characters in the book of Revelation, “that here there is no enduring,” “they shall perish,” “they all shall wax old as doth a garment,” (Psalm cii. 26.) “and the fashion of this world passeth away.” But we are to learn other lessons in this world ; its beauty and its glory may be of use to us, by leading us up to that glory, the perfection of all glory and beauty, to which we may, each of us, one day hope to attain. (Rom. i. 20. Psalm xix. 1.) We may discover many sources of instruction respecting that “new heaven and new earth.” We may find in this desert land some fertile tracts, here and there, which may shadow forth the fruitful Canaan to which we are hastening ; and thus

as strangers and pilgrims we may linger awhile, and raise our thoughts onward and upward, to mansions of glory and bliss. We may wonder that, with such hopes set before us, we should ever linger on our way ; but by nature we are prone to mind the things of the flesh, and we have need frequently to pray for the aid of the Holy Spirit, who, in addition to His other glorious offices, condescends to be our Remembrancer, in those blessed things which “ eye hath not seen, nor ear heard,” but of which we read enough, to make our hearts glow with love and expectation.

I saw in a dream two royal courts. There were two monarchs who were to receive their guests. The difference between these monarchs was, one was on earth, and the other was in heaven—one had a kingdom ‘made with hands, of this world,’—the other, a ‘kingdom made without hands,’—‘not of this world.’ The head of the one was adorned with a crown of such gold as the fire will melt, of such fashion as may soon be destroyed. The other wore on His head ‘many crowns.’—He was to look upon like jasper and a sardine stone. The throne of the former was canopied with scarlet drapery, which the moth might eat ;—a rainbow encircled the seat of the other monarch and ‘it was in sight like an emerald.’ I saw also many nobles around that earthly sovereign, with dresses that blazed with jewels and gold ;—round the throne of the heavenly monarch were ‘four and twenty elders, sitting, clothed in white garments, and they had on their heads crowns of gold.’ Rev. iv. 4. But I must pass on to enquire who they were who were admitted into the presence-chamber of these monarchs—and there are two of whom I will tell, as they appeared to me in my vision. They were both to approach these monarchs for the first time ;

they had both heard their fame, and they both desired to be admitted into their presence. Both were arrayed in white garments.—Let me describe them.—In the small room of a cottage, lay that one, who was then preparing to enter into the presence of the King of kings. Yes, there she was being ‘made meet’ for that high honour, in pain, weakness, and distress ; her outward man was decaying, but her inward man was being renewed day by day. She gained brighter views of that glorious court at which she was to appear ; daily were her hopes of it enlarged—daily was she learning more of that Monarch who was to receive her, and her love to him increased each day. Methinks, I see her now as she then appeared to me ; her wan, pale cheek, and whitened lip, her forehead often furrowed with pain, but her clear blue eye reflecting some of the joy that filled her soul, and sparkling with an unnatural brightness. Yes, her whole body decayed, and those who watched her wept to see her suffer, while she still comforted them with describing the mansion to which she was hastening, and speaking of the love of that Monarch, whom she delighted to call her Father and her Friend. How was she to appear ? What were her garments ?—She had read in the letter of her Monarch ; “I counsel thee to buy of me white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed.” Rev. iii. 18. She had been to Him, and bought, “without money and without price,” and now she stood “clothed with white robes.” Rev. vii. 9. She had “washed her robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.” v. 14. She was all glorious within, her clothing was of wrought gold. Psalm xlv. 13 ; Isaiah lxi. 10. He, her Friend and King, had “clothed her with broidered work—girded her with fine linen and covered her with silk.”

He had "decked her with ornaments, and put bracelets on her hands, and a chain on her neck, a jewel on her forehead, and earrings in her ears—a beautiful crown on her head." Thus was she "exceedingly beautiful, perfect through His comeliness, which He had put upon her." Ezek. xvi. 10—14.

Now let me look at the other maiden who was to be presented to the earthly monarch. She was surrounded with the luxuries and comforts of life : she was blessed with wealth and many comforts of Providence. She was young, and although she too desired a better portion than was to be found on earth, she wished to be admitted into the presence of her earthly sovereign. She too had heard of her monarch, but it was but a distant report, she did not know her enough to love her, she was her subject and not her friend. John xv. 14. She had never learned the mind of the Potentate in whose presence she was to appear. How did she prepare for her presentation ? A tasteful dress was selected, care and labour were expended in fashioning it, and to adorn the outward man ; for this was all that was open to the eye of the earthly sovereign, who could not pierce the thoughts and intents of the heart.

Thus I have described the two youthful aspirants, to the honour of a presentation of courts of so different a nature. Their preparation too, we have seen, was different. Let us view them each, now, while being led into the presence-chamber of the respective monarchs. The one was brought in with gladness and rejoicing. She advanced with boldness—for she knew Him who was about to receive her, even the thoughts of His heart had been revealed to her. Jer. xxix. 11 ; Ps. xl. 5 ; and cxxxix. 17. The other approached with fear and timidity. As the one was "a great way off," the monarch saw

her and ran and kissed her." Luke xv. 20. The other advanced to the presence of her sovereign, and stooped to kiss the proffered hand. The one was "presented faultless before the throne with exceeding joy;" the other could boast of no perfection, and for a while was too much overpowered to feel pleasure. It was the beloved son of the monarch who presented her, whom I had beheld sick and dying; therefore she could come boldly to her king, she feared Him not, she rejoiced to see Him "in His beauty," whose "well-beloved Son" presented her. The other was introduced to the earthly monarch, by one who was unacquainted with her sovereign, who equally with herself feared to approach the royal presence, and therefore she expected no smile of welcome or approval. But it was for a little while; the pageant was soon at an end, that maiden lingered not near the Sovereign, she dared not approach too close, she soon retired. Then I turned my eyes to her who was also before her Monarch; she was not hurried away; she was "to go no more out," nor to leave His presence, where there was "fulness of joy," nor quit His right hand, where there were pleasures for evermore; she was "satisfied with His likeness," and would "serve Him day and night in His temple." Rev. xxi. 3.

"What manner of persons ought we to be;" with such hopes, such promises? Let us rise to rejoice in them. Let us desire every day to fix our affections above, our eyes on things that are eternal, and may every event of our life, lead us onwards to that glorious day, and fit us to appear at that heavenly court, and "be presented faultless before His presence with exceeding joy."

C.

AN APPEAL FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB POOR OF IRELAND.

DEAR FRIENDS :—I take up my pen to address you in behalf of those who cannot plead for themselves, and I do so with mingled feelings of gratitude, and of hope,—of gratitude for the noble and generous manner in which England's sons and daughters have responded to the cry for help, which was borne to them on every breeze from the shores of Ireland; and hope, amounting almost to certainty, that the claims of the deaf and dumb poor of Ireland for aid and sympathy from all who can give will not be unheeded, unregarded. I take it for granted, that the readers of this Magazine are aware of the deep interest felt by the late Charlotte Elizabeth for this afflicted portion of our race, and that all of them are familiar with the little book penned by her, entitled "The Happy Mute," in which she narrated so touchingly the blessed results of instruction afforded by her to one of Erin's sons; the profits of which little book were given, by the gifted Authoress, to the Juvenile Association for promoting the education of the Deaf and Dumb poor of Ireland. Were she now on earth, from her intense love and interest in every thing connected with Ireland, we know how much of sorrow would fill her heart, not alone from the accumulated weight of suffering which our people are now enduring, but also from the fact that the prospects of the Juvenile Deaf and Dumb Association are in an especial manner affected, so

that nought but clouds of darkness and gloominess seem to hang over it, and no feelings save those of despondency seem to arise in the hearts of its warmest supporters. This uneasiness and apprehension results from the painful fact, that on the closing of the accounts for this year, the Committee had to announce to the meeting held in Claremont Institution last Easter Monday, (with what feelings it may be imagined,) a deficiency in their receipts of one thousand seven hundred pounds; previously to this they had hoped, from the incoming collections, to be able to admit on that day fifteen new pupils; but instead of being able to open the doors of Claremont to the successful candidates, they could only name to the meeting, the children who had been elected, and mention the resolution they had been compelled to adopt that morning, which is as follows,—“That we feel it our duty to announce to the annual meeting assembled this day, that in consequence of the very considerable decrease in our funds, and upon the best estimate we can make of our resources yet to be received, we consider that they are not available, beyond the support of the children at present in the Institution, and that the *actual* admission of any of the children this day elected, must depend altogether on sufficient additional funds being received for their support.”

I called these ‘successful applicants,’ but was it not almost a mockery of their woe to do so, for what does it avail them to have hundreds of votes more than the remaining thirty-two, if they are still left the hapless victims of utter destitution, both temporal and spiritual? One from among their number is now gone hence, and shall no more be seen, having died since of *starvation*; and one of the officers of the institution thus writes to me: “I greatly fear, if some exertions are not

soon made to admit the other fourteen, many of them will be carried off in the same way.' This letter is dated the 27th of last month : in it he also mentions, that about three hundred and fifteen pounds would be required for the admission of fifteen children, and that the collections were fifteen hundred pounds less this year than last, thus showing that two hundred pounds has been got in since Easter Monday. I have now laid before my readers a statement of facts, which I feel assured will speak far more forcibly to their hearts than any words I could add ; but there is yet another fact which I cannot forbear mentioning, as it is one which I feel ought to stir up every Bible-loving, Protestant-loving heart, to exert themselves to procure funds for the support of Claremont ; it is this, that the Roman Catholics of Ireland, from the great success which has attended this institution, have exerted themselves successfully to get up a rival one, and they have given the most conclusive testimony to the value of the education afforded there, in a resolution stating, that the reason which induced them to form this institution was, the numbers of Roman Catholic children that were admitted to Claremont, and so instructed, that the priests of the Roman Catholic church, who endeavoured assiduously to eradicate the religious principles which they were taught, found it impossible to do so, and considered them to be altogether lost. Oh ! surely this one fact should incite all who feel what a blessed thing it is to know Jesus and Him crucified ; who have experienced in their own souls all joy and peace in believing ; and who have oftentimes been comforted and refreshed from drinking of the fountains of consolation laid up in God's own word, to come forward and send help to Claremont, that so that institution may be able

to continue its labours ; yea, and be enabled not only to do this, but also to extend them,—to enlarge their sphere of usefulness, so that out of the four thousand uneducated deaf and dumb of Ireland, not one may be allowed, from want of funds, to come under the teaching of those who will but cast around them the galling chain of Popish bondage, and enslave their minds to its idolatry and superstition. I shall now only add my earnest hope, that what I have here stated, may be the means of procuring some aid for Claremont. Should any of my readers have it in their power to give any assistance, I shall receive any contributions, by their being addressed to the Rev. Richard Chester, Cloyne, Co. Cork, Ireland, the donor mentioning that the sum is intended for the Juvenile Association for promoting the Education of the Deaf and Dumb Poor of Ireland.

*A Secretary to an Auxiliary of the Society
in the South of Ireland.*

May, 1847.

[This appeal was intended for insertion in the June No., but miscarried in coming by post from Ireland, which has occasioned the delay.—ED.]

THE PSALMIST'S REVELATION OF THE TIMES OF RESTITUTION,

WITH

PARALLEL PREDICTIONS OF THE SPIRIT.

PSALM XVIII.

"To the Giver of Victory (A Psalm) of the servant of Jehovah, the Beloved, who spake unto Jehovah the words of this song, in the day that Jehovah delivered Him from the hand of all His enemies, and from the power of hell."—*Bishop Horsley.*

The power and majesty of Jehovah, as to be displayed at the coming of our Lord, 7—15. The deliverance of the true David from His enemies, 34—50.

THE PSALMIST'S REVELATION.

2. The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer, my God, my strength, in whom I trust.

7. Then the earth shook and trembled, the foundations also of the hills moved, and were shaken, because He was wroth.

PARALLEL PREDICTIONS.

And again, I will put my trust in Him. Heb. ii. 13.

The earth is utterly broken down, the earth is clean dissolved, the earth is moved exceedingly. The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard, and shall be removed like a cottage: and the transgressions thereof shall be heavy upon it, and it shall fall, and not rise again. Isa. xxiv. 19, 20.

For thus saith the Lord of Hosts; yet once, it is a little while, and I will

THE PSALMIST'S
REVELATION.

8. There went up a smoke out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoured: coals were kindled by it.

9—11. He bowed the heavens also and came down, and darkness was under his feet. He made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him were dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies.

12. At the brightness that was before him his thick clouds passed, hail stones and coals of fire.

13. The Lord also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave his voice; hail-stones and coals of fire.

14. Yea, he sent out his arrows and scattered them, and he shot out lightnings, and discomfited them.

15. Then the channels of waters were seen, and the foundations of the world were discovered at thy rebuke, O Lord, at the blast of the breath of thy nostrils.

34. He teacheth my hands to war, so that a

PARALLEL PREDICTIONS.

shake the heavens, and the earth, and the sea, and the dry land. Hag. ii. 6.

Behold the name of the Lord cometh from far, burning with his anger, and the burden thereof is heavy: his lips are full of indignation, and his tongue as a devouring fire. And his breath, as an overflowing stream, shall reach to the midst of the neck, to sift the nations with the sieve of vanity, Isa. xxx. 27, 28.

Clouds and darkness are round about him. Psa. xcvi. 2.

And his brightness was as the light; he had bright beams out of his side. (Margin) And burning coals went forth at his feet. Hab. iii. 4, 5.

The adversaries of the Lord shall be broken in pieces: out of heaven shall he thunder upon them. 1 Sam. ii. 10.

And the Lord shall cause his glorious voice to be heard, and shall show the lighting down of his arm, with the indignation of his anger, and with the flame of a devouring fire, with scattering, and tempests, and hail-stones. Isa. xxx. 30.

I will make mine arrows drunk with blood, and my sword shall devour flesh; and that with the blood of the slain, and of the captives, from the beginning of revenges upon the enemy. Deut. xxxii. 42.

He rebuketh the sea and maketh it dry, and drieth up all the rivers. Nahum i. 4.

And I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse; and he that sat

THE PSALMIST'S
REVELATION.

bow of steel is broken
by mine arms.

35. Thou hast also
given me the shield of
thy salvation; and thy
right hand hath holden
me up, and thy gentle-
ness hath made me
great.

37. I have pursued
mine enemies, and over-
taken them: neither did
I turn again till they
were consumed.

38. I have wounded
them that they were not
able to rise: they are
fallen under my feet.

39. For thou hast
girded me with strength
unto the battle: thou
hast subdued under me
those that rose up against
me.

40. Thou hast also
given me the necks of
mine enemies, that I
might destroy them that
hate me.

47. It is God that
avengeth me, and sub-
dueth the people unto
me. He delivereth me
from mine enemies: yea,
thou liftest me up above
those that rise up against
me.

41. They cried, but
there was none to save
them; even unto the
Lord, but he answered
them not.

43. Thou hast deli-
vered me from the striv-
ings of the people; and

PARALLEL PREDICTIONS.

upon him was called Faithful and True,
and in righteousness he doth judge and
make war. Rev. xix. 11.

Behold, my servant whom I uphold.
I, the Lord, have called thee in righ-
teousness, and will hold thine hand, and
will keep thee. Isa. xlii. 1, 6.

And out of his mouth goeth a sharp
sword, that with it he should smite
the nations; and he shall rule them
with a rod of iron: and he treadeth the
wine-press of the fierceness and wrath
of Almighty God. And I saw the
beast, and the kings of the earth, and
their armies, gathered together to make
war against him that sat on the horse;
and against his army. And the rem-
nant were slain with the sword of him
that sat upon the horse, which sword
proceeded out of his mouth: and all
the fowls were filled with their flesh.
Rev. xix. 15, 19, 21.

For he hath put all things under his
feet. But when he saith, all things are
put under him, it is manifest that he is
excepted, which did put all things under
him. 1 Cor. xv. 27.

When your fear cometh as desola-
tion, and your destruction cometh as a
whirlwind; when distress and anguish
cometh upon you. Then shall they
call upon me, but I will not answer;
they shall seek me early, but they shall
not find me. Prov. i. 27, 28.

He shall have dominion also from
sea to sea, and from the river to the
ends of the earth. They that dwell in

THE PSALMIST'S
REVELATION.

thou hast made me the head of the heathen : a people whom I have not known shall serve me.

44. As soon as they hear of me they shall obey me ; the strangers shall submit themselves unto me.

45. The strangers shall fade away, and be afraid out of their close places.

48. Thou hast delivered me from the violent man.

50. Great deliverance giveth he to his King ; and showeth mercy to his anointed ; to David, and to his seed for evermore.

PARALLEL PREDICTIONS.

the wilderness shall bow before him ; and his enemies shall lick the dust. Yea, all kings shall fall down before him : all nations shall serve him. *Psa. lxxii. 8, 9, 11.*

Through the greatness of thy power shall thine enemies submit themselves unto thee. *Psa. lxvi. 3.*

So shall he astonish with admiration* many nations : the kings shall shut their mouths at him : for that which had not been told them shall they see : and that which they had not heard shall they consider. *Isa. lii. 15.*

They shall go into the holes of the rocks, and into the caves of the earth, for fear of the Lord and for the glory of his majesty, when he ariseth to shake terribly the earth. *Isa. ii. 19.*

They shall lick the dust like a serpent, they shall move out of their holes like worms of the earth ; they shall be afraid of the Lord our God. *Mic. vii. 17.*

And through his policy also he shall cause craft to prosper in his hand ; and he shall magnify himself in his heart, and by peace shall destroy many : he shall also stand up against the Prince of princes, but he shall be broken without hand. *Dan. viii. 25.*

The Lord shall judge the ends of the earth ; and he shall give strength unto his king, and exalt the horn of his anointed. *1 Sam. ii. 10.*

For the king trusteth in the Lord, and through the mercy of the Most High he shall not be moved. *Psalm xxi. 7.*

A. A.

* Septuagint.

QUESTIONS ON THE COLLECTS.

5TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Fruit of Faith in the Trinity is a disposition to seek peace.

1. In what portions of the Service for this day is a disposition to *seek peace* to be found?
2. What steps are necessary to be taken with a view to *establish peace*?
3. What are the blessed results of peace?

6TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Fruit of Faith in the Trinity is an entire devotion of the heart to God.

1. In what portions of the Service for this day is an *entire devotion of heart to God recommended*?
2. Shew some of God's methods of promoting this *entire devotion of heart*?
3. What are the certain and happy consequences of *entire devotion of heart to God*?

7TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Fruit of Faith in the Trinity is *Practical Piety*.

1. What graces referred to in the Service for this day are the necessary fruits of faith?

2. What motives towards the manifestation of such fruits are to be found ?

3. What prayers are desirable to be used for the advancement of such fruits ?

8TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Privilege of Faith in the Trinity is a sense of *Adoption*, and its consequences.

1. What are the evidences of Adoption given in the Service for this day ?

2. In what way are God's adopted children accustomed to express themselves in prayer, or otherwise ?

3. What examples of God's provision for, and watchfulness over his adopted and obedient children, are there in the Service for this day ?

DR. CHALMERS ON THE EDUCATIONAL QUESTION.

(From the *Witness*.)

“THE following paper, the last composition on any public matter which emanated from the pen of Dr. Chalmers, will be perused with deep interest by all our readers, both from the vast importance of the subject discussed, and the sad consideration that the voice which could so wisely enunciate regarding this and every other topic of practical bearing on the wellbeing of man, will be heard among us no more for ever. The paper originated in a conversation which took place in London on the National Education Scheme, between the lamented deceased and the Honourable Fox Maule, when the latter, struck by the breadth and general applicability of the Doctor's views, urged him to commit them to writing. Dr. Chalmers did so whilst at Whitfield, Gloucestershire, on his way home; and the following valuable document,—eminently practical in its nature, and suited, we should think, in a country such as Scotland, to unite the suffrages of the majority in all denominations,—was the result. For our own part, we regard it as a legacy of sound, well-weighed advice to our Church and country, to which both would do well to serve themselves heir.”

‘It were the best state of things, that we had a Parliament sufficiently theological to discriminate between

the right and the wrong in religion, and to encourage or endow accordingly. But failing this, it seems to us the next best thing, that in any public measure for helping on the education of the people, Government were to abstain from introducing the element of religion at all into their part of the scheme, and this not because they held the matter to be insignificant,—the contrary might be strongly expressed in the preamble of their act ; but on the ground that, in the present divided state of the Christian world, they would take no cognizance of, just because they would attempt no control over, the religion of applicants for aid,—leaving this matter entire to the parties who had to do with the erection and management of the schools which they had been called upon to assist. A grant by the State upon this footing might be regarded as being appropriately and exclusively the expression of their value for a good secular education.

“ The confinement for the time being of any Government measure for schools to this object we hold to be an imputation, not so much on the present state of our Legislature, as on the present state of the Christian world, now broken up into sects and parties innumerable, and seemingly incapable of any effort for so healing these wretched divisions, as to present the rulers of our country with aught like such a clear and unequivocal majority in favour of what is good and true, as might at once determine them to fix upon and to espouse it.

‘ It is this which has encompassed the Government with difficulties, from which we can see no other method of extrication than the one which we have ventured to suggest. And as there seems no reason why, because of these unresolved differences, a public measure for the health of all,—for the recreation of all,

—for the economic advancement of all,—should be held in abeyance, there seems as little reason why, because of these differences, a public measure for raising the general intelligence of all should be held in abeyance. Let the men therefore of all Churches and all denominations alike hail such a measure, whether as carried into effect by a good education in letters or in any of the sciences ; and, meanwhile, in these very seminaries, let that education in religion which the Legislature abstains from providing for, be provided for as freely and amply as they will by those who have undertaken the charge of them.

‘ We should hope, as the result of such a scheme, for a most wholesome rivalry on the part of many in the great aim of rearing on the basis of their respective systems a moral and Christian population, well taught in the principles and doctrines of the gospel, along with being well taught in the lessons of ordinary scholarship. Although no attempt should be made to regulate or to enforce the lessons of religion in the inner hall of legislation, this will not prevent, but rather stimulate to a greater earnestness in the contest between truth and falsehood,—between light and darkness,—in the outer field of society ; nor will the result of such a contest in favour of what is right and good be at all the more unlikely, that the families of the land have been raised by the helping hand of the State to a higher platform than before, whether as respects their health, or their physical comfort, or their economic condition, or, last of all, their place in the scale of intelligence and learning.

‘ Religion would, under such a system, be the immediate product, not of legislation, but of the Christian and philanthropic zeal which obtained throughout so-

ciety at large. But it is well when what legislation does for the fulfilment of its object tends not to the impediment, but rather, we apprehend, to the furtherance, of those greater and higher objects which are in the contemplation of those whose desires are chiefly set on the immortal well-being of man.

‘ On the basis of these general views, I have two remarks to offer regarding the Government scheme of education.

‘ 1. I should not require a certificate of satisfaction with the religious progress of the scholars from the managers of the schools, in order to their receiving the Government aid. Such a certificate from Unitarians or Catholics implies the direct sanction or countenance by Government to their respective creeds, and the responsibility, not of *allowing*, but, more than this, of *requiring*, that these shall be taught to the children who attend. A bare allowance is but a general toleration ; but a requirement involves in it all the mischief, and, I would add, the guilt, of an indiscriminate endowment for truth and error.

‘ 2. I would suffer parents or natural guardians to select what parts of the education they wanted for their children. I would not force arithmetic upon them, if all they wanted was writing and reading ; and as little would I force the Catechism, or any part of the religious instruction that was given in the school if all they wanted was a secular education. That the managers in the Church of England schools shall have the power to impose their Catechism upon the children of Dissenters, and, still more, to compel their attendance on Church, I regard as among the worst parts of the scheme.

‘ The above observations, it will be seen, meet any questions which might be put in regard to the applica-

bility of the scheme to Scotland, or in regard to the use of the Douay version in Roman Catholic schools.

‘ I cannot conclude without expressing my despair of any great or general good being effected in the way of Christianizing our population, but through the medium of a Government themselves Christian, and endowing the true religion, which I hold to be their imperative duty, not because it is the religion of the many, but because it is true.

‘ The scheme on which I have now ventured to offer these few observations I should like to be adopted, not because it is absolutely the best, but only the best in existing circumstances.

‘ The endowment of the Catholic religion by the State I should deprecate, as being ruinous to the country in all its interests. Still, I do not look for the general Christianity of the people, but through the medium of the Christianity of their rulers. This is a lesson taught *historically* in Scripture by what we read there of the influence which the personal character of the Jewish monarchs had on the moral and religious state of their subjects,—it is taught *experimentally* by the impotence, now fully established, of the Voluntary principle,—and, last, and most decisive of all, it is taught *prophetically* in the book of Revelation, when told that then will the kingdoms of the earth,—(*Basileiai*, or governing powers)—become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ; or the Governments of the earth become Christian Governments.

(Signed) ‘ THOMAS CHALMERS.’

[We are induced to insert this paper chiefly by the great value of this last page,—as being the very latest writing of that great man.] EDIT.

COMING AND GOING.

PERHAPS there is no stronger proof of the power which custom, and a certain habit of thought, exercise over the human mind, than the prevalency of the opinion that, on one particular subject, these two words are synonymous. In point of fact, no two terms can be more opposite in their signification ; nevertheless, the Coming of Christ from heaven to earth, and the Going of the departing spirit of the believer from earth to heaven, are spoken of as one and the same event !—O strange perversion of terms ; O subtle device of Satan, thus to rob the great object of the Church's hope of its peculiar and distinctive associations of glory and blessedness, by amalgamating it in idea with the fulfilment of the curse pronounced in Eden ! True, the sting of death is taken away by Christ ; true, it is far better to depart and be with Christ than to remain in the flesh, subject to sorrow, temptation, conflict, liable to the withdrawal of God's countenance, and at all times enjoying but a dim and distant view of that face, which, to the believer, is better than aught beside. But, then, death is still the penalty of sin, and a part of the curse ; it is, at best, but a gloomy valley, a river of deep waters ; so that St. Paul was led earnestly to desire rather to be clothed upon, than to be unclothed.

Nowhere in Scripture do we read of a continual invisible Coming of the Lord Jesus to the bedside of every

dying believer, beyond that presence by the Spirit which He mercifully vouchsafes at all times to every individual member of his Church militant, and in a more especial manner at the hour of death. On the contrary, we read that Stephen saw the Lord Jesus (not coming to him) but "standing at the right hand of God." St. Paul exclaims, "The time of *my departure* is at hand." In the parable, when the beggar died, he was carried by angels into Abraham's bosom. Solomon tells us, that "the spirit *returns to God* who gave it;" and Moses, that the decree goes forth, "*Come again*, ye children of men." Death is a stroke to be *submitted to*; it is attended with pain and separation, and is followed by all the humiliating circumstances of the grave. Far different is the second Coming of the Divine Redeemer. This is an event to be *greatly desired*; it is accompanied with instant deliverance from every sorrow, and immediate re-union with departed friends, and is succeeded by eternal glory.

Why, then, let me ask, do so many Christians fall into this strange, unreasonable, unscriptural error. Dear friends, just apply your conduct to every-day life. Imagine a case:—A. tells B. that he is soon going to live with his friend C. in London; B. goes his way, and tells D. that C. is coming from London to A. What will be thought of D. when the real case is known? Will he not be set down as either the wilful or the careless propagator of a falsehood? Will it avail him to say, that he meant the one thing, when he said the other? or, that he thought it a matter of indifference which party made the move, so long as the two friends met? O, my dear Christian friends, if you wish that your language should agree with common sense and scriptural truth, leave off this mode of speech.

But the hour is near at hand—and we perhaps may live to see the day—when these two events, the return of the Lord, and the departure of the saint, though they will not become synonymous, yet will synchronize. “For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God : and the dead in Christ shall rise first : then we, which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air.” Then will be fulfilled the promise of the Saviour, “If I go away, I will come again and receive you unto myself.”

O what a meeting will this be ! Is it, can it be so nearly the same thing as death, that the one may be mentioned for the other, and the one be fulfilled in the other ? Death ; that enemy from whose approach the soul, even when renewed by Divine grace, involuntarily shrinks ;—death ! that narrow gateway by which the soul, unseen and alone, passes into the invisible world ;—death ! that seal which stamps the body the victim of decay. Ah ! lower not, degrade not, the glorious Advent ; waiting for which, the whole creation groans, by such an association, such an intermingling. The Advent will be no hidden process ; for, “Behold ! he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him.” The Advent will be no season of solitude, for the innumerable multitude of the Church of the first-born shall meet together ; the whole body of the despised “saints,” once scorned and trampled upon by the world, shall be manifested to the assembled universe as the “sons of God.” Then, instead of the body turning to corruption, that which has long mouldered into dust shall be raised in incorruption, and that which is still warm with life shall undergo a change, and be transformed into the

Saviour's image. "He that liveth (at my coming) and believeth in me, shall never die."

Christian ! is not this a consummation to be desired ? Let the prospect of it now cheer you in your earthly pilgrimage ; and, should you be called to taste of death, let the hope of the resurrection brighten your passage to the tomb, and enable you to lie down peacefully in the grave, there to wait all the days of your appointed time, till your glorious change shall come—for come it will. "Thou shalt call, and I will answer :—" "The hour is coming, in the which all that are in their graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth :—" "Sown a natural body, raised a spiritual body." Nor will you have long to wait ; for, "He that testifieth of these things, saith, Surely I come *quickly*." Let the response be sincere, loud, and universal—"Even so, come Lord Jesus." Amen.

LAMED.

Literary Notices.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE. By **MRS. ELLIS.** (*Fisher.*) If books on domestic morality will cure the growing degeneracy of our age, our good friend Mrs. Ellis certainly has determined to do her part in the work. This last production of her prolific pen brings before the reader many truths of most weighty import, deserving the serious consideration of every Christian parent and citizen. Her remarks on the different dangers to be guarded against in the training of boys and girls, have struck us as particularly judicious. From some things, however, in the course of the work, we can not but dissent. A high moral standard seems to us to be too much insisted upon, as something separable from true religion. The following extract will illustrate our meaning.

‘Owing to the prevalence of this great mistake, education has neglected the most powerful engines either for good or for evil. It has trusted to the spread of religious truth to do all, and unquestionably for this it is sufficient *if it could reach all*. We know, however, that in comparatively few instances, the truth is listened to, in fewer still it is understood, and in fewer yet received into the heart. What, then, remains for the many, who are not of this happy number? Are they to go forth into society guided by no other rule than

mere inclination, and actuated by any low motive that may gain the ascendance.'

This does not seem to us the teaching we want in these days; we rather need to be reminded of the promise, 'According to your faith be it unto you.' We want more men, who, like the author of 'The Convict Ship,' will not despair of the efficacy of the Gospel on the most hardened. A high moral tone will spread through the whole of society, in proportion as the children of God are multiplied among us. We know the excellent authoress of the work before us will fully agree with us in these sentiments, and may perhaps be induced so to modify her statements, as to avoid the possibility of misapprehension.

FREE THOUGHTS ON PROTESTANT MATTERS. BY THE REV. T. D. GREGG. (*Curry and Oldham, Dublin.*) This work of Mr. Gregg answers well to its title. It is a stirring, and, in many respects, a powerful and able series of Essays on Irish Protestantism, the English and Roman Churches, the right mode of controversy with Popery, and the true principles of national policy in religion. The taste of the author might be more refined, and his language more carefully guarded from misconstruction, and kept more free from seeming intemperance. There is also, here and there, something too near akin to personal ostentation, though we believe it is mainly, if not entirely, in appearance, and due rather to an excess of openness and candour, than to real vanity. But these are lesser faults, and amply redeemed by solid excellences. There is, throughout the work, a firm grasp on the great principles of Protestant truth, a clear and full sense of the inestimable importance of a truly religious policy, and an ability and power of thought that deserve high praise,

and cannot fail to tell on the mind of all readers, not thoroughly perverted by the liberalism of the day. Our chief regret is, that Mr. Gregg has brought his quarrel with the Archbishop of Dublin into such needless prominence, mingled with a degree of contempt inconsistent with the maxims of Scripture, to say nothing of his own high views of episcopal succession, in which point alone he seems to join hands with the Tractarians. In the whole work there is a degree, we think, of unripeness and partial precipitance of judgment, that is likely to hinder many from appreciating the solid thought and real scriptural wisdom which it contains. His remarks on the right method of conducting the Romish controversy, seem, in the main, very just and sensible. He argues that Protestant writers and speakers must take the whole armour of God—that they must view special errors, as Scripture views them, namely as cumulative proofs that Popery is the great apostasy of the latter days.

‘I am convinced (he says) that the spirit of Popery is bloody, base, and treacherous ; but I am equally convinced that, to make this conspicuous, palpable, plain, and effectual, all its objectionable peculiarities must be brought forward as part and parcel of an illustration of the Word of God. We must let God himself be the Author of the indictment, and we must prefer it in His own way ; we must not merely not supersede the views He has brought before us, but we must exalt and glorify them. That would be strong and unanswerable, brought forward as an illustration of the Scriptures, which identify Rome with the apostasy, which, if laid to her charge in the abstract, and made use of merely to prove that she is a false, corrupt, and dangerous society,

might be evaded, and prove not only unsuccessful, but dangerous.'

One or two more sentences will illustrate the tone of the work, both in its main excellences and its chief defect. It is a bold, vigorous, manly defence of national religion and the Protestant faith, but we could desire somewhat more of delicacy and tenderness, to mingle with its protest against evil.

' Even though the speaking of truth in the ears of our princes involved danger, it should still be spoken, however distasteful it might be. The length of time in which there has been the habit of speaking smooth things in reference to the Popish system, has a tendency to make the truth distasteful. We are required the more imperatively to speak it out. . . . Here is the mighty work, that is set before faithful Protestants at the present day—the rectification of the Legislature, and the obtainment of Christian legislation at their hands. Is it to be wondered at that the people should be demoralized, when their rulers are infidel? Everything like fixed principle is renounced. Truth is viewed as a thing undiscovered and undiscoverable. Men are sent into work-houses, and other institutions, by authority of the State, to teach contradictory systems. Idolatry is promulgated by law, blasphemy inculcated by the national treasures. Is it any wonder, under such awful circumstances, that misery, wretchedness, and heart-breaking should be constant attendants and characteristics of the subjects of the British crown. . . . In fact, to whatever department of society we now turn our eyes, we behold evidences of the God-despising, Bible-despising spirit, that has admitted Papists to Parliament. . . . It is the duty of all to arouse themselves from their indifference, and to

stand forward as faithful citizens of their country, subjects of their queen, and servants of their God.'

WHAT ARE THE CAUSES OF FAMINE? WITH THE DIVINE ANSWER. (*Nisbet.*) This little pamphlet is a scriptural, serious, and very earnest appeal to British Christians, on the great duty of humbling themselves for our public as well as private sins. Its excellence is its thorough simplicity; and its strength, the strength of Scripture truth; for the law and the testimony are appealed to in every page, and almost in every sentence. The master sin of the land, on which the writer chiefly dwells, is our decline from the Protestant faith of our martyred forefathers, our hateful affinity with the idolatries of Rome, and the flagrant inconsistency of our public acts, by which we serve the Lord and serve Baalim. We go along, fully and heartily, with almost every sentence, and trust that the simple appeal will reach many hearts, and stir up many a conscience to fresh activity. If every elector in the land were imbued with its simple truths, then might England hope for a blessing on her next Parliament, beyond all her past experience of the Divine goodness. We wish the writer God speed, with all our heart, in this little effort to promote his cause, and arouse the Christians of the land to their great duty. "She hath done what she could;" and, if those who have a larger talent of influence intrusted to them were equally faithful and earnest, the vessel of the State might soon be righted, and our country become, more than ever, a joy and praise in the earth.

THE WORKS OF W. CARSON. Vol. I. (*Carson, Dublin.*) This author is well known as a theological writer. Many of the Essays in this volume are posthumous. The author was a strong Baptist, but the sub-

jects here treated of ~~are~~ not controversial, and belong to ~~that~~ common ground on which all Christians can meet and hold sacred intercourse together. Strength of mind, and simplicity of faith in the revealed Word of God, are main characteristics of Dr. Carson's style, and lead one to regret that his striking thoughts should be ever disfigured by a harshness of manner, that may needlessly repel those, to whom his instructions would be most valuable.

GOOD THINGS TO COME. (*Nisbet.*) This is the Bloomsbury series of prophetic lectures for 1847. It must prove very valuable to the prophetic student, and very stimulating to the humble Christian. We have received this month an interesting letter, requesting that any of the readers of the Magazine, who are versed in prophecy, would take up the neglected subject of the future coming of Elijah the prophet, before the great and terrible day of the Lord. Our correspondent will find this subject ably treated in the sermon by Dr. M'Caul in this series. Another, to which we would especially direct the attention of our readers, is Mr. Goodhart's Lecture on the Degrees of Glory in Heaven; they will find in it a remarkable fulness of Scripture testimony on this most interesting subject.

A LETTER FROM ROME, SHEWING AN EXACT CONFORMITY BETWEEN POPERY AND PAGANISM. BY CONYERS MIDDLETON. (*Grant and Griffith.*) We rejoice to see a new edition of this valuable pamphlet. The Author, at Rome, wished, as far as possible, to realize the olden times, and, by force of imagination, to fill the temples with priests and sacrifices; but, to his astonishment, he found that the best method of doing this was to open his eyes to what was passing around him. The incense, the idol-worship, the procession, all

were before his eyes ; the names were changed, but the reality remained. It is a Letter which ought to be read by Protestants in England, where Popery has hitherto been in a measure restrained from assuming its Pagan forms.

HINTS TO A CLERGYMAN'S WIFE. (*Grant and Griffith.*) We strongly recommend this little book, published with the view of being, in some respect, a supplement to the Rev. C. Bridges' 'Christian Ministry.' The opening chapters on Personal Religion are very valuable ; and the parochial plans, though they would, of course, require to be modified according to local circumstances, will afford many valuable hints to clergymen's wives, or any other Christian ladies, engaged in parochial visiting.

We have also had sent to us, **THE MINE EXPLORED ; OR, SCRIPTURE TRUTHS ELICITED FROM SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS, INTENDED AS A HELP TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.** (*Nisbet.*) The plan here suggested, of connecting the historical with the doctrinal and moral lessons of Scripture, might be carried on to a much greater extent, and would give considerable variety to the lessons of elder classes in a Sunday-school. This useful little book likewise contains three series of simpler subjects for beginners, and a valuable address to teachers on the mode of instruction to be pursued. It will correspond to its name, and be a mine of treasure to those engaged in Sunday-schools.

THE TEACHER TAUGHT, by the same Author, has likewise been tried and found very valuable in many schools, where the teachers, though willing to do all in their power, have really wanted to be taught themselves. It now extends to four series ; one on the

most important doctrines and duties of the word of God, and three on the three first books of Scripture.

ROBERT DAWSON; OR, THE BRAVE SPIRIT. (*Tract Society.*) This is a brave little book, suited alike for the village-school, or the young gentleman's study. We have just been trying its effect in rousing the attention of a class of farmers' boys, who have been none of the brightest, and it has been quite an enjoyment to watch the interest with which they have followed the adventures of the 'brave spirit.' Boys must have something stirring, and it is not always one is happy enough to light on anything suitable for them.

IRISH SCENES EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO. WITH A PREFACE BY THE REV F. TRENCH. (*Nisbet.*) This little journal of a tour in Ireland has been published now to help the funds for Irish distress. The beautiful scenery of the Emerald Isle is described with a graphic pen, by one who travelled with a heart open to all impressions of the ever-varying scenes through which she passed.

THE PROTESTANT.

THE approaching general election is now the subject of universal interest, and we are very sure our readers must take a share in it. Some perhaps throwing themselves, with woman's ardour, into the party feeling of those around them, others only looking forward to a little extra show and excitement, and thinking more of the colours than the principles of the respective candidates ; and others earnestly, and in the sight of God, enquiring, whether, at the crisis of such national importance, they have any duties to perform. Yes, Christian sisters, we have duties to perform, from which no invectives against female politicians must deter us. Love is the centre of a woman's being, and therefore patriotism or the love of that country, which embraces every thing else most dear to her, cannot be excluded from it, nor can it be an inert idle feeling, insensible to dangers threatening the beloved object. Let us think for a moment of the crisis through which our country is now passing. The present parliament, which has reached the legal term of its existence, is closing ; it has proved treacherous to the Protestant faith, it has fostered a system of open idolatry, and the heavy clouds of divine wrath have hung gloomily over the nation. But it has not pursued this downward course without earnest remonstrance ; the Protestant feeling of the land was outraged by its measures, and the guilty deed could scarcely be called the act of England. Now the govern-

ment is once more virtually placed in the hands of the people :—on their choice of representatives, the events of the next few years must depend, and who can tell with what momentous interests they are fraught. This parliament may endow a Romish priesthood, may sweep away more still of the ancient bulwarks of our protestant constitution, pleading that they look time-worn and antiquated, beside the erections of modern Liberalism. It may foster the Romanising spirit in our own church ; it may give Ireland up to the dominion of the Papal oppressor. Then, when the enemy comes in like a flood, when we are no more permitted to speak, and suffering is again the only part left for the saints of the Most High, then we shall remember days of past neglect and supineness, we shall think of the small breaches which in our confidence we despised, and wish in vain to recal the past. All future concessions to Rome will be the act, not of the Parliament, but of the people. Yes, dear Christian sisters, if your husbands, fathers, or brothers, give their votes to those who will give no Protestant pledge against Romanising measures, they are personally responsible for the endowment of a Romish priesthood, the establishment of idolatry, or any other ruinous measures which such members may adopt. They are their representatives ;—they will have chosen them after the last Parliament had shown the dangers which threaten us, and they cannot therefore shake off a participation in their guilt. Will you not now use your influence to prevent such a participation ? When the election is talked of, will you not ask which is the Protestant candidate ? or if the vote be decided on ? will you not ask whether any security has been obtained as to the Protestant feelings of the chosen member ? If the electors in your own family sympathise heart and

soul with you, stir them up to do something for the great cause in your immediate neighbourhood. You have probably heard of the plan adopted in Liverpool, of circulating cards containing a Protestant pledge, every one receiving a card, considering himself bound to vote, on no political consideration, for any member who would not pledge himself against anti-protestant measures, in preference to one who would. A supply of these cards may be had from the Protestant Association. You need not come forward with any unseemly prominence, but you may be the hidden spring of many such measures, if you have real earnestness and zeal. You propose it perhaps at your breakfast-table, and are told, it might be desirable, but then the gentlemen go each to the pressing calls of their daily business, and think no more of it, time passes on, the polling proceeds, and resistance to the un-protestant candidate becomes vain. Do not suffer matters to drop thus, you have time to think of them as you sit at your work-tables in your drawing rooms, procure the cards, propose that the evening walk be taken in some direction where they may be circulated. Guide conversation with the tact women especially know how to use, to Protestant subjects, when any are present whose minds you wish to influence. Be instant in season and out of season. The talent of authority is not yours, but that of *influence* is, and your Master bids you occupy it till he comes. This is no party intrigue in which you are called to meddle, no intricate point of political economy beyond your knowledge, but a simple question of national allegiance to God, in which every Christian female, who is loyal to Christ her King, must take an interest.

An increased importance is given to the approaching

election, if we think of the great difficulty of retracing any false steps. More earnest efforts on the part of Protestants might in 1829 have prevented the admission of Papists to Parliament, and all the evils which have resulted from that fatal measure ; but after eighteen years a far greater struggle would be required to eject them. More union amongst Christians might in 1845 have impeded the endowment of Maynooth ; but those who made it a perpetual and not an annual grant, knew well, when once the act was passed, how strong an effort would be required to reverse it. Now is the time for action, and it is a very short one. When once a Romanising Parliament is elected, it will be of little avail to groan over the downward steps they may take, but if by the blessing of God, on honest, hearty, united endeavours, each in his or her sphere, doing all that sphere will permit, regardless how small it may be, or what worldly interests may have to be neglected, a Parliament be elected of true-hearted Protestants, then there will be hope for us, the downward course will be stayed, or perhaps, as nothing is too hard for the Lord, retraced. He will give wisdom to senators who honor his name, and once more crown our fields with plenty, and our homes with joy and gladness.

THE
CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1847.

THE TREASURES OF WISDOM.

No. XI.

THERE was a time when our Earth was a land of mystery. Wherever the eye wandered, north and south, east and west, a thick cloud seemed to rest on the far horizon. The distant regions, seldom or never trodden by the foot of civilized man, were peopled by busy fancy or idle superstition with imaginary wonders. The modern steamer now sets out with its weekly or monthly burden of careless passengers, from the harbour where once Grecian exiles planted themselves among the savage and unknown tribes of Gaul, to the city of Alexander, and the river of ancient Pharaohs, and steers without a thought by the islands, where Circe was fabled to practise her sorceries, or Calypso was feigned to have tempted Ulysses by the gift of immortality. The sober realities of life have put to flight all these fairy visions of ancient days. Where Columbus, in later times, sought and believed that he

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had found the very site of Paradise, Spanish republics have offered a bitter parody on his hopes, in their superstitious anarchy ; and Columbian bonds are the chief memento, in our money-loving age, to save the memory of the noble enthusiast from entire oblivion. The figure of the poet applies more, perhaps, to the history of the world than to the experience of childhood. Heaven and the memory of Paradise lay around its first infancy ; but in its old age the vision has become dim, and wherever we turn, the romance of early fable "fades into the light of common day." Geography is become a school-room exercise, a dull affair of chief towns, of longitudes and latitudes, of maps and terrestrial globes, instead of that field of unknown and awful wonder, where once the poet's fancy could range freely as in a land of dreams.

But the wonders of truth are really greater and more marvellous than those of fiction, if we were only wise enough to discern them. The majesty of God in the two-fold world of nature and providence, is far nobler, and more mysterious, than the visions of romance, and the wild inventions of Eastern fable. The geography of our earth, now that science has almost entirely rolled the cloud away from its horizon, is full of treasures of deep wisdom for the thoughtful mind, and all of these are treasured in His bosom, whose birth-place once was the village of Bethlehem Ephratah, but whose goings forth have been from of old, even from everlasting.

Even now, when steamers ply in almost every ocean, and the dreams of fancy have died out in the progress of trade, and forsaken a world too bustling and busy to be their home, the surface of our planet still yields us large materials, every moment, for silent meditation on our own littleness, and the majesty of our Creator.

What strange, wild scenes might be seen at this moment, if we could transport ourselves to some African or Arabian deserts, to the solitary islets of the Pacific, or the barriers of everlasting ice, which shut in for ever the poles of the world. A feeling of silent awe may well creep over us, when we read of that latest discovery of British voyagers, Mount Erebus, a volcano, lofty almost as the highest Alps, near the southern pole, breathing out perpetual flames on a frozen and lifeless continent, never seen by the eye of man for six thousand years, and surrounded and guarded by a belt of everlasting snow. We feel with one of its first witnesses, while he describes the overpowering sensation of wonder and humility. "The water and the sky were both as blue, or rather more blue, than I have ever seen them in the tropics, and all the coast one mass of dazzlingly beautiful peaks of snow ; which, when the sun approached the horizon, reflected the most brilliant tints of golden, yellow, and scarlet ; and then to see the dark cloud of smoke, tinged with flame, rising from the volcano in a perfectly unbroken column, one side jet black, the other giving back the colours of the sun, sometimes turning off in a right angle by some current of wind, and stretching away many miles to leeward,—this was a sight so surpassing every thing that can be imagined, and so heightened by the consciousness that we had penetrated into regions far beyond what was ever deemed practicable, that it really caused a feeling of awe to steal over us, at the consideration of our own insignificance and helplessness, and at the same time, an indescribable feeling of the greatness of the Creator in the works of His hand."

It is one painful sign of our spiritual dulness, one part of the curse and misery of the fall, that the discoveries of science with regard to the actual phenonema

of our planet, do not awaken in us a deeper feeling of habitual awe and religious reverence. The language which Milton ascribes to the spirit of evil, in his contemplation of the earth, may rebuke the cold indifference of the children of God to the works of their Father's hand which are spread around them.

Terrestrial heaven, danced round by other heavens
In thee centering all their precious beams
Of sacred influence—
With what delight could I have walked thee round,
If I could joy in ought, sweet interchange
Of hill and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,
Now land, now sea ; and shores with forests crowned,
Rocks, dens, and caves !

The promise made to Noah is fulfilled in a deeper sense than most readers observe. It describes, not merely the succession of times and seasons, but their actual variety every moment. Every hour of time, as it passes over the earth, sees it fulfilled ;—seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, do not cease. At the same moment the Laplander is shivering with the bitter cold of the northern frosts, and the Hindoo languishes under the burning heat of tropical suns ; and the harvest is reaping on the shores of Australia, while the sower is busy over all the fields of Europe. The summer of one hemisphere is the winter of the other ; and while daylight is spread over our island, the millions of China, and the islanders of the Pacific ocean, are resting in midnight darkness. How wonderful, then, is the daily spectacle which our earth exhibits, as she moves on

With inoffensive pace, that spinning sleeps,
On her soft axle, as she paces even,
And bears us soft with the smooth air along.

Her poles are shut in with everlasting ice, but volcanic fires are bursting out around them. Her busy conti-

nents and her dark and boundless oceans, her immense deserts, her spacious forests, her cities and palaces, and the ruins of ancient years, all in their turn bask in the sunlight, or are buried in the deep cone of darkness which she sends into the depth of space, in her ceaseless revolution from day to day. There is no tremor, no change in her unvaried motion—not the acceleration of one second in its quiet circuit, for six thousand years. Her continents and her seas are an exact and celestial time-piece, but their motion is so soft and calm, that it rivals the rest of the grave or the stillness of eternity. Like infants of a day, we rest upon her ample bosom, and her busy multitudes, with all their sins and follies, are presented every day, in swift succession, to be gazed at by all the starry worlds in the wide universe. Yet all this wonderful panorama of summer and winter, of light and darkness, of tropical sunshine and arctic snows, is planned and ordered by Him, whose very name is the Wisdom of God. From the first hour of Creation until now, he has been rejoicing in these habitable parts of the earth, and His delights have been with the sons of men.

But the surface of our earth must appear of still deeper wonder, when we connect it with the changing events of human history. Every spot has its own record, its annals of six thousand years. Every where the graves of past ages and generations are thinly covered over with the actors, the interests, and passions of the present hour. The very names themselves in daily use, are a memento of forgotten changes, and like a voice from the dead to thoughtful ears. Saragossa, Cæsarea Augusta, memorable of late by struggle and conflicts, and heroic sufferings, reminds us of the palmy days of Imperial Rome, when the iron kingdom had subdued

all the provinces of the East and the West, and Cæsar and Augustus wielded the destinies of the Pagan world. Gibraltar, the rocky outpost of Britain, reminds us equally of the day, when the locusts armed from the Arabian deserts, and the Saracen hordes under Tarik, crossed from Africa, to enthrone the creed of Mahomet on the ruins of the Christian faith in all the countries of the West. Stamboul, where the Turkish crescent is now waning slowly away, was once dedicated to Christ with solemn litanies, the new-born city of Constantine, the Rome of the east ; still earlier it was the Byzantium, which Philip of Macedon besieged, and woke the burning eloquence of Demosthenes ; still earlier, perhaps, a resting-place for the tents of wandering Thracian savages. Every name in geography is the legacy, sometimes of one, sometimes of a hundred generations ; and not only every town and village, but mountain, sea and river, have a part in this vast monument of the world's former history, and remind us how innumerable are the changes, in tribes, and languages, and nations, which make up the mighty drama of Divine Providence.

But the treasures of wisdom implied in the facts of geography are still more various, when we combine the truths of physical science with the records of human history. The beds of the seas, the mountain ranges, bear the marks of violent or gradual change, of volcanic agency, or aqueous deposition. Scripture and science alike seem to imply the reality of such changes, before the surface of the earth assumed its present form. Astronomy and chemistry, solar heat and subterranean fires, the windows of heaven and the fountains of the great deep, must all have combined their various influences, before those outlines of land and sea, of moun-

tain, lake, and desert, which may now be traced by the pencil of a child, stood out in permanent relief on the face of the globe. Yet the moral history of mankind, for long ages, has been dependent on these varied features of the physical geography. The rivers of Paradise, the site of Babel, the land of Canaan, the Dead Sea and the cities of the plain, the deserts of Arabia, the valley of the Nile, the Cyprian sea, the hills of Lebanon, the strait of Thermopylæ, the Alps, the Rhine, the Danube, are features which have determined the history of the whole race of mankind, or fixed the destinies of mighty kingdoms. The river deposits, or lasting volcanic fires, which have reared a mountain range, or formed new and fertile provinces by the sea shore, are thus inwrought into the whole woof of Divine Providence, and have affected, often in the most vital manner, the progress and development of mankind. How deep must be the treasures of His wisdom, by whom all these things were made ; who foresaw all their various results and consequences, and contemplated their issue in the remotest generation, when he weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance !

Let us imagine, for example, one change alone in the actual geography of the earth ; that the basin of the Mediterranean sea had been filled up, before the dispersion of the races of mankind. Geology seems to teach the reality of a similar change in two other instances. The Euxine and the Caspian formed, at some early period, one immense inland sea, and the Baltic extended itself over the plains of Poland into the very heart of the Russian empire. Had the same change occurred in the other case, how different the whole history of the world must have been. No 'great sea westward' would then have parted off the land of promise

for the residence of the chosen people. No mighty "river of Egypt" would have sustained the fertility and greatness of the Ptolemies and the Pharaohs. No Tyre could have risen by the sea-shore, to trade in many waters, with her merchant-princes, and her traffickers, the honourable of the earth. No Carthage could have sent forth her ships, to rival the growing empire of Rome ; and the invasion of Xerxes, the conflicts of Greece, and the triumphs of Rome itself, would have been replaced by other political changes and combinations, impossible for man to trace, which must have completely altered the whole history of the world. A few miles of land at the pillars of Hercules, a few miles of sea at the isthmus of Suez, would have made a change hardly less complete. The South of Europe, separated from all its western and northern coasts, would have been thrown into perpetual intercourse with the nations of the East ;—Italy, Greece, and Africa, would have been united by trade with the farthest Indies, and the Atlantic might perhaps have been later than the Pacific Ocean, before it caught the mighty impulse of naval enterprise, and shared in the general progress of mankind.

There is indeed a remarkable contrast in these two kindred sciences, Geography and Astronomy, which is very instructive to a thoughtful mind, and may serve, like a parable, to illustrate the highest truths of Christian theology. To see this clearly, let us consider what have been, in every age, the two main intellectual forms of irreligion. Men have worshipped Chance and Fate, instead of the true and living God. Sometimes the pride of the fallen will has striven to shake off the yoke of God's supreme dominion ; sometimes the pride of the corrupt understanding, in its presumptuous spe-

culations, has stripped it of all moral attributes, and debased it into the crushing sway of a blind and inexorable destiny, supreme alike over the thoughts and actions of all mankind, and reigning for ever, with inexorable sceptre, over a desolate and orphaned universe.

The Christian revelation guards us, on the right hand and on the left, against these opposite and fatal illusions. It rebukes the pride of the will, when it would forget or deny the supreme dominion of the Almighty Creator, and erect itself into a rival and independent power, by revealing to us the unchangeableness of the Divine counsels, that prescience and sovereignty which controls even the rebellious and ungodly, that they may fulfil unconsciously the determinate counsel and purpose of the Most High. It dispels equally the dark phantoms of the fallen intellect, when its vain speculations would strip the throne of God of all its moral perfections, and debase the free choice of Infinite Wisdom into a blind and heartless necessity, which crushes every creature alike beneath its iron sceptre. It tells the idolators of Chance that everything is ordered by a law of infinite goodness, and by the sure counsel of the all-wise God ; while it silences the worshippers of Fate by the further truth, that God is a moral governor, who delights in righteousness and hates iniquity, and freely bestows mercy according to the good pleasure and free choice of His own will.

The laws of nature, when once dissevered from the existence and character of the Supreme Law-giver, tend naturally to generate the theory of fatalism. On the other hand, all those facts which seem irreducible to system, and which exist without any assignable reason for their existence, tend equally to strengthen the opposite error, the impression of some wide field which has

been abandoned entirely to secondary influences, and the caprice of human will. Phenomena, not traceable to a higher law, are the fuel on the altar, where Chance is worshipped ; but natural laws, stedfast and unalterable amidst the play of ceaseless changes, conduct the mind, just as easily, to the worship of a cold and heartless Destiny.

Now modern Astronomy is marked eminently by this one feature—the clearness, the simplicity, and the wide supremacy of natural laws. It is true that even here there are some arbitrary elements, without which not one orbit could have its place assigned. These, however, are few and simple, compared with the vast diversity of those results and discoveries which flow from the one law of universal gravitation, and have employed the researches of the ablest astronomers for nearly two hundred years. Nowhere does the simplicity, the wide range, the ceaseless endurance, of the laws of nature shine with such clear evidence as in the researches and discoveries of Physical Astronomy, from the publication of the immortal *Principia* of Sir Isaac Newton down to the present day, which has added another planet to our system. And hence there will be a tendency, in those who dwell on this science alone, to idolize natural law, to refer all phenomena, physical or moral, to some barren formula or blind necessity, and thus to attempt like Laplace, that unhappy example of irreligious science,—to deny all moral government, and eliminate final causes, from the universe.

To remedy this dangerous tendency, and restore the just balance of thought, we have only to turn our eyes to the kindred science of geography. Here every thing, viewed in itself, might serve to strengthen their impressions, who make Chance, and not Fate, the key of their

intellectual system. It is scarcely possible to conceive a fuller type and symbol of fortuitous irregularity than the distribution of land and sea in our terrestrial globe. All is so multiform and shapeless, so totally unlike any home that could have been traced, *à priori*, for the habitation of mankind, that the presence of natural laws and physical causes is almost lost in the bewildering complexity of sea and continent, of lakes and islands, of rugged mountains and rivers ramified into endless windings, which meet the eye, and distract the memory, in every department of the physical geography of the earth. Combine together the opposite lessons of the two sciences, and we learn that the Most High is at once a Law-giver and a Sovereign ; that He rules the universe by moral laws, fixed and enduring as the firmament of heaven ; but that He is free to dispose, according to His good pleasure, of every separate world, and of all the creatures he has made ; and that no abstract formulas, physical or moral, can ever include that system of creation, which must resolve itself everywhere, amidst the stability of its laws, into the secret will and pleasure of the supreme and almighty King. If we are tempted, from the complex variety of human affairs, to think that the world has been abandoned to be the sport of mere chance, let us lift up our eyes on high, and remember who has created all these worlds of light, and fixed their courses, for thousands of years, by a law of such stupendous grandeur and exquisite simplicity ; a law which a child may utter in a moment, but of which all the science of ages cannot trace out the innumerable corollaries. Here we may learn, amidst all the variety of change, to believe in the enduring firmness of the Divine counsels ; and that He who telleth the number of the stars, and

calletth them by their names, is able to control all the innumerable and inexplicable changes of the moral universe. But when, on the other hand, the contemplation of these fixed and enduring laws is ready to degenerate into the sense of bondage, under a destiny that excludes all freedom, let us ask ourselves, by what abstract speculations on the system of being we could ever have divined the actual shape of the continents of our globe; the disposition of its mountain chains, the distribution and size of its countless islands? No ; here we must bow in silent reverence, before the sovereign pleasure of our God. In vain do the dwellers on such a world forge chains for their own conscience, and strive to persuade themselves that this vast system of universe is merely the inevitable issue of abstract laws, where the choice of free agents has no place, and blind Fate is the only ruler and disposer of all things. It is true that many physical laws, simple in themselves, may have concurred to form our earth, such as it meets the eye of the traveller. But still, we have only to look on a terrestrial globe, and to remember, this is the actual surface on which the great mystery of redeeming love has been revealed for six thousand years—the theatre chosen for the great moral conflict between good and evil ; and the dreams of fatalism will disappear. We shall learn to rest quietly on the revealed truth, that God is a sovereign ; that His Divine perfection includes an infinite freedom of will, as well as an infinite necessity of moral goodness and wisdom, and that if it be hard or impossible for our dim reason to reconcile these contrasted hues, in the brightness of His glory, we do well, like the seraphim, to veil our faces in His presence, and silently to adore the majesty of the Lord. The heavens declare His glory, and reveal the firmness and constancy

of those moral perfections and holy laws, by which He governs the universe He has made. But even our low earth, by its very irregularities, may teach us another lesson, scarcely less important. Its seas and continents, its mountains and islands, strangely and confusedly mingled together, may remind us of that Divine freedom of choice, which is one main perfection of the Most High. His plans of mercy, amidst all their holy wisdom, shroud themselves ever in a veil of deep mystery. No abstract reasonings of the highest and noblest created intellect, will ever be able to reduce them to a formula of cause and effect, or to substitute a chain of moral laws, however wise or perfect, for the will of the Supreme Law-giver. He doeth according to his will among the armies of heaven and the inhabitants of the earth ; and none can stay his hand, or say unto Him—What doest thou ? The heavens, in their stedfast laws, are an emblem of the necessary perfection of His nature, who cannot lie, nor be tempted with evil ; but the earth, in its variegated surface, is equally a memorial of His perfect freedom, whose will is a perfect law to itself, and who orders all things, in heaven and earth, according to His own secret pleasure—a will, guided always by infinite goodness and wisdom, but also the will of a supreme and sovereign king.

T. R. B.

THE SPIRIT OF NATURE.—No. IV.

'Soft roll your fragrance, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds of incense unto Him,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.'

Thomson's Hymn of the Seasons.

AN heir of immortality lay upon the verge of the grave; earth, and its sights and sounds, seemed to have faded from his perceptions, while exhausted nature passively awaited the moment of dissolution. The sufferer had loved the floral world, and one of his friends, scarcely hoping that consciousness remained, placed a magnificent bouquet of fresh flowers on his couch. The dying pilgrim inhaled their fragrance, enjoyed their brilliant hues, and raising his eyes to heaven, with his latest breath, murmured 'silent hymns.'

Flowers are indeed 'silent hymns,' visible harmonics, bearing witness to the Creator's love to man. Herbs and trees were necessary for the physical comforts and sustenance of man, but not so flowers; all the constituents of health and animal life were complete without them. But the Supreme was not content with supplying the wants of man: He wished to supply also mental pleasures: He wished not merely to form a useful world, but a beautiful world; therefore, from the lofty mountains to the shady glens, He shook a shower of variegated and fragrant loveliness over the earth.

'Oh, Father, Lord,

The All-beneficent, we bless thy name
That thou hast mantled the green earth with flowers,
Linking our hearts to nature.'

The household word 'garden' has been consecrated by hallowed associations with some of the most important events of creation and redemption. The first thoughts of the first human being were gladdened by floral beauty. When he awoke to the consciousness of existence, rejoicing in the lustre of the new-born world, he found himself in a garden, surrounded by all the luxuriant verdure of oriental vegetation, trees dropping perfumes and gums, flowers glowing in the rich hues of an Asiatic climate.

'As if the rainbows of the fresh wild spring
Had blossomed where they fell.'

The tempter appeared even in Paradise, and expulsion from that favoured region was the first and immediate punishment consequent on the fall.

We pass over an interval of four thousand years. In the valley of Jehoshaphat, which often resounded to the harp of David, there lies another oriental garden. The shadows of evening have long since closed upon the dark olive-trees and feathery palms, the white marble temple no longer gleams above the cypress-tops, the mountains which stand round Jerusalem are wrapped in the veil of night. The calm silence of the hour is only broken by the soft-flowing stream of Kedron ; the still air is heavy with the perfume of citron-flowers and pomegranates ; nature seems hushed to repose : yet there, even in that peaceful retreat, the extremity of agony which can oppress humanity is even now convulsing a human frame. A man kneels among the flowers, wrestling with such agonizing sufferings, that drops of blood course each other down his pale countenance.

Amid the silence of night his prayer is heard, "Fa-

ther, if it be thy will, let this cup pass from me ; yet not my will, but thine be done !”

The suppliant arises, and seeks the society of his dearest earthly friends ; they sympathize not in his sorrows ; they are unconscious of the agitating thoughts which rend his heart ; under the dark olive-trees, they are buried in repose.

It is the third time that he has sought their sympathy, and sought it in vain. The sufferings of an entire world are curdled in that hour of agony, but he endured it alone.

Oh, ye children of clay, who may be faint under the hand of affliction, remember the garden of Gethsemane, remember the midnight agonies which crushed forth the blood of the Redeemer. He suffered thus for your sakes, will ye not bear chastisement for his sake ? He went down to the depths of grief ; shall he not sympathize, with all the feeling of experience, in your griefs ? and the Almighty Father, who looked down from on high, permitting his beloved and only Son to endure unto the end ; surely He who gave his beloved up to torture, will not deny any lesser gifts without some all-sufficient reason.

But the midnight sufferings of the Man of Sorrow have not yet reached their climax. The flowing chimes of Kedron are lost in the tramp of the sandalled multitude. Torches and lanterns gleam among the cypresses and tombs. The multitude pass over the little brook, and the garden is filled with a motley crowd of soldiers, priests, and servants. The calm retreat of prayer is invaded by treachery and violence ; the victim is led away to death.

We pass over the events of a few short days. Again another Jewish garden, luxuriant in all the floral trea-

tures which a rich man can assemble under the bright skies of Palestine. The first beams of the morning sun have scarcely lighted the transparent petals of the lilies, or kindled the rich colouring of the roses of Sharon ; yet the clang of arms is heard ; a guard of soldiers have passed the night in the garden. A resplendent angel descends from heaven, the astonished soldiers fall prostrate with fear, the Almighty Saviour issues from the grave, the conqueror of death, the immortal King, his glorified humanity already invested in Omnipotence.

Christian mourners, visit in imagination the garden of the resurrection, go forth with the holy women to meet the risen Saviour, behold the grave turned into the portal of heaven, rejoice in the glory of immortality, rejoice and sing, " O Death, where is thy sting ? O grave, where is now thy victory ? "

Even thus have garden memories been consecrated by the gladness of creation, the agonies of redemption, the triumph of the resurrection.

In the gracefully imaginative theories of poetical minds, many flowers individually emblemize the same blessed themes. The ' pale, starry, dreamy-looking,' passion-flower—

' Its faint, wan petals, colourless, and yet
Not white but shadowy, with the mystic lines
Into their vapour-like transparence wrought,
Bears something of a strange solemnity,
Awfully lovely, and the Christian's thought,
Loves, in their cloudy pencilling, to find
Dread symbols of his Lord's last mortal pangs,
Set by God's hand, the coronal of thorns,
The cross, the wounds, with other meanings deep.'

There is somewhat a similar legend connected with the Arum leaf : its dark brown stains

' the villager will tell thee
Are the flower's portion of the atoning blood
AUGUST, 1847. I

On Calvary shed. Beneath the cross it grew,
 And in the vase-like hollow of its leaf,
 Catching from that dread shower of agony,
 A few mysterious drops, transmitted thus
 Unto the groves and hills their sealing stains.'

It is much to be lamented, that the lyre of the gifted Hemans was shivered into dust, so soon after it had been tuned to sacred minstrelsy. It would otherwise have rendered audible the hymns of many flowers. We cannot refrain from quoting a few lines more from one of her latest strains, 'On the lilies that are serene in the calm clear water, but no less serene among the black and scowling waves.'

'What is like thee, fair flower?
 The gentle and the firm thus bearing up
 To the blue sky its alabaster cup,
 As to the shower.

* * *

And faith, oh is not faith
 Like thee too, lily, springing into light,
 Still buoyantly above the billow's might.
 Through the storm's breath.'

The concluding stanza of 'Night Flowers' is also beautiful:—

'We are the emblems, night's dewy flowers,
 Of hopes unto sorrow given,
 That spring through the gloom of the darkest hours,
 Looking alone to Heaven.'

We cannot conclude these few lines, without casting a tributary shamrock on the grave of her, whose exquisitely beautiful floral analogies have enwreathed her name with 'Chapters on Flowers.' She walks no longer upon earth, but her imaginative work still renders audible the hymns of flowers in many a garden-bower. May we walk, as she did, extracting spiritual from visible beauty, until we pass away, as she did, to wear the amaranth-wreath of immortality.

SIDNEY O'MOORE.

ON THE SERVICES OF THE CHURCH.

No. XII.

IN our last number, we considered the deprecatory part of the Litany, closing with an earnest appeal to the sufferings of the Redeemer. The portion which comes under our notice this month conforms fully to the precept of the Apostle. 'I exhort therefore that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men, for kings and for all that are in authority.'—A strong sense of need and danger will impel an awakening sinner to pray for himself, as imperatively as hunger will impel a starving man to seek food. To pray fervently for others implies a higher exercise of spiritual life, more conformity to him whose Name is Love, love which no selfishness could ever taint.

'That it may please thee to rule and govern thy holy Church universal in the right way.' We have often noticed the filial character of our Church service, it breathes again in this prayer. We do not attempt to dictate to our heavenly Father which is the right way, we merely present before him the holy Church universal, and leaving all to the good pleasure of his will, entreat his rule and governance. We have great need to offer this prayer for the church; think of the complex movements of this world, the unruly wills and affections of sinful men, the weakness and frailty of her own members; she is exposed to all these: suppose for one

moment the ruling hand which now orders the course of the world were withdrawn, what confusion, what ruin must follow. Nothing less than infinite wisdom could guide a vessel in such a sea, could rule and govern a Church in the midst of such a world. This prayer has been offered for above a thousand years, and looking back upon the course of the Church, during that period, it requires some faith to believe it has been answered. For long centuries, the thick darkness of the middle ages hung over her, and when the light of the reformation arose, and the angel appeared clothed with the sun and a rainbow about his head, still the victory was not gained, in many countries the light was quenched in blood, in others, after burning brightly for a while ; it was dimmed by clouds of unbelief and indifference. Has this been the right way? Yes, "what I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." We know that He has done it, for He orders all things both in heaven and earth. We realize more vividly that He has done it, when we trace on the prophetic chart the way which has seemed so winding, and see it is the very path He had marked out, and here we must rest, the knowledge of the reasons why He has done it, is a privilege reserved for that better land, where we shall see Him face to face, and know even as we are known.

Prayers for the Queen and Royal Family follow, in the same spirit as those in the Order for Morning Prayer, which we have already considered ; they are prayers which may well shame our feeble faith and low expectations. Because kings have been so seldom humble servants of the Most High, and nursing fathers of his Church, we pray as if the Lord's hand was shortened, and He would not give the blessing which we seek.

For the ministers of God, in all orders of the Church, we pray, first that their own minds 'may be illuminated with a true knowledge and understanding of God's word.' Their task is no round of external observances, which the obedient lip, hand, and knee, may be taught to perform, their distinctive character is, that they are teachers, and that they may teach us aright, they must themselves be taught of God, they must know and understand. But we hear farther of gifts of teaching, all who know are not equally apt to teach, we pray therefore further, 'that both by their preaching and living they may set it forth and shew it accordingly.' A holy heaven-taught clergy, endued with special gifts of teaching is then the object of this prayer and is it not at this moment the special need of our country ? In some measure God has heard the prayer, there has been a great awakening in the Church, many places, once desolate, are beginning to bud forth as the garden of the Lord, but still very much remains to be done, and we know that faithful pastors are in a special manner the gift of God. "Wherefore he saith, When he ascended up on high, he led captivity captive and gave gifts unto men. And he gave some apostles, and some prophets ; and some evangelists : and some pastors and some teachers ; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He may send forth more labourers into his harvest."

Having thus sought blessings for our Sovereign and her family, and for our spiritual rulers and teachers, we next bring before our God all those in stations of authority and influence in the land. 'That it may please thee to endue the Lords of the Council, and all

the Nobility, with grace, wisdom, and understanding. That it may please thee to bless and keep the Magistrates, &c." When we reflect how widely diffused is the influence of the higher classes, for all these, whether or not graced by noble titles, would be included in the spirit of this prayer, its importance will be clearly seen. Let us think of the national duties resting upon the Lords of the Council, of the social duties resting on the man of wealth, of the blessedness which an honest true hearted Christian in such a position spreads around him, of the blight that rests on the neighbourhood where selfish enjoyment is the law which regulates a great man's household. Let us think of the perplexities attendant on great possessions, the difficulty of righteously adjusting the claims of all, the fascinating temptations such a path offers to the mere worldling, the difficulties which beset it for the true child of God, and the moral strength he must require to shake off the tyrant rule of fashion : then, when the picture is complete, let us say if the great do not need grace, wisdom, and understanding. They need grace, for to them it must be specially difficult to make God's glory the ruling principle of life ; they need wisdom and understanding, that they may adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things, and steer their course aright amidst all the dangers that surround them. Magistrates are especially selected as subjects for our intercession, the maintenance of public justice has long been the glory of England, but our Church has rightly judged, that the true way of preserving this choicest of national treasures, is to commit it to the safe keeping of our God. She teaches us, not to boast of an Englishman's natural sense of justice, but to pray Sabbath after Sabbath, that God would give grace to our Magistrates to execute justice and maintain truth.

We next seek Divine protection for all our people, each Sabbath day, we place our nation afresh under the guardian care of our God ; oh let it not be true of England, as of Israel of old, that she comes to inquire of God and to sit before Him, while she pollutes His Sabbaths, and defiles herself with the idols of Egypt, lest He should say unto her, "I will not be inquired of by you. Go ye, serve ye every one his idols, and hereafter also if ye will not hearken unto me ; but pollute ye my holy name no more with your gifts and with your idols." Ezek. xx.

Our prayers now embrace a wider range, and we seek for all nations the blessings of unity, peace, and concord. Scripture shows that defensive war is lawful, but every war must imply guilt on one side, it is abhorrent to the character of the gospel, and the constant prayer of the Church is for 'unity peace and concord' amongst all the nations of the earth.

Spiritual blessings are then sought for ourselves and the whole Church of God. How beautiful the prayer as to the hearing of God's word : 'that it may please Thee to give to all Thy people grace, to hear meekly Thy word, and to receive it with pure affection, and to bring forth the fruits of the Spirit.' A meek teachable spirit, waiting humbly for a message from God : a childlike spirit that loves to hear a Father's voice, and treasures each word with pure affection : an obedient spirit, that listens only to obey, and brings forth the fruits of the spirit : this needs an increase of grace, but it is the blessing we are taught to pray for, and encouraged to expect. 'That it may please thee to bring into the way of truth, all such as have erred and are deceived.' We had prayed before to be delivered from all heresy and schism, but we are here taught not to be content with

personal deliverance, while any of our brethren are wandering in the paths of the destroyer. The error and deception we are to hate, whether it be Popery, Socinianism, or any other form of false doctrine, but those led astray by it, we are to love, and to pray earnestly that they may be brought into the way of truth. We should do well when we offer up this petition, to bring to mind some for whom we have a special interest, it would help to give earnestness and reality to our prayer.

‘That it may please thee to strengthen such as do stand, and to comfort and help the weak-hearted, and to raise up them that fall, and finally to beat down Satan under our feet.’ What a comprehensive prayer of Christian love. Here is no envy against those who are strong in grace, their strength is the strength of the whole army, their dishonour would be the dishonour of all; yet of themselves they cannot maintain their position one single day, strengthen those that stand. Here is no contempt against the weak-hearted, but tender brotherly care, which seeks not only that they may be helped but comforted. Some of our brethren have fallen, yet even these are not forgotten; raise up them that fall, and finally beat down Satan under our feet. Let the day of triumph come at last, now the enemy casts one and another down, we hear him exult over their fall, and we tremble for our own standing, but it shall not always be so, he is now in reality a conquered foe, hasten the day when he shall appear as such, beaten down under the feet of the saints.

The following petitions are for the succour of the needy. It has been objected against our forms of prayer, that they cannot be made sufficiently individual; but surely so minute and full a list of human sorrows, espe-

cially joined with the power of mentioning special cases where the prayers of the congregation are asked, leaves us little to desire. Few extemporary prayers would embrace so much. Even young children are remembered, the little ones whom the Church has received into her fold at baptism, but who are yet too young to join in the services. From their very birth, the shield of prayer shall be thrown around them, their protection amidst the perils of infancy, the pledge of future mercies so soon as they shall be capable of receiving them. The worship of God is intended to call forth all the graces he has implanted in the hearts of his people, here we are called on to exercise the grace of Christian sympathy ; we are to realise the sorrow of the widow, the orphan, the stranger, the sick, or the prisoner, and bear them before our God in prayer. Do we thus offer up these petitions ? We would willingly help them if they came under our immediate notice, have we faith enough in the efficacy of prayer, to believe that it will really avail for their help, and thus to call upon God earnestly on their behalf.

Forgiveness of injuries is the next grace called for ; not a sullen forgiveness, with the wrong still rankling in the heart, but a forgiveness of love, that can seek the real good of our enemies, even that God would forgive and turn their hearts.

The past year has sufficed to bring vividly before our minds the importance of the next petition, ‘That it may please thee to give and preserve to our use, the kindly fruits of the earth, so as in due time we may enjoy them.’ Long continued plenty had almost led us to forget how dependent we were on the yearly gift of our God, in the kindly fruits of the earth. Let us show that we have laid to heart the lesson ; stern famine has

been needed to teach, and let it be as no mere form, that we look up to Him week after week, to preserve the treasures of the field for our use.

The comprehensive petition which closes this series of supplication, embraces all that we most need, forgiveness for the past ; forgiveness, not only for actual sins, but for negligence and ignorance ; true repentance as we look back upon our guilty course ; and the grace of the Holy Spirit to amend our lives in the time to come.

At the close of each of these petitions, we have, or we ought to have, repeated the words ; ‘ We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.’ To beseech, is a strong word, and implies much earnestness of desire ; does the state of our hearts correspond with it ? have we thus earnestly longed for the blessings we have asked for ourselves and others ? The standard of our Liturgy is high, if we seek grace to rise up to it, it will be quickening and strengthening to our souls, but if we are content to use words which we cannot honestly make our own, we insensibly harden our hearts and encourage a habit of self-deception.

LÉA GLAIZETTE.

(Translated from the French.)

PERHAPS, my friends, you may remember, that, three months ago, I took a journey into l'Ardèche, where the history of a young peasant, named Peter, was related to me. But, strange to say, at the same time that I was taking this journey on the right bank of the Rhone, and on the same day perhaps on which the pastor Theophilus related to me the edifying life of this young boy ; on the other bank of the river, one of my friends was taking a journey like mine, and heard also from the mouth of another pastor, a similar history of a little girl. Oh ! if we could see thus, on every spot of the earth, all the interesting scenes which are passing—if we could, with one glance, embrace the thousands of Christians who, on the throne or in the cottage, bend their knee at the same time to pray to the same God—if our ear could seize all the christian words which are pronounced simultaneously in a thousand diverse circumstances, great and small, of life, how reviving would the spectacle be to our faith. How happy should we be to see and hear that we are not alone ; that, in all parts of the globe, christians are found thinking and acting as we do, praying to, and loving, the same God as ours. Well, to realize, in some measure, this ideal, represent to yourselves this fact, which is only the exact truth : at the same time that I was crossing the mountains

with our dear pastor, and he was relating to me the history of Peter, M—— related what follows to the friend of whom I was speaking :—

‘ My sister and I have lately been much rejoiced by a manifestation of the power of the gospel on a young child of four years old. Yes, four years old ; pay attention to this, for, from this circumstance, the following true history borrows all its interest. What I am going to tell you, would be nothing uncommon, if I related it of a full-grown man, but remember I speak of Léa Glaizette, four years old.

‘ Léa came the other day, as usual, to find my sister, to read with her a chapter of the Bible, and then a little story from the “The Friend of Youth.” When this reading was finished, she remained in the room, where a few minutes afterwards several persons met and began to talk. Whilst the child was quite busy hemming a handkerchief for her doll, the conversation fell on one of our neighbours, an impious man, who had long been suffering from serious illness, and whom the Lord seemed about to call before his tribunal. Each of us groaned over the probable fate which threatened this poor sinner, so near death, so far from repentance.

‘ Would you believe,’ said my sister, ‘ that he refused to receive my brother’s visit, saying, that he no more needed a priest to die, than he had done to be born ? ’

‘ As for me, when I wished to give him a gospel,’ added a neighbour, he replied, ‘ that he only knew how to read in a game of cards ; and, when I wished to read to him myself, he refused me, saying, he had rather drink a bottle of old wine, than listen to the New Testament.’

‘ I have just come from him,’ said I, in my turn. Although he shut the door in my face, yesterday, I

returned this morning. This time I entered. I asked how he was ; and as, in order not to answer me, he turned his face against the wall, I offered myself to pray at the foot of his bed, that God might restore his health, if he saw fit, and that, in any case, he would forgive him, and save him, before taking him out of the world. But, do you know what answer he made me ?

‘ What ? ’ said Léa, trembling with fear.

‘ He told me, that before I should pray to God, he would pray me to go out ; and, as I still remained there, fixed to the ground by this impious answer, he began to swear and to blaspheme, in order to drive me out the quicker : I went out, and here I am, after my visit, no farther advanced than I was yesterday, after his refusal.’

‘ What incredulity ! ’ said one.

‘ What hardness of heart ! ’ said another.

‘ And when one thinks,’ added I, ‘ of the terrible threatenings of the word of God against obstinate unbelievers and hardened sinners ; when one remembers it is said, they are going into outer darkness to hear weeping and gnashing of teeth ! to feel fixed on their heart this worm that never dies ! to rest their feet on the fire that is never extinguished ! oh, that is something to tremble at, and one may despair of a being, whom the thought of such a prospect suffices not to lead to reflection.’

‘ Here is, nevertheless, the fate which awaits,’ said my sister ; ‘ a man whom we know, who is there two steps off, and who, in two hours perhaps, will be before God.’

‘ What shall we do ? ’ said the neighbour.

‘ Pray for him,’ replied I.

‘ Yes ; but the best thing would be to make him consent to join our prayers.’

‘Alas!’ I said, ‘I fear much that this would be lost labour: the manner in which he received me, leaves me little hope, that he would receive any other visitor better.’

‘Stop; hear how he cries! Wait: I will go and listen from the door to what he says. He swears. Oh! my God, pardon the poor blasphemer!’

‘What does he say then?’

‘He is angry with his wife, who is giving him a medicine. Oh! listen; he is throwing the cup at his daughter! Unhappy man! there is his child coming out with her head all bloody, and I hear his wife weeping within. Now, she is coming herself; she can stand it no longer.’

‘In truth, the wife of our neighbour arrived at our house, all in tears, to tell us how her husband had ill-treated and driven them out, her and her daughter, because they pressed him to take his medicine in broth, and not in wine, the use of which the doctor had entirely forbidden.’

‘I must then, abandon his body,’ said she to us, ‘as our pastor this morning was obliged to renounce the salvation of his soul.’

‘The conversation had reached this point, when I perceived that the doll’s handkerchief was over Léa’s chair, and that the young girl had gone out. She had been too attentive to the conversation for me to suppose she had left for any frivolous motive. I was curious: I wished to know where she was gone, and I went out. My servant, who was returning at this moment from the market, told me, that she had seen the child enter the sick neighbour’s house, and draw the door after her with her little hand, rising to the tip of her toes, without, however, being able to succeed in closing it.

More curious still from Léa's conduct, I went to the door of the sick man, as it was only closed without being latched, I could see and hear what I am going to tell you—

‘But, I ask, who sent you to me?’ said the sick man.

‘No one,’ replied the child, ‘unless it were the good God.’

‘What! you also, you little thing, you wish to speak to me of your good God.’

‘It is better that I should speak to you of Him, than to wait till He shall speak to you Himself.’

‘How so?’

‘Without doubt, if you were to die this night, this night you would be before God, and then He would speak to you all in anger.’

‘And what would He say to me?’

‘He would speak like this, Wicked man that you are, why would you not love me, I who loved you so much?’

‘Oh! oh! the good God would say that to me!’

‘Yes.’

‘And what should I answer Him?’

‘Nothing.’

‘Why?’

‘Because you would have nothing to answer.’

‘Bah! Who told you that?’

‘I see it plainly.’

‘And how do you see it?’

‘I see it by that broken cup upon the ground, which you threw quite angrily against Mary.’

Here the sick man kept silence, he was as it were confounded; however he continued:

‘But you, little girl, since I am damned, as your pastor would say, why do you come to see me?’

‘ I come to ask you to let me pray for you and with you.’

‘ What ! you, little girl, you want to make a prayer ?’

‘ Oh ! but you will pray too.’

‘ Leave me quiet,’ said the sick man, visibly moved, ‘ and go and find your pastor.’

‘ And tell him to come and pray with you, is it not so ?’

‘ No, no, take care not to do that.’

‘ Well, let me pray then myself ; I am very little, so it cannot do you harm, only I want that you should follow my prayer, and say *Amen*, with all your heart.’

Without waiting for an answer, the child placed herself on her knees at the foot of the bed. The sick man hid his face in his two hands, and remained immoveable and silent, then the little girl began to pray thus, growing more and more animated.

‘ My God, my God, since Thou lovest me much, I pray Thee to do me a great pleasure. I would that Thou shouldest cure father Anthony. My God, he suffers much, and if Thou wert to cure him, perhaps he would then pray to Thee and bless Thy name. But perhaps, my God, Thou wilt not cure him, perhaps he will soon die, perhaps he will die this evening. Oh ! my God, I am afraid for him. I pray Thee my good God, pardon his sins. Thou hast indeed pardoned me. I love Thee much, my God, but it seems to me, that if Thou wert to pardon him, I should love Thee more still, and he will love Thee as I do, when he shall feel how good Thou art. Yes, Lord, I know that Thou wilt hear this prayer. I feel something in me which tells me so. Thanks ! my God, thanks ! I pray of Thee still, that father Anthony may pray in his heart, at this moment when I am praying for him. We ask

it of Thee, both of us, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.'

'Amen,' said the sick man, taking away his two hands, and leaving uncovered his face bathed with tears. 'Come here that I may embrace you,' said he, stretching out his thin arm towards the little girl. 'Come here, for you have done me good.'

'You see well, that the good God is right, and that we must pray to Him; now you must ask the pastor to come and read the Bible to you.'

'We will see about that to-morrow.'

'No, to-day.'

'Well, to-day.'

'I will go and seek him.'

'Saying this the child prepared to go out, and I had only time to run off in all haste, not to be found listening at the door. I returned to my own house, Léa arrives, and tells my sister that father Anthony is asking for me, without all the while saying what had just happened.

'I went to the sick man, he received me well, he recovered, and took then such a taste for serious things, that as soon as he was cured, he asked my sister's permission to come and learn to read with Léa; and do you know for what purpose? Simply that he might himself study the Bible, which is now all his delight.

'But this does not belong to the history of Léa, to which I return. Typhus fever broke out in the country; Léa took it, and died after forty-nine days of suffering, without having been able to speak a single word.'

My children, perhaps this conclusion seems sad to you. But what can I do? It is true, and you have

rightly told me that you love the truth. Besides if you will think well of it, you will see that the fate of Léa, far from being sorrowful, is well worthy of envy. God accomplished his work early in this soul, because he meant soon to take her to himself, and spare her thus the sorrows of this life. Dead for this life, Léa lives in heaven, and can go no more out.

[This beautiful anecdote is extracted from the second volume of 'La Jeunesse Morale et Religieuse, par Napoleon Roussel.' We cannot too highly recommend the works of this excellent French Pastor, to those who are desirous of finding French books for their children, sufficiently entertaining to allure them over the difficulties of the language, and yet decidedly Christian in their tendency. M. Roussel has all the vivacity of a Frenchman, with the deep feeling of an earnest Christian. The peculiar naïveté of his tales, and the knowledge of human nature which they display, make them fascinating even to those who are no longer children. It is a great honour to a man to be thus employed by his Master, to deliver, as it were, with one hand captives from among the enchained priests of Rome, while with the other, he feeds the lambs of Christ's fold. We give a list of some of his publications for children :

La Jeunesse Morale et Religieuse. 2 vols.

Mon Voyage en Algérie. Raconté à mes enfans.

A Mes Enfans. 1 vol.]

CHAPTERS ON SCRIPTURE GEOGRAPHY.

No. VI.

CUSH, OR ETHIOPIA.

IN the wise counsels of the Almighty, different destinies were assigned to each of the sons of Noah, to be worked out in their descendants. To Shem, the most highly-favoured, was committed the keeping of a pure theology, a trust most imperfectly fulfilled by his children at large, but yet one which was fulfilled by the Israelites carefully, as far as it consisted in the handing down of the law of God given to Moses, and the writings of inspired historians and prophets untouched, until the first Jewish dispensation closed in the person of Messiah. To the Israelites pertained the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants and the giving of the Law, and the service of God, and the promises ; theirs were the fathers, and of them, as concerning the flesh, Christ came, who is over all, God blessed for ever. Amen. (Rom. ix. 4, 5.) Next, in favour, was the race of Japheth ; large extent of territory, as well as great religious privileges, were granted to him. His destiny still runs on in his posterity, and his power will continue increasing, until Messiah comes again, to take the now vacant throne of David. Civilization seems to be the peculiar feature of Japhet's commission, and his sons have well fulfilled their parts. Commerce, extensive intercourse

with the globe, a daring ambition, have collected at different times into Japhet's proper dominions, all the arts which embellish life. To Ham, a different commission was given. His lot, on the whole, was one of servitude, the just punishment of the sins of youth ; but the curse on his descendants, like many other prophecies of woe, did not take effect for many centuries : and, at first, the descendants of Ham took the lead of their brethren. To Ham's children especially, the guardianship of science seems to have been given. And, although this learning was soon greatly polluted, though Chemistry became, in Hamite hands Alchemy, though Astronomy became Astrology, and Natural History degenerated into gross idolatry, still to be " learned in all the wisdom of Egypt," was the renown of Moses ; and, to be wiser than the Cushite sons of the East, was a bright jewel in the crown of Solomon. As Ham seems to have taken up his abode with his son Mizraim, in Egypt, (called especially in Scripture, the land of Ham), we shall proceed in this paper to show, the settlements made by his eldest son, Cush.

And first, it is necessary to say a few words upon the term, which our translators have applied to the country of Cush. They have called it Ethiopia, and thus unintentionally have embarrassed the subject. The name Ethiopia is generally supposed to be composed of two Greek words, signifying ' Burnt Face.' I say generally, because many of your readers may have read the work of Faber on the origin of Papal Idolatry, in which he derives Ethiopia from a Chaldee compound, signifying the fire of the Oracular Serpent, and applying to a country where the Sun and the Serpent were worshipped.—I cannot agree in this view, because the term would then include Egypt, which is always distinguished

from Ethiopia.—In fact, the name of Ethiopia was given, among the Greeks, to any southern country, whose inhabitants were either black or very dark in complexion. Thus Homer (*Odyss* p. 22,) speaks of them as a divided race—the last of men, some of them at the extreme East, and others at the extreme West of the world. Strabo (i. p. 60) describes them as a two-fold people, lying extended on a long line, from the rising to the setting sun. Herodotus (viii. 69, 70.), distinguishes the Asiatic Ethiopians from their African brethren, by the straight hair of the former, and the curly hair of the latter. Amid this confusion incident to Greek geography, it is satisfactory that we, as expounders of the Geography of Scripture, have nothing to do with Ethiopia in reality, but, with the Hebrew name, Cush. Of this most ancient land, we first read in *Gen.* ii. 13., as watered by the river Gihon, whose streams flowed through the land of Eden, and assisted to fertilize that garden of delights, in which our first parents were originally placed. The site of Eden itself has long been a disputed point, and some have even gone so far as to suppose, that all traces of it have been obliterated by the waters of the Deluge ; ‘but,’ says Dr. Candlish, in his notes on *Genesis*, p. 62., ‘although several of the marks given by the sacred historian may have been obliterated and lost, through convulsions of nature, and the hand of man, his description is so circumstantial, that it must be intended to point out, even since the flood, the place where Eden was. It is probable that they who lived before us, for whom Moses wrote, would recognize the spot ; and it is not impossible, that they who come after us, may be able to recognize it better than we can do now. It may have been the design of the Holy Ghost, by means of his servant

who wrote by his inspiration, not for himself, but for the faithful in after ages, to leave on record a map, by which, when the proper time comes, the exact locality of paradise may be again identified.—Meanwhile, in general, the most learned and laborious researches seem to fix it down to some part of the region which the Euphrates and its hundred streams water, as they fall into the Persian Gulf.’ With this very early connection of Cush, with the rivers which rise in Eden and water Paradise, we cannot err much in fixing upon the country lying at the head of the Persian Gulf, as the early home of Ham’s eldest son. This country was originally called Khuzistan or Cushistan, and is the same as the Roman province of Susiana. The land of Havilah, mentioned also in connection with Eden, as watered by the Pison ; and again in Gen. xxv., as one of the boundaries of Ishmael’s territories, is the tract of Arabia near the Persian Gulf, commonly called Bahrein. This district was anciently watered, as we learn from Pliny, by a branch of the Euphrates, which diverged from its other channels, and fell into the Persian Gulf nearly opposite the Bahrein Islands, the principal of which is still called Aval. Here are the Chaulotheii of Eratosthenes identified with the Beni Khaled of the present day ; and the Chaldei of Pliny, and from this country, we may, I think, legitimately suppose, than the Chaldeans came, who were brought by the Assyrians from the wilderness : see Isaiah xxiii. 13 : who like the other children of Ham, were deeply versed in magical arts ; (Daniel i. 4 ; ii. 2. &c.) and who afterwards obtained the government of the country, and in the person of Nebuchadnezzar, executed the righteous vengeance of the Lord on his idolatrous people. The encampments of the Beni Khaled are still

found on both sides of the Euphrates, in the neighbourhood of Basra.* From Khuzistan, the early descendants of Cush seemed to have proceeded southward to Arabia, which they colonized largely, and where their settlements still remain in spite of the onward pressure of the Shemite families of Joktan, Ishmael, Esau, and the children of Keturah, by whom the great bulk of the Cushites were driven across the Red Sea, to their destined home in Africa. In Arabia only, do we find traces of Sabtah and Sabtecah the sons of Cush, and the whole peninsular abounds with names of which the words Ham and Cush form integral parts. Thus Oman is called by the Arabs Ammon, the well-known name of Ham, and on its iron bound coast, near the river Ammon, lies a tract of land called by Pliny, the land of Ham, (now Maham). In the fifth Century of our era, the Himayarites in the south of Arabia, were styled by Syrian writers, Cushœans and Ethiopians. Indeed we find from the valuable Himayarite inscriptions so lately discovered near Aden, that the language called Ethiopic closely resembles in writing the old characters of the tongue of South Arabia, which lends great credit to the supposition that Habesh was peopled from that peninsula; in Job xxviii. 19, mention is made of the topaz of Ethiopia. The Isle of Topazes still keeps its name in the Red Sea, and was the frequent resort of the Cushites, who were famous for their love of commerce. The settlements destroyed by the Simeonites, 1 Chron. iv. 39—41 must have been Cushite, as it is

* According to the well known Assyrian custom of compulsory colonization after conquest, Samaria was peopled by Kuthites, brought most probably from Khuzistan. The Samaritans were thence called Kuthites, and the non Semitic words in their dialect called Cuthean. This is the opinion of Mr. Forster, to whose most interesting work on the Historical Geography of Arabia, I am much indebted for the materials of this paper.

expressly stated that they of Ham dwelt there of old. Moses' Midianitish wife is called by Miriam and Aaron a Cushite. Zerah, the Ethiopian, mentioned in 2 Chron. xiv. 12—15, must have been a dweller in Arabia, as he fled to Gerar which lay on the borders of the Amalekites and Ishmaelites ; and, in 2 Chron. xxi. 16, mention is expressly made of the Arabians that were near the Ethiopians. Not to mention other reasons for considering Arabia as Eastern Cush, we may add, that the Chaldee paraphrast Jonathan, at Gen. x. 6, and another paraphrast at 1 Chron. i. 8, explain Cush by Arabia. We find from Jer. xiii. 23, that the Cushites were black : we know that their African descendants are so at the present time ; but it is, perhaps, not so generally known, that a tribe of Bedaweens, called the Dowaser Arabs, found in the land of Omar, are also black. Their gigantic forms and sable features distinguish them from their Shemite neighbours, and point them out as most likely the Sabeans, men of stature (Isa. xlv. 14), destined at some future day to swell the triumphs of Israel. We know not when the Cushite emigration to Africa took place, probably it was continually going forward from the earliest periods. We know, however, that, in the time of Moses, African Ethiopia had risen to an important kingdom, for we learn from Josephus, that Moses, as Pharaoh's general, defeated the Ethiopians, and drove them to Meroë. We know also, that the Ethiopians worshipped Ammon, that their government was in the hands of the priests, and that they were alternately conquerors of, and conquered by Egypt. Now having, as we hope, proved that Cush was an Asiatic, as well as an African power, it remains to be considered to which of these countries the Holy Scriptures allude, and here we may lay down one very simple rule for the

guidance of the young student of Scripture, viz. that when either in history or prophecy Cush is spoken of in connection with Egypt or Lybia, as in Ezek. xxx. 5, *African* Ethiopia, or Abyssinia, is allied to, but where it is mentioned with Midian, or other Arabian tribes, as Hab. iii. 7, then Asiatic Ethiopia or Arabia is intended. Thus, we find in Zeph. iii. 10, that the Jews are to be brought from beyond the rivers of Cush ; from Gen. ii. we find the names of these rivers, and from Rev. xvi. 12, we learn that the Euphrates, the chief of them, is to be dried up for the triumphant march of the kings of the East. Fearing to make my chapter too long, I must reserve what more is to be gathered from Scripture, as to the future destiny of Cush, till I come to treat in another chapter of his son Raamah and his children.

X. Y. Z.

FRAGMENTS.

THE THINGS THAT ARE.

THE closing of a stormy night—the wrecks
 Of many tempests stranded on the shore
 Of Time's mysterious sea—and yet no break,
 No far blue vista in the storm-tost drifts
 Of clouds that gather blackness ever and aye
 Close round the wild horizon. If a star
 With trembling light, and that the light of tears,
 Gleams for a moment through the vault of gloom,
 The swift clouds envying Hope's sweet messenger,
 Quick shifting dim its radiance, and the void
 Of darkness reigns supreme. Perchance, anon,
 A meteor with its dazzling train shoots by,
 And hurries into nothingness—a dream
 Of dying human glory—a bright torch
 To light ambition to its starless tomb.—
 Once more the eye looks up as if in fear
 Of that which shall be, for the lightnings now
 Are all abroad upon the winds of night,
 Writing, in vivid characters of flame,
 Truths words might never utter, truths intense,
 Of man's strange destiny and future worlds
 Prophetic—brief their tale, as it is bright ;
 And after them, dim thunder sounds far off,
 Like waters, or the wail of nations come,
 From the lone caverns of chill shadowy mountains,

In fitful bursts upon the startled ear.

All speak of woes and tempests past and coming. . . .

Is such the sky that stretches o'er the world ?

Fool, fool,—it cannot be—just close thine eye

And open it anew, and o'er its sweep

Will rise, in faery pageantries of life,

Pictures of things that are : young pleasure's train,

Dances, and revelries, and reckless smiles,

All clustered there beneath a cloudless sky :—

None know it is but painted o'er their heads,

And that the true dread heavens roll rife with storms.

Tush, tush, bend down thine ear and list again :—

I listened—and the dulcet voice of song,

And music manifold of various spells,

And the yet sweeter tones of flattering hope,

Whispering of peace and pleasures without fail,

Smiled at my fears, and asked me tauntingly

If I too smiled not—but a deeper voice

Like that of thunder, uttered answer—Peace !

There is no peace, and echoed still—no peace—

And all the after sounds of mirth that came

Upon the moaning breezes, ever seemed

To sicken on my weary soul, like things

Of little moment to a dying man.

Hast thou not often at lone hours of midnight,

When the vain troublous world is still, and thou

Art there amidst the universe alone,

Alone with visions of the vast unseen,

In the stern grandeur of eternal truth

Looming around thee—turned thy spirit's eye

Inward upon itself, and in a tone

Tremulous for fear of answer unforeseen,

Asked thyself what thy being's being is ?

Aye what that strange mysterious thing *self* is ?
And all things seem to fall from off thee, like
The leaves of autumn, and the earth to sink,
The stars to fade, and all things be as dreams—
Oh ! then the solitude of solitudes,
The feeling of unuttered weariness,
Like ship-wrecked mariner cast far adrift
Upon a desert ocean, with its void
Crushes the heart—the spirit faints—till soon
The stern conviction that thou canst not stay
Heartless, and homeless, and companionless,
That struggle unto death thou must for life,
Floods all thy soul ; and with a sudden spring
Of blended fear, and hope, and confidence,
Thou castest all that storm-tost thing, thyself,
Upon the blessed certainty of God :
And clingest unto Him with energies
Lent by despair—the only anchor left ;
If that could fail, all others were but straws—
Yet clinging there a voice within thee tells
That cannot fail thee—'tis thy Father's hand,
Poor child—he loves thee—love can never die.
And then all grows serene like light, and Peace
Comes softly o'er the waters, and aloft
Faith rises Phoenix-like amid the wreck. . . .

And is there nothing then that fleets not thus ?
Unconsciously I murmured. At the words,
Came crowding on my spirit's inward eye
A thousand sunny visions—mine heart leapt
To welcome them—for there were cloudless scenes
Of childhood's happy rambles—there were thoughts
That blended with the burning dreams of youth,
And like the sun-beams to the sun flew back

As to their early home, where gushes ever
That fount within a fountain, human love—
When music held her calm unruffled spell,
Or trembled into sorrow, or did wail
With deepest spirit storms, and these again
Did soothe to rest in wondrous magic wise.
Childhood and youth rose thus, and thus laid out
Their rosy landscapes at my feet—I looked
Once more, once more, a moment they were gone.
I could have wept their sojourn was so brief—
But ere the tear fell from my eye, behold
New thoughts, new burning feelings, new desires
Came rushing o'er me—all the streams of love
From that young crystal fountain, music-like,
Flowed a majestic river through the vale
Of life, and I was wandering by its banks,
And often paused my footstep, often gazed
Into what seemed a nether sky, where heaven
With its unfathomable mysteries,
In characters of softened loveliness,
Was imaged in the watery mirror. Oh
I could have lingered by that stream, methought,
For ever and for ever, but its flow
Grew faint and fainter still, till all was air,
And viewless winds, and unremaining dreams—
Yes, I might tell for hours what there and then
Arose and vanished, till my bosom ached
And all my heart was pained within me—friends
They were and brothers those light spirit scenes
For a few passing moments, but oh, when
My heart was going out towards them, when
Like bright homes nestling in a vale they seemed,
Where I long while might linger, as I mused
Their cloud foundations swayed before the wind,

For they were built upon the mists and winds,
And perishable were, and brief as they.

As one awaking from a glorious train
Of dreams and phantasies at dead of night,
Looks forth upon the darkness for a while :
Musing aghast ; as if he thought straightway
Another image, beautiful as those,
That have passed by him in their loveliness,
Would rise and fill the void of gasping thought :
But when the listless moments steal away
Unvisioned all and dreamless, doth start up
And question of himself what forms they were ?
And what he is, and where, and whence, and how ?
So I, as panting to lay hold on that
Which would not vanish at my touch like snow,
Struggled to cast myself from out myself
In secret prayer and agony of soul ;
And though in darkness, onward felt my way,
If haply I might find a rock whereon
To stay my weary foot ; for all that once
I deem'd substantial, had proved light as air,
And fragile as the foam on slippery waves—
The fashions of this world, its feasts and songs
To my incredulous gaze seemed planted now
Upon the words—*no peace*. The course of Time—
Its seeming endless cycles, its vast spans
Stretching like new horizons day by day
Before a journeying traveller, reaching far
Athwart the clouded Past and clouded Future,
In countless maze of circles, as I gazed ;
All rested on one shifting sliding point,
Which men call Present, which was ever gone
Though still renewed like shower drops in a stream.

And when with sickening soul I turned away
From all the unrealities of earth,
And the brief phantoms of historic worlds,
To what I deemed were everlasting things,
And truths that borrowed immortality
Of deeper things than mortal hand might touch,
And mortal foot explore ; lo, these likewise,
Had vanished—darkness wrapt my steps in gloom—
Yet there are things that in the darkness live
A life intense and vivid as in light.
Prayer then can wrestle on victoriously,
And Faith without suspicion lean her hand
Upon a viewless anchor—there is One
To whom the night translucent seems as day,
And though unseen, I felt his presence filling
The imagery chambers of my soul.
Ah ! words can never tell my bliss, for I
Had found what my soul longed for, I had found
My spirit's home, my Father's presence, found
Wherewith to sate my bosom's infinite—
And He was smiling on me, and His peace
Was in my heart of hearts, that peace divine
Which passes understanding. I did weep,
But they were tears of joy—I sighed, but 'twas
The fulness of a heart that overflowed,
Nor otherwise could utter what within
Was hidden—long my musing lasted—long
I held intense communion with my God.

Oh hast thou known the yearnings of delight
It is to commune with a tender father,
To cast the burden of a host of cares
Upon his father-heart, to feel thyself
His child, and in that blessed privilege

To ask his sympathy, his care, his love,
And with a deep familiar earnestness
Blend all thy thoughts with his, with filial fear
Yet fearless in affection ; if thou hast
Thou knowest an emblem, faint indeed and dim,
But yet the brightest, loveliest earth affords
Of the joy fountains gushing in the heart
Of one, who, from the world a fugitive,
And from despair, and darkness, and thick doubt,
Finds there is yet one bosom where to cast
His sorrows, and a Father's heart that glows
For him, and yearns to greet him as a child.
Entranced imparadised in joy I knelt
There at the footstool of my Father's throne,
My Father's and my God's, and from his smile,
Drank life, drank beauty, drank intensest love,
From love, and life, and beauty's fountain head—
I may not tell ye more—but when that dream
Had passed me like a golden sunset cloud,
My soul was as a sea of light, whereon
No grief did cast a shadow, such as oft
Thou mayst have seen within a summer sky,
Sleeping untroubled in calm mellow light,
Above the spot where the sun's chariot wheels
Sank slowly into ocean. Yes, it passed,
But yet I felt it was my own for ever,
A wealth, a rapture, an inheritance.
And quickly I bethought me once again
Of all those airy scenes of young delight,
That whilome, as I gazed, had passed away,
Or seemed to pass, like phantom soulless things.
And a voice spake within me, ' Thou hast found,
By finding out thy spirit's home in God,
A master key of truth, that shall unlock

The thousand wards of earthly mysteries,
And show thee unto whom alone, the good,
The true, the noble, pure, and beautiful,
Whatever seems to mortals loveliest,
Can have or claim an immortality
Of goodness, truth, or beauty—'tis to those
Whose hearts are right, whose beings one with God,
Who in him find their all—to other men,
The beauteous things that pass them by on earth,
Oh yes, they are immortal, but it is
An immortality of deathless woe,
That haunts them with the sting of lost delight.

And once again, retracing all my steps,
I gazed upon those lovely scenes of life ;
Those passion fountains of unfathomed depth,
Those springs of human love, those beautiful homes
Of friendship and affection, which the dove
Of Peace broods over evermore, and there
Doth shelter underneath her sacred wing
A father's heart, a mother's, or a child's—
Those dearest types of heaven ; and lo, they rose
In tenfold loveliness before me, rose
More passionately beautiful than ever,
And oh, the blessed change !—they vanish'd not.
At first my faithless heart was chill with fear,
And trembled as the moments swift flew by,
And the far beatings of the clock of time,
Struck in dim cadence on mine ear, but soon
Faith whispered, " they are amaranthine now,
Thou livest now 'mid everlasting things—
Fear not—what once was of the present, soon
Is numbered with the past—what once was *now*,
Let one brief moment pass away, is *then* ;

But yet what has been, shall be, ~~aye~~ and is."

In peace, my spirit lingered on the scenes
Of her eternal Past—in peace I mused
On those delicious spots of earth, those fair
Oases in the wilderness of life,
Those isles too often few and far between,
Emblems of home upon the homeless sea,
Those Edens blooming in a ruin'd world,
Those sunbeams 'mid the storm-clouds all astray,
Those gushing springs within a thirsty land,
Those stars that startle us like friends at night,
Those blessed things so inexpressibly dear,
There, there I mused—there wander'd like a child
Thro' flowerets all his own ; and when at length
The cycle was complete, and thro' the heavens
Thrice peal'd the everlasting answer, gone,
I looked upon those scenes of far delight,
And there unfading and unchanged they lay
In the clear cloudless region of the Past,
Imperishably shrined in love and light.

E. H. B.

DIALOGUE ON CONFIRMATION.

Ellen and Fanny.

Fanny. Ellen, I am so glad I have met you just now, we can take a turn round the field, and go on talking on the subject we were upon yesterday.

Ellen. I am very glad we have met.

Fanny. When I think that I have indeed been confirmed, I cannot tell you what I feel.

Ellen. Of course you cannot tell me. The gratitude of the soul that is "called and chosen," can be told only to the Saviour who has called and chosen her.

Fanny. When I think that though my dear pious parents dedicated me to Jesus when I was an infant, though they always endeavoured to teach me every thing good, though God has showered such unnumbered mercies on me, giving me health, and food, and clothes, and a happy home, besides giving me the Bible, and his ministers to preach the gospel to me, and more, much more than I can reckon up ; yet I loved him not, I contented myself with a form of godliness, I saw no beauty in the Saviour, Christ was not precious to me, and now during the last year, without the smallest merit of my own, He has given me another heart, and made me take such a different view of every thing, "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee," and when I think I have now been given this opportunity of joining myself to the

Lord, in a perpetual covenant which shall not be forgotten, it seems to myself as if I must be the happiest human being upon earth.

Ellen. Yes, and there is another reflection, dear child, which must solemnize and heighten your gratitude, making you humble while it makes you happy. When you reflect that all this mercy of God to your soul was not an afterthought, if I may so speak—not a mere relenting on the part of God out of compassion to your perishing condition when He saw you walking in darkness, but that long before you were born, even before the foundations of the world were laid, even from all eternity, the salvation of your soul, even yours, was planned in the counsels of the Most High, and your unworthy name was written in heaven ; you must feel that while human boasting is for ever excluded, your soul must magnify the Lord, and glory in Him for ever, and for ever.

Fanny, (after a pause.) Ellen, how did you feel when you were confirmed ?

Ellen. It was many years ago, dear Fanny—ten years this spring—but I perfectly remember it ; I did not feel as you do now, nor indeed like a child of God at all. I felt very little about the matter. I considered it a proper custom like going to church. I thought God would bless me when the Bishop put his hand on me, but I had not one sufficient reason for expecting to be so blest, except a sort of notion that I was trying to be good ; in short I was trusting in myself, and not in the blood of Jesus.

Fanny. Oh, Ellen, it does so astonish me that any should trust in themselves for salvation. I think I should hardly care for salvation if it were to be earned : but when I look on it as a gift—a free gift, and say,

‘ My beautiful heaven is given me by my most dear Saviour, and it cost no less a price than his own blood,’ then I feel that salvation is precious indeed.

Ellen. You say that it astonishes you that any one should trust in themselves, but in reality, my dear, it would be much more astonishing if this were not the case. The wonder would be if the natural man *did* receive the things of the Spirit of God ; you know the Scripture says expressly,—the carnal mind receiveth not the things that be of God, for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.

Fanny. But, Ellen, when did you begin to think as you do now ?

Ellen. Slowly and gradually I learnt the truth—“ here a little and there a little.” Many sharp afflictions too, helped by God’s grace, to bring me home to Him. With some of these you are acquainted ; the death of my dear parents, and of my aunt, who felt a mother’s love for me, and whom I watched through a long and very painful illness, the loss in a great measure of my own health, these things, and some others quite as distressing, with which you are unacquainted, were greatly blessed to my soul, as I humbly hope and believe. But Satan, as he often does, took advantage of my outward troubles to weaken me inwardly, when he saw me alone in the world, and in heaviness through much sorrow, then he did all he could to keep me from Christ, the only refuge of the afflicted.

Fanny. Ah, yours is indeed a different history from mine.

Ellen. Yes, my dear child, but it is one which equally magnifies the grace of God. Though, I firmly believe owing to my own fault, I have not had that enjoyment in the ways of religion, which some people

have ; yet many an hour of sweet communion with my Saviour, many a peaceful religious hour in the stillness of the night, after a day of care and sorrow, has convinced me that "the yoke is easy." Do you remember that little hymn we were reading together last week—

"Beneath thy smile is heavenly bliss,
How sweet is solitude with Thee,
My soul in such a world as this,
May yet from anxious cares be free."

Fanny. What was that other hymn you read ? pray repeat it again ; you said it was such a favourite of yours.

Ellen. "Let me be with thee where thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal rest,
Then only will this longing heart,
Be fully and for ever blest.

Let me be with thee where thou art,
Thy unveiled glory to behold,
Then only will this wandering heart,
Cease to be false to thee and cold.

Let me be with thee where thou art,
Where spotless saints thy name adore,
Then only will this sinful heart,
Be evil and defiled no more.

Let me be with thee where thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove,
There neither life nor death will part
Me from thy presence and thy love."

Fanny. What a sweet prayer is that—"In all time of our tribulation, in all time of our wealth, in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment, good Lord, deliver us."

Ellen. Ah, if he delivers us in tribulation and in wealth, He will deliver us in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment. You are very young at present, and you know not whether in your future life you will be as happily circumstanced as you now are. Also you know not whether it will please God always to turn the sunshine of his countenance upon you. He may hide his face, and then you will be troubled. He may bring you into deep waters, but you need not fear. "All things," yes, my dear child, "all things," joys and sorrows alike; "ALL THINGS work together for good to them that love God, to them that are the called according to his purpose."

Fanny, after a pause. Oh, it makes me so happy to think that I have confirmed my vows myself.—Oh, Ellen, pray that I may keep them faithfully,—to confess Christ crucified—to fight under his banner against "the world, the flesh, and the devil"—oh what a wonderful calling is this, to be united to Christ and to his people.

Ellen. Your feelings, are doubtless like those of Moses when it came into his heart to visit his people. Doubtless, when Moses was born, his pious mother prayed, that if he lived, it might be to serve God. Yet we read that, 'when he was come to years,' he chose the good part voluntarily for himself. "By faith he forsook Egypt, *choosing* rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt." I grieve that when I received the Lord's Supper for the first time, my heart was still in the world.—I think the self-dedication of the young convert who receives the emblems of the Saviour's body and blood, with a true faith, must be so

very delightful—I am ready to say with St. Augustine, “Ah Lord, too late I loved Thee.” Jesus gave his *whole* life to work out our salvation,—from his cradle to his grave he suffered and he wrought for us ; but few of the sinners he has redeemed, give him more than a *portion* of their lives.

Fanny. My cousins, who you know were confirmed when I was, said they should not receive the Lord’s Supper at present,—they say they are too young, and they are afraid of sinning again, and they think it a dangerous sort of thing, and that, upon the whole, they had better stay away.

Ellen. Many people talk in that manner, and I am always sorry when they talk so, as if there could be any *safety* in breaking one of the plainest commandments of God—and yet, for my own part, I confess, that I am still more distressed, to think that so many should receive that Holy Sacrament, merely as a form, without any love to Christ.—Our blessed Lord may still complain ; “He that eateth bread with me has lifted up the heel against me ”—there are so many who receive the Lord’s Supper because they think it a duty, though an unknown one, or because they are persuaded to it by others, many whose daily conduct manifests the utmost enmity to truth and righteousness. But, dear Fanny ; when your cousins talked to you in the manner you have described, what did you say to them ? I hope you were not silent, but that you first secretly prayed to the Holy Spirit to direct your words, and that you then talked in the best manner you could to them.

Fanny. Oh, I assure you I was not at all silent—I talked away very fast, and got very warm.

Ellen. And what did you say ?

Fanny. I said, that so far from wishing to put off

receiving the sacrament till next year, I viewed it as a heavenly privilege, to be allowed to make such an act of self-dedication, and to come so near to Jesus. I said I had been confirmed, because I wanted to promise for myself, what others had promised for me when I was an infant, and that now I had received the Lord's Supper, because I wanted to be *quite dedicated*. And then I said, that so far from shrinking from this holy feast, I hoped I should be living all day, and every day on the body and blood of Christ, and not only when I was receiving the outward ordinance. For Jesus says, "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you ;" and this must mean spiritual communion, for we may be hindered from receiving the outward form, but nothing can hinder us from feeding on Christ by prayer, and faith, and love. And so I said, that as a believer, I had a right both to the visible form and the thing signified ; and I would not give up either one or the other.

Ellen. And did they seem influenced by what you said ?

Fanny. I do not know—they did not say any more about it. But you know my other cousin, Henry Sullivan who was brought up a Roman Catholic, received the Sacrament at our church at the same time I did. I think he truly fears God, and I think it must be so pleasant to him to receive the Sacrament unmutilated—the blood of Jesus, "the cup of salvation." I think when he first received it, he must have felt brought nearer to Christ than he ever felt before.

Ellen. Doubtless he did. Oh, it is a great privilege, and the ransomed soul must truly say, "He brought me to His banqueting house, and his banner over me was love."

Fanny. Dear Ellen, I have another thought in my head about my baptismal vow, which I dare say you will let me tell you.

Ellen. By all means—what is it, Fanny?

Fanny. I have lately promised to ‘renounce the devil and all his works,’ all the vain pomp and glory of the world, all carnal devices of the flesh, and to believe what God has declared, to obey what he has commanded; and I have a mighty friend to help me—even the Lord Jesus Christ. I have a fearful enemy, even Satan, whom I have promised to renounce. I think I have not as yet sufficiently considered this;—I mean, I have not realized that Satan is a personal enemy to me. Do you think you understand what I mean?

Ellen. Yes, dear, I have often thought the same thing myself: I think we consider our great enemy too much as an evil *principle* instead of an evil *spirit*, “walking about seeking whom he may devour.” If we took this scriptural view of the subject, we should be more lively and active in our resistance of sin. A friend of mine once told me, that she had contracted a bad habit of wasting her time, by sleeping too much, and she made the common excuse to herself, that sleeping a little, more or less, did not signify, till at length she became impressed with an idea that it was a device of Satan—that every morning he tried to persuade her to rise late, that her temper might be ruffled by the hurry she would be in, or that at least her morning devotions might be curtailed. When this definite idea presented itself to her mind, she prayed that she might resist the devil, and the bad habit was soon overcome.

Fanny. I am glad you take the same view of the subject that I do. Yes; he is a powerful enemy, much

stronger than we are, but Jesus is stronger than he. Jesus has "all power in heaven and earth;" and yet, amid all the rejoicing, I feel under the protection of such a Saviour, I sometimes feel as if it were scarce possible for a sinful creature to be indeed one of the "holy nation." I want to copy Jesus—I want to bring others to the Cross—I want to love him as Mary Magdalene loved, when she washed his feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head, well content, doubtless, that others should think her absurd and enthusiastic, so that she could hear her Saviour say—"thy sins are forgiven."

Ellen. It must be confessed, with shame and sorrow, my dear child, that Christians live below their privileges. The generality even of sincere Christians lead very inconsistent lives, set up a low standard of holiness, and give great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to despise a religion which produces so little fruit. And yet the salvation he gives us is a salvation from sin: those who love him must, of necessity, love what he loves, and hate what he hates. All the sublime and glorious doctrines of evangelical truth are revealed, that we may be conformed in holiness to the image of Christ. The most doctrinal Epistles of St. Paul are those which contain the strongest practical exhortations.

Fanny. The Epistle to the Romans, for instance.

Ellen. There are many seeming virtues, which are the growth of the natural heart, but they are neither so beautiful in themselves, nor are they carried to the same extent as the virtues of the renewed heart. Christians ought to be superior to worldly people, even in moral duties: they ought to be more temperate, more gentle, better tempered, more cheerful and obliging, more industrious, more peaceable, more truthful, more patient

in sickness or any other adversity, more noble-minded, better altogether. I would even have the Christian to be the most refined and the most intellectual person in the world. But the comparison quite ceases when we come to Gospel virtues—faith in Jesus, love to his people, love to our enemies, and giving up our own rights; that, living wholly *in* and *for* another, which is the perfection of what is good and beautiful, and which is the secret spring of feeling and action, when the soul is born again and becomes in Christ. The natural heart knows nothing of these things; they belong to a renewed nature. And how imperfectly do they often exist even in God's people!

Fanny. Do you not think that Christians are sometimes deficient in cheerfulness?

Ellen. Yes, sometimes; but, I must say, that, as far as my own observation has gone, Christians are, in general, very much more cheerful than worldly people: it is a pity it should ever be otherwise, for it is very injurious to the cause of religion when it is so. Young people especially have often an ignorant notion, that all religious people are melancholy: nothing can be a greater mistake.

Fanny. We must pray for cheerfulness and every other grace. He will give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him. But, Ellen, what can be the reason that God's chosen people love and serve Him so little.

Ellen. There are many reasons. Our original sinful nature, bad habits formed previous to conversion, the enmity of Satan, his fierce rage against whatever is holy, or desires to become so. Then, the practice of Christians suffers greatly, and is kept in a low condition, from their living so much below their privileges. Why, for instance, do we not pray more? Why do we not

imitate the boldness of the saints of old, and say to God, as Jacob did, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me?" Then would he say to us, "As a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed."

Fanny. How astonishing is the language of Scripture! If such things were not in the Bible, what presumption we should think it to utter them!

Ellen. Yes; and many people do think them presumption, forgetting that it is, in reality, much more humble to believe the words of God, just as they are written, than to try to reduce them to our own preconceived notions of what ought to pass between God and man. You know the book of the Revelation concludes with denouncing a woe against those who take away from, as well as against those who add to the words of God.

Fanny. You have spoken of prayer: reading the Scriptures is also a blessed duty.

Ellen. It is indeed; but how seldom do we read them in an earnest spirit. I was once much struck by hearing a clergyman say to his congregation, 'When you would prevail with God, kneel down, and open your Bible, put your finger on the promises, and plead them with God.' Then again, what motives for holiness does the Gospel supply! To be holy, because God is holy—to be conformed to the sufferings and the glory of Christ—these are motives the purest and the most exalted we can conceive.

Fanny. I feel my baptism vow is a strong motive. I am sure I shall think of it every day. Dear Ellen, I could talk to you much longer, but I must now return home: it is growing late.

Ellen. I will walk with you as far as the white gate yonder.

Fanny. Thank you. (*After a pause.*) I am thinking, Ellen, that, after all, the outward ceremonies of the church are but shadows. Christ is the substance ; and, when we are with him, and see him as he is, we shall be *quite holy*, we shall be *quite happy*.

Ellen. Yes ; it will be a happy time when, as that man of God, Baxter, says, ‘ We shall no more look into our cabinet, and miss our treasure—into our heart, and miss our Christ ; no more seek him from ordinance to ordinance, but all be concluded in a full and blessed enjoyment.’ That day is not far distant. Let us go on working, trusting, and enduring ; let us not be discouraged by any manner of trial ; let us continue “ looking unto Jesus.” “ Yet a little while, and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry.”

THE IRISH PEARL.

No. VIII.

HIS commission was discharged: then, rising from his seat, with deep solemnity, Father Eustace laid his hand upon my head, and, looking up to heaven, silently at first, then, with fervent accents, he implored a blessing on the words he had spoken, the gifts he had restored; while his countenance, illuminated with a bright expression of faith and love, testified the reality of his hope. Still I was silent, but it was not the silence of doubt, of mistrust; oh, no! overpowered, agitated, bewildered, lost amidst the events, the glories he had opened to my view, I felt my senses, as it were, enthralled, and vainly sought to shape my feelings into words. The scene, the circumstances, the unexpected tidings he had revealed; the language in which he had clothed them, derived from that word of inspiration, of which then I knew not the sound, his elevated countenance beaming with mind and thought and intense devotion, his mild reproofs, his unhesitating confidence, all, all, acted on me almost as a charm, and spell-bound, fascinated, unable to arrange one fixed idea, I was yet ready to surrender them all, and say, 'Mould me as you will.'

The Duchess laid her hand on Florence's shoulder; and, looking down on her eloquent face, with an earnest expression, she gently said, 'And thus, my Florence,—was it thus you learnt Christ?' and then, before the impetuous answer burst from the lips that

quivered to utter it, she still more kindly added, ‘ Many a time have I longed to know the secret of this change ; many a time have I repelled the ungenerous calumnies of your enemies, by appealing to your disinterested character, your blameless life, and felt and told them that they gave sufficient proof of your sincerity ; but, while resolved never to intrude into what I esteemed as sacred ground, still gladly do I receive the confidence now so fully bestowed ; and, though it cannot make me love you more, dear Florence, it does surely make me know you better, than long years without it would have done.’

Florence raised her clear bright eyes to those of her friend, with a sweet confiding look, that told the grateful feelings which lay deep within her heart : but they needed no utterance ; she knew they were understood : and when, after a moment’s agitated pause, she spoke again, it was in answer to the question that had first interrupted her narration. ‘ Was it thus I learned Christ ?—ah, no, dear lady, not thus ; His are no blind votaries ; He dwells not in the things of sense ; and the feeling I then experienced was a mere sensation of the heart, not a conviction of the mind ; but, to know the love of Christ, which indeed passeth knowledge, the soul must wait upon God, and learn from His Holy Spirit’s teaching through many an hour of sweet experience, what a Comforter, what an exceeding precious Saviour is Christ the Lord.

‘ Of this I knew nothing then ; and, in silence, I received that fervent blessing ; in silence I took from his hand those precious gifts, and pressed them to my trembling lips, my throbbing heart ; it was a moment of uncontrollable emotion, and rightly interpreting my mute agitation, he sought no explanation, exacted no promise ; but, tenderly drawing my arm within his own,

led me still silently towards my horse, on which having placed me, he pointed to the declining sun, and with this intimation, that I should not tarry, he once more bade me farewell, and turned away. After proceeding a few yards, I suddenly reined up my horse, and looked back again to the spot, to the being I had left ; he was yet to be seen, standing beneath his favourite tree ; with a smile and an outstretched arm he acknowledged my parting salute, then slowly withdrew into his humble cell. Still, I gazed with that lingering look which fastens some spots of earth upon our memory ; and now, in lonely hours, in dreams, in silent musings, it often returns, and I hear its murmuring waters, its rustling leaves, and see again that venerable figure, those old ruins, that solitary island mirrored in the crystal depths of that mountain lake. Often, in the glare of day, in the crowded haunt, I close my eyes, and, for a moment, refresh my spirit with that picture : but only in imagination can it ever return, for I had looked my last upon its dear inhabitant, and before I could visit it again, he was removed to a brighter land.

‘Henceforth I was to feel myself a different being ; in that lonely island I had parted for ever with my blindness, my apathy, my despair. Oh, dear lady ! you, though brought up under such different auspices, must, even yet, know something of the enlargement, the expansion of the heart, when, for the first time, it is awakened to some unknown, glorious truth. Even in the natural world, in the paths of discovery, of science, some new light often gleams across our path, and leaves us no longer the same. But, oh ! how much more, when the light is from above, when the things that angels desire to look into, are first opened to our view ; when the heart, from the depths of its sleep and uncon-

sciousness, is suddenly aroused by a glimpse of those things, which, though "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, are yet revealed by the Spirit of God unto them that love Him."

'I can well imagine it, dear Florence,' replied the Duchess; 'I can well believe the change such disclosures must have worked in your young and enthusiastic heart; for, even as you have said, a glance into the wonders of creation awakens new faculties in the mind. I have known and conversed with that most wonderful of human beings, that Christian philosopher, Isaac Newton, and I felt that my intellect could never again relapse into its former indifference to the natural objects by which we are surrounded. Since then, I have found a voice even in inanimate nature, unremarked, unheard before; in the words of your favourite Addison, "In reason's ear they all rejoice," and proclaiming that "the hand that made them is Divine," lead us to acknowledge the great Creator in all His works, to worship Him in the temple he has himself erected. How much deeper then must be our impression, how much more fervent our glow of heart, when we are brought to sit at the feet of Jesus, and learn from His blessed teaching the wonders that He has done for the children of men.'

Florence answered this remark with a happy, loving, smile; as if her very heart was gladdened with the conviction, that her friend had felt the holy influence she described: then, in obedience to the request of the Duchess, she resumed her history, though half smiling, half blushing, at having now to speak more exclusively of herself. 'I lost no time in returning home, for day was really waning, though my mind had been too much pre-occupied and excited to have paid much attention to this circumstance; or, if external objects did attract

my notice for a moment, it was only to think the heavens looked clearer, the earth more fair than it had appeared to my drooping heart for many a day. This change seemed to belong as much to the future as to the past, to indicate approaching happiness, as well as the deep solace, from which it really sprang, and animated by my rapid ride, and by the wild grandeur of the scenery through which I was passing, my spirits rose beyond control, and gave utterance to their joy, in the forgotten accents of song, as I again caught a view of the old grey towers I had left with such different feelings a few hours before.

‘I sprang lightly from my horse, and hastened to my own apartment: you remember that turret-room with its deep bay windows, making little rooms in themselves, and their wide magnificent view, which you used never to weary with admiring: well, that had been long my own peculiar retreat, and now, anxious, uninterruptedly to gaze on my new-found treasure, to examine it more intently, to feel that it was indeed my own, with quick and eager step, I crossed the hall, and hastily began to ascend the winding stairs. Then, with that change of feeling which often accompanies some sweet certainty, which makes us hold some dear letter unopened in our hand, or pause before we spring to meet the accents of some well-beloved voice, I stopped for a moment at the first turn of the stairs; stopped to caress my bounding greyhound, to talk to my tuneful bird; then again, at another turn, I tarried in the open window to inhale the soft perfume of my flowering myrtle, that plant of my mother’s sunny land, for her dear sake always tenderly watched; but, oh! how fondly regarded now. Thus, slowly lingering beside each familiar object, as if that short absence had endeared them, and that the

slight delay was to enhance my coming pleasure, I at last reached the top of the stone staircase ; then, remembering that I had scarcely enough of daylight left to examine my precious volume, I quickly opened the door of my apartment, and entered with hasty step : but a step still more rapid advanced to meet me, and before thought could form one wild guess, before my heart could give one bound, I was folded in my father's arms.

‘ I will not, cannot, dwell upon this meeting, upon all that followed it ; even in thought its memory often overpowers me now ; oh ! what a return for him who once held that country in his hand—in silence and concealment he came, he remained—yet, even that retirement was invaded by traitorous spies ; information was given ; sordid hearts took advantage of it, our home was beset ; and, after a few short months of fleeting and precarious happiness in his society, months of sad enjoyment, I bade my last farewell to that parent, who had ever been earth's proudest, dearest object to me.’

Here Florence's recollections completely overpowered her, and it was some minutes before she could continue ; when she did, it was to revert to her father's arrival, and slightly to explain the motives which had induced him to venture back to a country where nothing but danger awaited him. A yearning to see her once more, anxiety to make arrangements for her future welfare, a hope that when he must part from her again, he should have the consolation of leaving her in the home of the husband she loved ; all those reasons had united to entice him home, all to end in disappointment at last. He had never met Glenleary, had not even heard of his undertaking, had not dreamt of its necessity, or been aware that his late letters had miscarried ; but he com-

forted Florence with the assurance, that no danger could possibly assail her lover, that her father's name would be his safeguard, wherever he inquired for him, that in ignorance how to proceed he must merely have missed him in some part of his foreign route, but that he must eventually receive certain information, and even should his return be delayed, much as she might regret it on her own account, it need cause no apprehension for him.

‘ And I was satisfied,’ continued Florence, ‘ strange to say,—yet was it strange that my heart should have been so filled with the one sentiment of filial love, that there seemed room for no thought, no anxiety, unconnected with him, while even he remained. Alas ! I was the miser hoarding every fragment of the treasure that was about to be wrested for ever from his sight. But I had not forgotten my precious legacy ; oh, no ! with redoubled interest I studied it now, longing for the time when I could feel myself equal to mention it to my beloved father, and make him a partaker in my comfort, in my joy. I have said, that I was naturally very courageous, but I believe deep affection often makes us timid ; and, in watching an opportunity to introduce this subject to him I loved, I could realize the feeling Father Eustace had attributed to my sweet mother, and seemed to live over all her hesitations, her anxieties again. I felt them all, but I felt also, that the duty was imperative ; that I could not let him leave me without telling all that was in my heart, without seeking to make an impression on his own. But, oh ! what a difficult task ; was I to seem as if I found out imperfection in him, who had been, all through my life, almost as much the object of my reverence as of my love ; to constitute myself an expounder of those deep

mysteries which he had been ever accustomed to consider beyond the interpretation of the laity, much more of an inexperienced girl ; to tell him he had been always in a wrong path, and to seek to lead him in a new one, in the decline of his fortune, of his life. No wonder if I shrank from the effort : yet even this was not all,—I might have sorrowed in causing him anger ; I might have grieved in inflicting pain, but I dreaded more than either, his smiling indifference, his apathy towards a subject which I now felt to be the most solemn, the most important of all. And yet I knew, even while I shuddered at the thought of any one living without God in the world, I knew too well how little of personal religion dwelt in the hearts of those who intrusted spiritual matters entirely to their priests. To serve their God by deputy, and to feel no farther anxiety ; when the dole was paid, the formal ceremony ended, to fancy all secure, such I knew to be the state of many an honoured and esteemed one, and I could not hope that it was otherwise even with him I loved best.

‘ I pondered over this difficulty ; pondered and prayed—he that might have assisted me by his advice, or relieved me from the responsibility, was now no more ; as if his mission had been accomplished when his promise was fulfilled, a few short weeks brought me the sad tidings of Father Eustace’s death, and it was at last, in accounting for the abiding sorrow this intelligence caused, that I was enabled to introduce the subject that had lain so long on my heart.

‘ But with all my anticipations, I had not rightly contemplated the result ; with mingled astonishment and interest, my father listened, while I explained who Father Eustace really was ; and he mourned with me at his having departed from earth, so near, and yet so

removed from those who knew and loved him ; but I exclaimed, " Oh, my father ! I can believe that angels were ministering unto him ; " and then I proceeded to relate the history of my pilgrimage and interview with that venerable man, on the day of his own return home.

' With softened and mournful feeling he heard me at first, and sighed at the description of my desolation, my loneliness ; but when I proceeded to detail my conversation with Father Eustace, when I drew the long-concealed pearls, with my dear mother's Bible, from the resting-place I had assigned them, the grave sadness of his brow suddenly deepened into gloom, and, with an impetuous gesture, he directed me to remove them from his sight, to speak to him on that subject no more. All my long-practised composure forsook me at the sight of his agony ; I would have thrown myself at his feet, I would have implored his forgiveness ; and still, I would have entreated him to hear me, to let me explain the whole ; but he tore himself away with a determination that could not be resisted, and avoided my society for the remainder of the day.

' Grieving at such a consequence, and despairing of ever gaining his attention again, I spent the subsequent hours, even long through the night, in transcribing a faithful relation of all that Father Eustace had told me, preserving his sentiments and expressions as closely as memory would permit ; you have seen in what I have told you, how deeply it was impressed : not a look, or a tone, seems to have faded from that hour until now, and I know that page, so often blotted with my tears, must yet have conveyed a vivid representation of the whole : then I concluded it all with an avowal of my altered faith, and of my resolution to separate from the church of Rome. With a bleeding heart I penned those

lines, thinking of the wounds they would re-open, the wounds they would inflict ; but I could not live as a hypocrite, I could not forego the chance of awakening my dear father's mind. I appealed to his judgment, to his affection, and then I resolved to cast my bread upon the waters, trusting that I might find it yet, even after many days.

‘ How soon and how literally I was to be called to adopt this resolution, I little imagined at that hour ; but another day had barely closed, when I hung upon his neck, vainly attempting to speak my last farewell. He departed—in darkness, in disguise—enemies without, false friends within : but he eluded all ; and, from my lonely tower, I behold his parting signal, the rocket thrown into air, when his little boat touched the vessel that was to convey him to France.

‘ I had entreated eagerly, wildly to accompany him ; and, nothing but the dread of compromising his safety, made me abandon the request. He told me the vessel was unsafe, the crew uncivilized ; but such reasons weighed as dust in the balance, until he said, “ Florence, you must cover my retreat ; I can trust none else : ” and then, silently, I submitted ; but my heart told me it was the silence of despair. In that hurried departure, few words could be spoken ; but I took, what may be called, my “ confession of faith,” and, placing it within the leaves of that loved Bible, I summoned courage to call his attention to it once more. I saw it wrung his heart, but still I persevered ; and, asking him to receive it as a parting gift from his child, I told him I had nothing on earth so precious, and that he must keep and use it for my sake. I dared not join a dearer name in my request ; but, I think, he fully read my heart, for he pressed me closely to his own, and, yielding to my

entreaty, promised, in a voice full of agitation, never to part with it while he had life. Then, pressing the secret spring, with which he was evidently familiar, he half started, as the glittering pearls met his view ; with some lingering of the heart's superstition, I had felt reluctant to remove them, but his look of surprise plainly showed, that this had not been their usual resting-place, and he then explained, that it had once contained the portrait of the princess, whose original gift it was—the excellent Renata. Sadly smiling, he then drew those jewels from their crimson bed, and gazed at them earnestly and long. “Can it indeed be so,” he murmured ; “that you are mysteriously linked with the welfare of our house : has its glory departed while you were hidden from our view ; if so, shed your radiance for the future on my child, and let some brightness from the past, still linger on her brow.”

‘So saying, he clasped the pearls round my head, and regarding me with a look such as a father only can give, added tenderly, “And you too, my Florence, can give a promise to me ; gratify me in this, even as I have gratified you : preserve this chaplet for my sake ; wear it on the day when you are united to Glenleary, and may the fortunate influence once attributed to it, shine upon you both, and now and for ever attend your future lot.”

‘I could not bear to look incredulous ; the promise was given, and faithfully fulfilled, when the time arrived. Dearest lady, need I dwell upon the rest—you know too well how strangers took possession of my childhood's home, levelled its defences, and felled its ancient oaks ; while you opened your heart and your home to the bereaved one, and never allowed her to feel a want that affection could supply during the long

dreary months that preceded Glenleary's return. At last he came, and then my heart revived, and I truly felt that while he lived and loved me, there was happiness still on earth.

' We were standing together on the proud battlements of your castle in Kilkenny ; it was the evening of his arrival, and the first moment we could seize to converse undisturbed ; and yet we were silent : I gazed downwards on that beauteous landscape, as it glowed beneath the setting sun, and my thoughts wandered away even then to a wilder, yet scarcely a less lovely scene ; while the waving corn fields became a sun-lit ocean, and the gorgeous clouds imaged forth the fantastic outline of my own romantic hills. I turned smilingly to impart this fanciful picture to my companion : he was gazing on myself with an expression of deep affection, but it was mingled with such a look of sad compassion too, that, in a moment, I felt as if a hand of ice were laid upon my heart.

' On his arrival, he had at once given us a slight sketch of his wanderings ; how he had been detained on suspicion, imprisoned and perhaps forgotten, until the inquiries made by my father after his return to France, had procured his release. Half the kingdom lay between them, but he had heard from him directly, relating his visit to Ireland, his enforced departure, describing my anxiety, and entreating him to return home, at the same time furnishing him with credentials and every means of facilitating his journey. Here Glenleary had paused, and, unwilling to venture a question that might have seemed like a reproach, I tried to content myself with imagining that, having once ascertained my father's safety, he had followed his directions, and returned without seeking an interview, which probably could not have been obtained without much danger and delay.

‘ But I wronged the affection he bore him ; I wronged the warm heart of my betrothed ; and now, as I turned and met that pitying look, I felt that indeed he had not told me all ; before I could speak, before I could utter one inquiry, he placed a parcel in my hand, and, hastily opening it, I recognized with a cry, that precious Bible, which my father had so solemnly promised to retain while he lived. What more can I say—he was gone—and, in the sudden darkness that seemed to overspread my life, my world, I felt how bright had been the hope I had unconsciously cherished of being gladdened by his return again.

‘ It was long before I learned the whole ; Glenleary had sought him out : he would not return to me without making an effort to see him again ; but the brigade, to which his regiment belonged, had been ordered to Catalonia, and, in the memorable siege of Barcelona, which terminated the war, my gallant father had fallen just a week before his arrival. On the morning of the engagement, he had entrusted this parcel to his general, the illustrious Lord Clancarty, to be conveyed to his child, in case he returned no more ; and Glenleary had received from that nobleman’s hands the mournful deposit, all that now remained of that beloved friend, for whose sake he had ventured so far.

‘ Long days passed on : much and earnestly we both debated ; but, at last, the words of truth were blessed, as well to him as to me, and called in one hope of our calling, with one Lord, one faith, one baptism, we publicly professed the Protestant faith, and were shortly afterwards united by Protestant rites in your own fair church, as you, dear lady, must remember well. There you acted a mother’s part ; it was this dear hand clasped those pearls round my bridal veil ; and, though you

knew not then the sacred value attached to that ornament, can you wonder now, that it has superseded every other, that it is to me the dearest *thing* on earth. Oh! then, ask me not to part with it, to secure the favour of any potentate; but rather, let me feel the long unwearied patience with which you have listened to my story, is a proof that your feelings went along with it, and that you will no longer blame me, even though I refuse the request you so warmly urged.'

The Duchess was silent for many thoughtful moments; then, smiling through the tears which had started, she replied, 'Those eloquent eyes of yours, Florence, make your arguments irresistible, and still you have not convinced my reason after all:—should not we remember, dearest child, that sentiment is not principle; and, while nothing should tempt us to deviate from the one, there are important occasions, when the sacrifice of mere feeling, be it ever so powerful or even laudable, becomes an imperative duty. Will you entrust this treasure to my keeping, Florence; will you give me this fresh proof of confidence, and, in doing so, will you also believe that no light motive, no mere question of expediency, shall induce me to peril an inheritance so singularly and deservedly dear.'

These words were accompanied with such an imploring look, such a tone of gentle entreaty, that poor Florence could no longer resist; sadly sighing, she yielded up her treasure at last, and the bright gleam of satisfaction that immediately shone in the eyes of her friend, though repressed almost as quickly in compassion to Florence's tears, struck home to her heart with a sorrowful conviction that she was parting with this priceless jewel, never to behold it again.

THE PSALMIST'S REVELATION OF THE TIMES OF RESTITUTION,

WITH

PARALLEL PREDICTIONS OF THE SPIRIT.

PSALM XXII.

FROM 1—23, relates to our Lord's humiliation and sufferings. From verse 23 to the end, to His kingdom and glory.

THE PSALMIST'S REVELATION.

23. Ye that fear the Lord, praise him; all ye the seed of Jacob, glorify him; and fear him, all ye the seed of Israel.

26. The meek shall eat and be satisfied: they shall praise the Lord that seek him: your heart shall live for ever.

27. All the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto the Lord:

And all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before thee.

PARALLEL PREDICTIONS.

This people have I formed for myself; they shall shew forth my praise. Isa. xliii. 21. In the Lord shall all the seed of Israel be justified, and shall glory. Isa. xlv. 25.

They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house; and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures. Psalm xxxvi. 8.

And he said, It is a light thing that thou shouldest be my servant to raise up the tribes of Jacob, and to restore the preserved of Israel: I will also give thee for a light to the Gentiles, that thou mayest be my salvation unto the ends of the earth. Isa. xlix. 6.

And it shall come to pass, that from one new moon to another, and from one sabbath to another, shall all flesh come to worship before me, saith the Lord. Isaiah lxvi. 23.

THE PSALMIST'S
REVELATION.

28. For the kingdom
is the Lord's:

And he is the governor
among the nations.

29. All they that be
fat* upon earth shall
eat and worship:

All they that go down
to the dust shall bow
before him.

30. A seed shall serve
him; it shall be ac-
counted to the Lord for
a generation.

31. They shall come,
and shall declare his
righteousness unto a
people that shall be
born, that he hath done
this.

PARALLEL PREDICTIONS.

And saviours shall come up on mount
Zion to judge the mount of Esau; and
the kingdom shall be the Lord's. Obad.
21. He shall have dominion also from
sea to sea, and from the river unto the
ends of the earth. Psalm lxxii. 8.

And he shall judge among the na-
tions, and shall rebuke many people.
Isaiah ii. 4.

The kings of Tarshish and of the
isles shall bring presents: the kings of
Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts. Yea,
all kings shall fall down before him:
all nations shall serve him. Psalm
lxxii. 10, 11.

I have sworn by myself, the word is
gone out of my mouth in righteousness,
and shall not return, That unto me
every knee shall bow, every tongue
shall swear. Isaiah xlv. 23.

He shall see his seed. He shall see
of the travail of his soul, and shall be
satisfied. Isaiah liii. 10, 11. Behold
I and the children which God hath
given me. Heb. ii. 13. And their
seed shall be known among the Gen-
tiles, and their offspring among the
people: all that see them shall ac-
knowledge them, that they are the seed
which the Lord hath blessed. Isaiah
lxi. 9.

Behold, thou shalt call a nation that
thou knowest not, and nations that
know not thee shall run unto thee, be-
cause of the Lord thy God, and for the
Holy One of Israel, for he hath glori-
fied thee. Isaiah lv. 5.

And I will set a sign among them,
and I will send those that escape of
them unto the nations, to Tarshish,
Pul, and Lud, that draw the bow, to
Tubal, and Javan, to the isles afar off,
that have not heard my fame, neither
have seen my glory; and they shall
declare my glory among the Gentiles.
Isaiah lxvi. 19.

A. A.

* The term in the original denotes "the great and mighty of the world." See the Rev. John Stevenson's Exposition of the 22nd Psalm.

QUESTIONS ON THE COLLECTS.

9TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

1. What specimens of the fruits of Faith are furnished in the Service for this day ?
2. What examples of the workings of unbelief, as opposed to the fruits of faith, are to be found ?
3. What effect should be produced upon the mind by such examples ?

10TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Fruit of Faith in the Trinity is a disposition to seek things pleasing to God.

1. How is 'a disposition to seek things pleasing to God' manifested by our Church in the Service for this day ?
2. What examples of a contrary disposition are to be found ?
3. What are those things which God takes pleasure in bestowing upon the sons of men ?

11TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Fruit of Faith in the Trinity is an acquaintance with the Attributes of God.

1. What Attributes of God are displayed in the Service for this day ?

2. Where is an acquaintance with these Attributes manifested ?

3. What are the effects upon the Christian, of an acquaintance with these Attributes ?

12TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

1. What specimens of the fruits of Faith are to be found in the Service for this day ?

2. What exhortations or encouragements to fruitfulness are to be found ?

3. What state of mind and what petitions are desirable for the advancement of fruitfulness in the believer ?

13TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Fruit of Faith in the Trinity is a disposition faithfully to serve God.

1. In what portions of the Service for this day is the believer represented as the servant of God ?

2. Show from the same service that a disposition faithfully to serve God, is the fruit of faith ?

3. What are the consequences of faithfully serving God in this Life ?

Literary Notices.

HOME INFLUENCE. BY GRACE AGUILAR. 2 vols. This is a clever and interesting tale, written with considerable dramatic power. Several of the characters have the individuality and truthfulness, which bring them before the mind as real persons, rather than as the mere puppets of a tale, though that of Ellen struck us as overdrawn, and, therefore, diminishing the illusion of reality. It corresponds well to its name, illustrating the silent, constant influence of a wise and affectionate parent, over characters the most diverse. In this view, it is an interesting volume for Mothers. The Authoress is a Jewess ; but she has wished to lay aside all religious prejudice, and write a moral work applicable to those of every creed. We must say, she has manifested the greatest candour and liberality in the execution of her task : we hail this softening of Jewish prejudice in conjunction with an awakening of the Gentile to a right feeling towards God's ancient people, as the feeble dawn of that blessed day, when Jew and Gentile shall both be one : but we will not suppress the Scripture word, both one in Christ Jesus. The more talent and candour and liberality we find evinced by our Jewish brethren and sisters, the more earnestly would we press on them

the invitation, "Come with us, and we will do thee good."

The task Miss Aguilar imposed on herself was one impossible to be fulfilled. She has presented us with a ripe cluster of grapes, but she has hidden from us Christ the true Vine, by whose sap they are nourished. We trace the stream with pleasure, but we want to see the fountain from whence it flows. May He, who has bestowed such natural gifts on this daughter of Israel, make her a branch of the True Vine, that the fruit which she bears may be to everlasting life.

Two books are on our list for this month, whose honoured authors have lately entered into their rest. **THE RETROSPECT**, BY A MINISTER IN THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH, FORMERLY A LIEUTENANT IN THE NAVY (*Nisbet*), and **DERRY**, by our beloved friend, **CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH** (*Nisbet*). The first of these works has reached a twenty-first edition, the second a tenth edition. They need, therefore, no recommendation to public favour. Those of our readers who have not seen 'The Retrospect,' have still before them the pleasure of many a stirring tale of sea life, many a recital of God's wonder-working providence. The picture of the state of the British navy, during the late war, is most affecting; and may, indeed, call forth our liveliest gratitude to Him, who dealt not with our nation according to its sins, nor rewarded it according to its iniquities, but in wonderful forbearance led on to victory, even those who were blaspheming his holy name. The work is a loud plea for such societies as the Naval and Military Bible Society.

The re-publication of **DERRY** at the present time is very seasonable. We could have longed, at this hour, for some of Charlotte Elizabeth's earnest appeals to the.

Protestant feelings of the electors of England ; but, if the principles which she has embodied in this interesting tale spread widely amongst us, they will guide us aright in every crisis. The walls of Derry will warn us against the fatal delusion, that Popery will prove henceforth a harmless guest ; the zeal of Derry's apprentice-defenders will shame our lukewarmness, who, at so much less sacrifice, are called to contend in the same sacred cause. We would recommend both these books, as likely to prove valuable in lending libraries.

ANECDOTES OF THE CHURCH OF ROME IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. (*Baynes.*) We commend this little book to the thoughtful perusal of those, on whom popery, as represented in England, represented, alas ! even in the works of members of our own church, has begun to exercise a fascinating influence. We ask them, if it be not fair to study every man's character 'at home ?' and then, we beg them to judge how far 'Popery at home' is a system to which they are willing to bow their reason. We believe some of our readers are almost nauseated with books, tracts, and speeches against Popery, but we assure them, there is a cause for the most strenuous efforts Protestants can now use for the diffusion of information on this subject. Our adversaries are awake ; their press teems with publications against us : the Propaganda does not stint the means for their diffusion, and they are already beginning to tell on the lower and ignorant classes of our population, as the more refined system of Tractarianism does on the educated class. It has been calculated that, if conversions to Rome continue at their present rate, in forty years two-fifths of the population of England will have joined the apostate church.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THE REV. DR. CHALMERS; BY THE REV. H. DAVIS. (*Gilberts.*) A fuller memoir of this distinguished man will doubtless before long be given to the Church; meanwhile, the present sketch presents an interesting view of his character and labors. We extract the description of Dr. Chalmers as a parish minister. "In his own densely crowded parish, he gathered round him a body of elders and deacons, inspired with full confidence in his character, and with an enthusiasm as generous and expansive as his own. Every house, every lodgment, however humble, was regularly visited throughout the district, and the collections at the Church-doors were of themselves found adequate to relieve the parish poor, without any stint of benevolence. In fact, his labours, and the labours of his staff in the lanes and alleys of Glasgow, undeterred by vice and squalid misery in every shape, were worthy of the apostolic age:—and the curious strangers, who thronged to his Church and hung upon his eloquence, little thought, perhaps, that the greatest and most sublime of his pulpit productions, whether preached or issued from the press, were but the recreations and leisure occupations, as it were, of a good man spending the sweat and toil of his life in keeping alive the activity of his coadjutors, and in ministering visitations among the poor and the vicious, whom he incessantly strove to rescue both from misery and crime. His heart indeed was with the poor of his people; and his gigantic powers were devoted to their enfranchisement from sin and its sufferings. Sometimes he mingled among the circles of the great, but his thoughts ever reverted with a steady aim to the cottage homes of Scotland, and the artisan's two or three small rooms in the flats of our towns. He was eminently a

home missionary : and this was his great characteristic. His attainments, his science, his genius, his life, seemed devoted to that one end—to raise his country by the lever of religion—to be himself pre-eminently a Christian patriot.

MEMOIR OF LADY RACHEL RUSSEL. (*Tract Society.*) This touching memoir is most skilfully drawn up ; we can liken it to nothing but a series of beautifully finished pictures. In one chapter, we have Lady Russel in all the careless freedom of happy domestic life.—In another the scene changes, she appears as the Christian heroine, stands beside her husband in his public trial, and supports and comforts him to the last, with a strength that could only have been derived from above. But when the immediate demand for fortitude was over, the heart of the bereaved widow is opened to us, and we can only bless God that a fountain of consolation was opened, deep enough to assuage even sorrows like hers. Lastly we see her, through a long and honored life, sustaining the difficult position of a Christian lady of high rank, desiring to train her children for God, and honouring religion by the wisdom and consistency of her walk. It is one of the cheap Monthly Publications of the society.

THE EARLY DAYS OF FAITH AND LOVE, BY M. A. S. BARBER (*Nisbet*), is a valuable practical work for young Christians ; setting before them both the greatness of their privileges, and the important duties of their high calling. The following striking extract is from the chapter ‘On the Assurance of Salvation :’ “If a child were being carried out of a burning building by a strong man, would he not have confidence in that arm of strength, which rescued him ? Would he catch at the smoking beams and falling timbers, as he

passed for protection ? Joseph wept when his brethren doubted his full forgiveness of them (Gen. i. 17), and behold, a greater than Joseph is here ! ”

We would strongly recommend as a school book, and also for the use of biblical students no longer in the school room, M'LEOD'S GEOGRAPHY OF PALESTINE. (*Longman.*) It is no dry list of names, but gives a very full description of that land, which should be familiar and dear to us all. The author has had experience in the art of teaching, being head master of the Model School, Chelsea.

THE CHRISTIAN'S PART IN THE APPROACHING GENERAL ELECTION, (*Houlston.*) which is an appeal to all Christians to make the approaching a subject of special prayer, is printed as a sheet tract on thin paper, and may be procured for circulation at the price of three shillings per hundred. It may thus be circulated largely by post.

THE PROTESTANT.

“THAT our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth ; that our daughters may be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace. That our garner may be full, affording all manner of store : that our sheep may bring forth thousands and ten thousands in our streets : that our oxen may be strong to labour : that there be no breaking in, nor going out : that there be no complaining in our streets. Happy is that people that is in such a case : yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord.” Ps. cxliv. 12—14. “They shall sit *every man* under his vine and under his fig-tree ; and none shall make them afraid : for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.” Mic. iv. 4. “And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls, playing in the streets thereof.” Zech. viii. 5. Here is the beautiful picture of national prosperity, set before us in Scripture ; how far does it correspond with the state of the land, whose glory we have so often vaunted ? She has been called great, because she has been the land of heroes, and can exult in the names of Wellington and Nelson. Others name her great, as the native land of such men as Newton, Herschell, and Faraday. Others again boast of her manufactures, spread through the remotest lands, and proudly call her the workshop of the world. But all this, much as it is, is not enough for a nation’s prosperity, even on the low ground of temporal well-being. Again and again the question recurs, is she a land of

happiness? where are the happy men? Then we discover such appalling masses of misery and woe, reckless despair, and ever-growing crime, that the heart sickens. Complaining is heard in almost all our streets; our houseless outcasts, far from sitting beneath their own vine and fig tree, know nothing of the humblest joys of home, and live in constant fear, on the borders of utter destitution. The merry voice of childhood's play is silenced by incessant toil, or rendered fearfully discordant by the oaths and curses, the neglected little ones mingle with it. It is a gloomy picture, yet one thing is hopeful; our eyes are, at last, open to see it, and the discovery of an evil is the first step towards its removal. It was a striking sign of the times, when the Hanover Square rooms, the resort of luxury, were filled from end to end with a wealthy audience, listening with deep interest to the measures adopted to reclaim those ragged children, whom officious footmen may often have pushed out of their path, whose very touch seemed pollution. It was cheering to hear Lord Ashley, the children's friend, say, that C. R. U., Chairman of the Ragged-School Union, would be more valuable in his eyes than the M.P., which once denoted, and we hope will soon again denote him, a member of the British Parliament. Why did he speak thus? why is he not ashamed to stand forth as the patron of the lowest, and personally to search the deep dens of misery? Because he is a true statesman, and knows that the welfare of his country depends, first of all, on the happiness and virtue of its people; that no class, however despised, can be suffered to live on in misery and sin, without, as a plague-spot, spreading infection all around.

Our intention this month is, to bring specially before our readers, those ragged schools, of which so much is

now spoken. They were set on foot, like many other noble works, by a few humble individuals, who, in the course of their duties as District Visitors, &c., had been moved to pity by the utterly-neglected state of the untaught children, who met them on every side. They resolved to endeavour to assemble them for instruction on Sunday evening. The task was no light one, discipline was out of the question ; the first attempt at it would have driven away all their scholars ; cleanliness could not be insisted on, and rags were, in the beginning, the badge of their schools. These teachers, however, filled with the love of Christ, patiently bore with all the perversity of their wild scholars, who sometimes even endangered their lives ; and, by degrees, they established over them such an ascendancy, that peace and order now prevail in most of the schools, the children learn with pleasure, and have, in many instances, purchased cheap bibles for themselves. At present, there are forty-four schools in all, in connection with the Ragged School Union, with an average attendance of 4776 children, and 450 teachers. Sixteen are open daily, morning and afternoon, and have a paid teacher to conduct them : thirty-one are open three to five evenings in a week, to give some instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic, with a paid teacher to superintend, and occasionally voluntary teachers to assist ; while about thirty-three are open only on the Sabbath, under voluntary teachers. As some of these different schools are held in the same building, the society counts them only as forty-four.

If you inquire what success these schools have had, the St. Giles's school alone can exhibit a noble trophy ; sixty-two children, who have been rescued from the streets, have obtained places, and have, in no one in-

stance, been complained of by their masters. But we have another anecdote to tell, which may well forbid us to despair of these children of misery. Prizes were to be given in one school ; and, on account of the extreme poverty of the children, fifteen pairs of boots had been considered to be the most suitable prizes. Lord Ashley was invited to preside ; before giving the prizes, the schoolmaster came forward, and said, he thought it right to inform his Lordship, that, though the prizes would all be bestowed on deserving boys, they would not be given to the most deserving, because these, though in great need themselves, were not in so much need as some of their companions ; and, therefore, they had come forward in a body, and prayed that the boots might be given to their more distressed companions. When we think by whom this sacrifice was made, we feel how much self-denial it implied, and are almost astonished to find such choice fruits of righteousness, growing on such a soil.

The Ragged School Union have lately founded an establishment on another principle at Westminster. It is a day-school, where the boys are taught some trade. This is the kind of school which they are most desirous to establish, as it offers the best hope of reclaiming the outcasts ; but then, to do this, they must be supplied with much larger funds, for, at these schools, the children *must* be fed. They have no parents to feed them ; or, if they have, they are unable to do it. From infancy, they have been turned out to supply themselves by begging and stealing ; they must eat and drink still, books will not satisfy their hunger ; there is, therefore, no way of keeping them at school, except by supplying them with food. Some of the anecdotes given to prove this in Mr. Guthrie's pamphlet on Ragged Schools, are very touching :—

‘We got hold on one of these boys. Poor fellow ! it is a bitter day ; he has neither shoes nor stockings ; his naked feet are red, swollen, cracked, ulcerated with the cold ; a thin, thread-worn jacket, with its gaping rents, is all that protects his breast ; beneath his shaggy bush of hair, he shows a face, sharp with want, yet sharp also with intelligence beyond his years. That poor little fellow has learned already to be self-supporting. He has studied the arts : he is a master of imposture, lying, begging, stealing ; and small blame to him, but much to those who have neglected him, he had otherwise pined and perished. So soon as you have satisfied him you are not connected with the police, you ask him, “Where is your father ?” Now, hear his story—and there are hundreds could tell a similar tale. “Where is your father ? He is dead, Sir.—Where is your mother ? Dead, too—Where do you stay ? Sister and I, and my little brother, live with Granny.—What is she ? She is a widow woman.—What does she do ? Sells sticks, Sir.—And can she keep you all ? No.—Then how do you live ? Go about and get bits of meat, sell matches, and sometimes get a trifle from the carriers for running an errand.—Do you go to school ? No ; never was at school : attended sometimes a Sabbath-school, but have not been there for a long time.—Do you go to Church ? Never was in a church.—Do you know who made you ? Yes ; God made me.—Do you say your prayers ? Yes ; mother taught me a prayer before she died, and I say it to Granny, afore I lie down.—Have you a bed ? Some straw, Sir.”

‘Strolling one day with a friend among the romantic scenery of the Crags and green valleys round Arthur’s Seat, we came at last to St. Anthony’s well, and sat down on the great black stone, to have a talk with the

ragged boys that were pursuing their vocation there. Their *tinnies* were ready with a draught of the clear cold water, in hopes of a half-penny. Encouraged by the success of Sheriff Watson, who had the honor to lead this enterprise, the idea of a destitute school was then floating in my brain, and so with reference to the scheme, and by way of experiment, I said ; ‘ would you go to school, if besides your learning, you were to get breakfast, dinner, and supper there ? ’ It would have done any man’s heart good to have seen the flash of joy, that broke from the eyes of one of the boys,—the flush of pleasure on his cheek—as hearing of three sure meals a day, he leaped to his feet, and exclaimed, ‘ Aye will I, sir, and bring the haill land too ; ’ and then, as if afraid I might withdraw what seemed to him so large and magnificent an offer, he again exclaimed, ‘ I’ll come but for my dinner, sir.’ One more anecdote we must quote, to prove how little use it is to offer instruction to the starving. ‘ It was in the depth of a hard winter day, when, visiting in the Cowgate, I entered a room, where, save a broken table, there was naught of furniture, to my recollection, but a crazy bedstead, on which, beneath a thin ragged coverlet, lay a very old gray headed woman. I began to speak to her about her soul, as to one near eternity : on which, raising herself up, and stretching out her bare withered arm, she cried most piteously, ‘ I am cauld and hungry.’ ‘ My poor old friend,’ I said, ‘ we will do what we can to relieve these wants ; but let me in kindness remind you, that there is something worse than either cold or hunger.’ ‘ Aye but, sir,’ was the reply : ‘ if ye were as cauld and as hungry as I am, ye could think o’naething else.’ She read me a lesson that day, which I have never forgotten, and which, as the earnest advocate of these

poor forlorn children, I ask a humane and Christian public to apply to their case. The public may plant schools, thick as trees of the forest ; but be assured, unless, besides being trees of knowledge—to borrow a figure from the Isles of the Pacific, they are also *bread fruit trees*,—few of these children will seek their shadow, far less sit under it with great delight.’

Mr. Guthrie earnestly presses the plan of each benevolent person selecting one child, the expenses of whose education, he should pay, the child being taught to know and love its benefactor. By means of this plan, he says, ‘ the person by whose kindness the child is placed and paid for at school—who comes there occasionally to watch the progress of a plant, which he had found flung out on the highway, to be trodden under foot, but which he has transplanted into this nursery of good,—becomes an object of kindly regard to the child : the boy fears his displeasure, and aims at his approbation ; kindness softens his heart ; his love and gratitude are kindled ; and so we call in the most effectual allies in our efforts to save him from ruin. In this way, moreover, the child has secured a patron and protector—one to take him by the hand, when the term of school is closed, and to stand by him in the battle of life. Selecting a boy, in whom we have learned to take a kindly interest, we will feel it to be our business, to guide him through our counsel and influence into some way of well-doing. We will be led to charge ourselves with his welfare. He will not have to complain, “ no man careth for my soul.”

To give our friends some idea of the probable expense of thus rescuing a child from ruin, we will add that at a school of industry founded on this plan at Aberdeen, the average cost for each child was £6 per annum ; and

the average produce of their work, £1 : 10s ; reducing the expense to £4 : 10s. If this expense seem formidable, let us remember that the class we are referring to, forms the nursery whence our prisons and hulks are most abundantly supplied, and let us with Mr. Guthrie contrast the cost of educating, with that of transporting them. The cost for conviction and transportation is £100 a head ; suppose then that the sixty-two boys rescued from destruction by the St. Giles' school, had continued like so many of their companions to be nursed in crime, until sentenced by the law to be transported, the cost to the country would have been more than the Ragged School Union has expended in all its schools for seven years. Besides, these children are now living on public charity, at least on public property, for begging and stealing are their chief livelihood. All we ask for them is, that the bread they eat, instead of being as it is now, the price of their soul's salvation, should be bestowed by the hand of Christian love, and made the means of drawing them to that good Shepherd, who has said, "Feed my lambs."*

* We know that objections have lately been raised against the plan of maintaining the children, from a quarter that may justly claim attention; but we trust they will not prevail to stay the course of Christian benevolence. If this were some public measure by which the state should adopt and train all children cast off by their parents, it might be a serious question how far it would tend to weaken parental responsibility, but it is not so. The funds at command are not likely to be at all commensurate with the mass of real helpless misery. The ragged schools must still in great measure be evening schools, presenting no inducements but a gratuitous education to allure the attendance of the pupils. The industrial schools where they are to be maintained, are not open to any child who may choose to seek admission, but a strict investigation is carried on, to prove if they are really objects of charity. The system of individual patronage recommended by Mr. Guthrie, would render this watchfulness more easy. Doubtless charity will in some cases be abused, and we are feeling our way in new and most difficult paths, where we may at times have to retrace our steps, but we must not on this account be discouraged, a blessing has attended the earlier and feebler efforts of the

If any class in society may be expected to take an interest in this benevolent project, it is Christian Ladies. The love of children is a natural instinct in a woman's heart. Think, Christian mothers, with what indignation you would dismiss from your happy nurseries, a servant who used an oath in the presence of your little ones, and then listen for a moment, to the awful sounds proceeding from the dismal alleys where these children now receive their only education. Recall the anxiety of your mind, when first you have found your child guilty of an untruth, how you told it of that burning lake, prepared for whosoever loveth and maketh a lie, how you durst not remit the threatened punishment, whatever it cost you to inflict it, lest your child should lose the loveliest grace of childhood, an open truthful

Ragged School Union, and a blessing will attend its farther efforts. It is encouraging to see that this work has already attracted the attention of our neighbours in France. In 'le Sémur,' June 23, a full account is given of the rise of the Ragged Schools. After describing the difficulties to be overcome, it continues thus, 'Here are certainly great obstacles, and many even pious persons full of devotedness, would have been repulsed. But the English have one precious quality, constancy in the accomplishment of what is just and useful. This is what enables that people to succeed better, much better than we do, in enterprises of colonization. Thence also it proceeds, that when they have a good idea, they go forward with a resolute heart and a firm foot, stumbling sometimes, striking against rocks, falling into the ditch, but nevertheless pursuing their course, and always approaching nearer the end. In France, ridicule might have killed the Ragged Schools before they were opened, or hands would have hung down as soon as the work began. In England, they have bravely passed through difficulties, and already obtained excellent results.'

In answer then to the objection, that temporal advantages for ragged children, will induce some parents who now maintain their offspring, to turn them out to rove with the motley horde, we say, that at present, the number who can receive these advantages is so small as to permit of the strictest investigation. It will be time enough to consider it a danger, should it ever be so extended as to prove such. Should Christian benevolence indeed so abound as to render the adoption of these orphans of society universal, it will prove itself vigorous enough to contend with the difficulties attendant on its work.

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spirit. Now enter one of these wretched cellars ; the little one is receiving his morning lesson, he is yet too young to invent his own lie ; his mother has prepared it for him, he is to whine it through the streets all day, and then perhaps at night, he too will be punished, because he has not lied with as much success as that mother expected. Will you not stretch out a hand to rescue one such victim ? We know that in some instances, our magazine is privileged to find a place on the tables of the wealthy and the noble : we entreat them to consider Mr. Guthrie's plan, and adopt some young client, who may by God's blessing be a source of eternal rejoicing to them. Some who are not wealthy enough for a luxury of charity like this, may do something to aid the funds of the Ragged School Union. Let us remember that noble minded woman, who has lately gone to her rest, Sarah Martin of Yarmouth. She had no money at command, no time hardly, but what was engrossed with daily toil,—no station to give her influence, she was but a dress maker,—no special call to the task she undertook, she had no connection with Yarmouth jail, save that she passed it each morning in going to her work,—but God stirred up her spirit within her, He opened to her the doors of that wretched abode, brought all its wild inmates under her gentle influence, and gave her the joy of restoring to society many an outcast, who had otherwise been hopelessly lost. Let us ask ourselves, dear readers, whether if Sarah Martin had two talents, we have not five. What might we have accomplished, if we had traded as she did with them !

THE
CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

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THE TREASURES OF WISDOM.

No. XII.

THE geography of our planet, the distribution of land and sea, of mountains and rivers, of continents and islands, would alone furnish a wide and inexhaustible field of reflection to a thoughtful mind. A thousand inquiries will arise, to which, in our present state, no answer can be given. They are reserved among the treasures of His wisdom, by whom all things were made, and who taught the people by the sea of Tiberias, how vast and wonderful is the storehouse of parables in the works of nature, that serve to illustrate the deeper and hidden mysteries of the kingdom of God. Why, it may be asked, for example, is the land so unequally divided between the north and south, so that perhaps not above one hundredth part of the earth's population, from Adam downwards, have found a home in the southern hemisphere? Why is the habitable world

divided into two immense continents, one of which has been hidden from the other, and almost shut out from the great family of mankind, until the last four hundred years? Why have both continents this wedge-like shape, as they jut out into the great southern ocean? Why are they so unequally arranged, with regard to each other, so that the Pacific has nearly three times the breadth of the Atlantic Ocean? Why is one continent indented by a deep inland sea, running from west to east, while the other is almost entirely parted into two great continents, with only a slight neck of land, from north to south, uniting them together? Why have three groups of double islands—Britain, Japan, and New Zealand—been placed to the east and west of the northern continent, or as direct antipodes to each other; and why, amidst their physical resemblance, has there been such a total contrast in their actual history? Why has Britain become the emporium of commerce, the fountain head of Christian truth, while Japan has been left in complete isolation and heathen darkness; while New Zealand is suddenly advanced, from ages of extreme and ferocious barbarism, to welcome the light of truth, and form the remotest province of our Christian Empire? Who could ever have deduced the physical geography of the earth from those powers of nature which have conspired to form it? or who could have conjectured, from a view of its geography, the diverse history of its two continents, and of the separate regions of which they are actually composed? These things are far beyond the reach of human science. They were the treasures of wisdom, hidden in the bosom of our Divine Lord, “when there were no fountains abounding with water,” and in those early days of our planet, when He was rejoicing

in the habitable parts of the earth, and His delights were with the sons of men.

But the same birth-day of our earth, which saw the final separation of sea and dry land, witnessed also a higher work of creating wisdom, in the production of the vegetable world. "The earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed after its kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after its kind, and God saw that it was good." Here there is a further field of meditation wherein to trace, so far as our dim sight may enable us, the hidden treasures of the wisdom of our Lord.

It is recorded of Solomon, that he spake of trees, from the "cedar tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall." But when we gaze on the plants and flowers that are around us, on the sycamore and the vine, on the fig-tree and the olive, on the lily of the valley, and the green blade of the corn-field, we may say, with deep truth, "Behold a greater than Solomon is here." The genius of idolatry might provide a separate patron for every field of nature : Ceres for the corn field, Bacchus for the vine, and Minerva for the olive.

But all are under one—one Spirit, his
Who wore the platted thorn with bleeding brow
Rules universal nature—not a flower
But shews some touch, in freckle, streak, or vein,
Of his unrivalled pencil : he inspires
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hue,
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes
In grains as countless as the sea-side sand
The forms with which he sprinkles all the earth.

The knowledge of Solomon, though it ranged from the lowly hyssop to the stately cedar, was only the type of a deeper and nobler wisdom. It leads our thoughts onward to contemplate his Divine understanding, who

is the rose of Sharon, the lily of the valley, and the true vine, the blessed antitype of all that is pure and graceful in form, fertile and luxuriant in beauty, or majestic and sublime in its grandeur, in the natural world.

But our thoughts may soon wander and lose themselves, amidst the rich profusion of objects which the vegetable creation offers to our view. Let us consider for a moment its treasures of wisdom, as implied in the growth and formation of plants, their countless diversity, their direct uses, their beauty and harmony of form and colouring, and finally, their hidden depth and variety of moral and spiritual meaning.

What is the nature of vegetable life? How is it parted from the living beauty of the crystal, on the one side, and from animated life on the other? On a hasty view, the distinction seems broad in either case, but when we examine more closely, it eludes by its mystery the utmost power of human understanding. The mimic forms of the hoar-frost, and other processes of crystallization, seem to emulate the structure of plants, as if ambitious to claim some affinity with a higher part of creation. On the other hand, the ablest botanists and zoologists are baffled, when they labour to define the interval between the microscopic plants and animals. "The red snow," they tell us, "must be either an *alga* or an animalcule, between which no limit can be defined. There are forms which may with equal propriety be ranked with either. There are *algæ* which become *animalculæ*, and *animalculæ* which become *algæ*. There are Infusoria, which at one period of their existence have the power of movement; while, at another, they have only the character of a vegetable." How mysterious, then, is the nature of vegetable life in its links of relation to minerals and animals on either side!

It has been no violent effort of fancy, to endue certain plants with the faculty of sensation, to ascribe fear to the aspen, or blushes to the rose ; and thus to bathe every part of the vegetable creation with a flood of thoughts and feelings, borrowed, it is true, from higher natures, but still clearly represented, if not rather dimly participated, in their own. Hence arose, perhaps, the view of our great poet, of one gradual ascent of being from the lowest forms of matter to the highest of spirits, with its beautiful illustration.

Thus from the root
Spirits lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves
More airy ; last the bright consummate flower
Spirits odorous breathes ; flowers and their fruit
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublimed
To vital spirits aspire, to animal,
To intellectual, give both life and sense,
Fancy and understanding, whence the soul
Reason receives, and reason is her being.

This notion, indeed, of one unbroken scale of existence, is doubtless an illusion. Consciousness is a gift which differs in kind from vegetable life, and reason differs still more from animal consciousness. But still the higher gift may be so sparingly developed, as to make it difficult, in our imperfect knowledge, to trace clearly a line of demarcation. Man is only a little lower than the angels, and yet the intelligent animal will often seem to surpass the idiot in understanding ; while the rose or the aspen seems nobler and higher in the scale of being than the dull shell-fish, more than half a mineral, or the polypus, at the lowest point of the animal world. And hence the mystery of vegetable life can only be fully solved, when we are able to solve also the higher mysteries of consciousness and reason. The meanest flower that blows is linked strangely with ' thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,' and the

trees of life and of knowledge, in Paradise, could influence the moral destiny of the whole race of mankind.

But the growth of plants, no less than their nature, involves mysteries of wisdom, which only our Divine Lord can fully understand. When men, it has been said by a Christian historian, would raise a shelter against the weather, a shade from the heat of the sun, what preparation of materials, what scaffolding and crowds of workmen, what trenches and heaps of rubbish ! When God would do the same, he takes the little seed that an infant might clasp in its feeble hand, deposits it on the bosom of the earth, and from that grain He produces the stately tree, under whose branches the families of men may find a refuge. And indeed, when the little flower-seed unfolds itself into the bright variegated flower, or the acorn enlarges and expands, until it issues in the magnificent oak of the forest, we feel at once that this is the finger of God. Science can do very little to unlock the wisdom of those simple words ; “the fruit-tree yielding fruit after its kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth.” The peasant or the child may enjoy daily the fruits of this Divine law, which prescribes to every plant its peculiar produce, but the secret of the change, in all the various forms which it assumes in a thousand genera, and a hundred thousand species of the vegetable, is among the hidden treasures of wisdom, which belong to the Lord of glory, and to Him alone.

This variety of species and individual productions, is another feature of the vegetable creation, which might well fill us with wonder and amazement. We are told, by the Apostle, that the blessed angels, in heavenly places, learn by means of the Church the many varied wisdom of God. We cannot rise to the same point of

vision with those holy and pure spirits, to contemplate as they do, this moral and spiritual vineyard. But still, in a lower field, we may read some lessons, and trace that many-varied wisdom in the rich profusion of varied forms, the plants, the flowers, the mosses and the forest-trees, which cover the whole face of our earth. How vast is the interval between the hyssop on the wall, and the cedar of Lebanon ; yet each alike, to a close observer, is full of the marks of a superior and Divine intelligence ! How immense is the diversity in the form and colour of flowers, where all are exquisite in their beauty ? How different is the pure snow-drop from the deep tints of the pansy, the tulip from the modest and fragrant violet, the pale lily from the blooming rose-bud, the lowly daisy from the rich lilac or tall syringa, and so on through a thousand varieties of gentle fragrance and consummate and perfect beauty ! Every year, ten thousand seeds, scarcely distinguishable to the eye from grains of sand, are sown in the bosom of the earth, and every spring, the well-known forms re-appear, beautiful as in the days of Paradise. The wisdom of the Creator gave them a law, in the infancy of the world, which has lasted amidst the rise and fall of mightiest empires, unaffected by the blasts of human violence, uninjured by the slow decay of time. Nimrod and Sesostris, Nebuchadnezzar and Cyrus, Alexander and Cæsar, Zingis and Tamerlane, Charlemagne and Napoleon, have risen like meteors and disappeared, and their armies may have swept like a hurricane over the face of the world. But here there was a law, mightier than the decrees of conquerors, and which all their efforts could never have overcome, and which secured its own continuance and peculiar properties to every flower of the field, that grew up afresh, when trampled

under the feet of their horsemen. The simple daisy still keeps the form it wore in Paradise, and the rose and the lily are now as fragrant and beautiful, as when Eve might have fresh trained them around her nuptial bower. There is a wonderful contrast between the simple beauty of each little floweret, and the strength and perpetuity of the law which sustains them until now, after thousands of years have passed away, in a world vexed with such continued storms of sin and sorrow. The Preserver, we may see even here, is mightier than the destroyer, and we may read in it an earnest of His full triumph, when the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.

The uses, to which plants are applicable, are still more various and multiplied than the species themselves, though even these are almost without number. Many serve for the food of man, and still more for that of cattle, insects, fishes, and birds. The whole animal creation, directly or indirectly, is nourished and sustained on the ample provision which the grasses, the shrubs, the flowers and the trees furnish for them daily. In some species the root is edible and wholesome, in others the stem and the leaves, in others the pith ; while the variety of fruits adapted for the same purpose, is almost innumerable. The range of their medicinal properties is equally extensive, and three fourths of the specifics in pharmacy are borrowed entirely from this source. To this double use, for food and medicine, we have to add a countless diversity of social applications in the various arts of life, in architecture and painting, in carpentry and navigation, in clothing and furniture, and all the inventions of art and science. And still, after all the discoveries of art and luxury and medical science, we

have probably not attained the knowledge of one tythe of the various qualities, adapted for the service of mankind, which are really dispersed through the different species of the vegetable world. It is from this rich and inexhaustible source, freely open to the industry and skill of man, that every nation yearly obtains by far the largest portion of its revenue. It is these simple gifts of the God of nature, which set in motion the complex processes of almost every manufacture, and no region of the earth becomes fitted for human habitation, till these forerunners have gone before, to prepare man's way in the wilderness, and provide the materials, out of which to build the goodly fabric of household comfort, domestic happiness, and political prosperity and grandeur.

And when we turn from the uses of plants, to contemplate their beauty, and the pleasures of taste and imagination to which they minister so largely, we have still more cause to admire the treasures of wisdom, which our Lord has hidden in this portion of his works, and the wonders of his love, which are spread over this wide and immeasurable field. How infinitely various are the combinations of beauty to which the trees and plants give rise in every landscape ! The world would indeed have been lonely and bare, an extinct volcano, covered with the scars of deep subterranean fires, or the rude fragments of stranded rocks and sundry relics from the depths of a troubled and stormy ocean, unless the free bounty of God had thus clothed it with a soft and verdant herbage, and varied it by the foliage of the mountain pines and the stately forests. But now, from the snows of the arctic circle to the burning sands of African deserts, from the ridge of the lofty mountain, to the beach that is lashed by the waves of the sea, every part of our

earth's wide surface is stored with simple witnesses of the Divine presence, and unfailing monuments of the wisdom of the Lord. "He maketh grass to grow upon the mountains, and green herb for the use of man. The trees of the Lord are full of sap, the cedars of Lebanon which he hath planted : He watereth the hills from his chambers, the earth is satisfied with the fruit of his works." It were endless to sketch even the main outlines of this immense variety, to speak of the rich combinations of form and colour, that exercise and baffle the enthusiasm of art, and multiply upon the eye of the artist, the longer he continues to search into nature with a loving and watchful eye. For six thousand years, the eyes of millions, from infancy to old age, have been feasting on this Divine provision, spread daily before them, in a boundless and inexhaustible profusion of grandeur and beauty. And yet how small a part of these lovely landscapes have ever fixed the eye of imagination, or yielded the full revenue of praise and thanksgiving, of sympathy and joy, to the glory of the Creator, who has filled them with memories of His goodness. The creation, with all its loveliness, had been made subject to vanity. How many abuse the works of God for pride and vanity ! How many love to gaze on Alpine scenery, or the green savannahs of distant climes, not to enrich their souls with new forms of beauty, and kindle their dull hearts into lively adoration and praise ; but merely to relieve the tedium of a life of folly, or gratify their vanity by shining more brilliantly among the haunts of fashion ! We may well believe, with Milton, that

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth

Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep ;

for otherwise, how small a part of the beauty which

God has spread over this lower universe, would ever have yielded its due and full tribute to His praise. How many a glorious sunrise, or quiet scene of moonlight among the trees of the forest, where all is filled with an unreal and shadowy beauty, as in fairy land, has had no human witnesses to record its passing and transitory charms ! But all these countless scenes of beauty, every landscape that adorns the face of the world, every flower that may blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the air of the desert, are the fruits of His wisdom, who rejoices in the habitable parts of the earth—of His wisdom, who commends to our thought the lilies of the field, and bids us derive lessons of truth from every seed that is buried in the earth, and from every tiny blade that ripens into the golden harvest, no less than from the lofty fir-tree, or the cedars of Lebanon.

Happy who walks with Him, whom what he finds
In nature, from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God.

And His are alike the spreading cedar, and the lowly violet. His love is spread, like the light of morning, on the everlasting hills, where the archangels rejoice in their strength in the Paradise of God ; and it rests also on the quiet valleys of this lower world, to refresh the soul of the little child, or the simple cottager ; “ for the Lord taketh pleasure in His people, and He will beautify the meek with His salvation.”

T. R. B.

THE JESUITS.—No. I.

IGNATIUS LOYOLA.

How many thoughts arise in the mind on the mere mention of these extraordinary men! Of late they have been thoughts not unmingled with fear : we feel that the Jesuits are once more amongst us, in secret, unperceived. We know not where we may find them, only when a system betrays more than ordinary duplicity, we at once suspect their presence. Their lurking ambuscade and concealed warfare is peculiarly obnoxious to English feeling, and jesuitry in our language is only another term for what most revolts our moral sense. Is this instinctive repugnance a foolish prejudice, an absurd bigotry which we are bound no longer to indulge ; or is it only a reasonable alarm which experience will fully justify ? Those who have lately been bringing forward a measure for legalizing the society in England are of course of the former opinion, but British Protestants have a right to consult the page of history, and judge by the past acts of the society of Jesuits, whether or no it be a safe guest to invite among us. Let us then retrace this wonderful history, and study one of the strangest phenomena human nature has ever presented.

We must go back as far as the times of the Reformation, then we see a mighty hierarchy, possessed of great wealth and almost unlimited power, adorned with all

that is most gorgeous in splendour, most refined and exquisite in art ; but it is spiritually dead. Its infallible head, Leo the Xth, was little more than an elegant heathen,—antiquities, medals, paintings and sonnets were his delight ; its higher clergy were engrossed with the pursuit of worldly honours, the lower were too often immersed in sensual pleasures. The Church, the witness of things eternal, had sunk to the lowest stage of earthliness. She whose office it was to feed the sheep and lambs of Christ, had nothing now to offer but husks. Yet the hunger of the human heart could not be stified. Luther felt it keenly ; his immortal soul needed something which the church did not give, and he was long on the verge of despair. At length the Great Shepherd had mercy on him, and led him to the fountain of living waters. In the Bible which he discovered in the convent-library, he found that which his soul needed, free grace to the unworthy was revealed to him, and he found pardon and peace. Delivered from his tormenting fears, he was now set free for action, and how could he do otherwise than try to bring others to the same source of life and joy ? He had no idea that in so doing he was opposing Rome ; but events soon showed that the new life and the dead church could not subsist together. The doctrines of the Reformation spread on every side, and what had Rome to oppose to them ? What were paintings and cathedrals and processions, to men who were crying out for the salvation of their souls ? What were the flame and the faggot to those who had realized the worm that never dies, and the fire that never can be quenched ? Elegant Paganism against Divine truth : Leo the Xth against Luther : life against death : light against darkness,—the conflict could not be doubtful. Luther himself saw his doc-

trine acknowledged through almost the whole of Northern Europe, while even in the South the Papacy trembled to its foundations. All bid fair for the triumph of truth, and the final defeat of popery ; but before another generation has passed, the scene changes. The Romish Church, once so dead, is endued with fresh energy. If it is not life from above, it is at least something inward and sincere ; something that can act upon the hearts and consciences of men. Enthusiasm and austerity have taken the place of indifference and heathen literature. Meanwhile the seeds of discord have been sown amongst Protestants, and frittered away their strength and spiritual life. The conflict becomes more equal, the tottering throne of Rome is re-established ; she not only ceases to lose ground, but actually regains many of her former possessions. The members of the Society of Jesuits were one of the main instruments in her revival. The very year when Luther stood before the Diet of Worms, and maintained so noble a confession before the assembled estates of Germany, an obscure conflict took place before the walls of Pampeluna, in Spain : the siege was attended with small consequences, and would scarcely now be remembered, were it not for the subsequent career of the Spanish commander Don Inigo of Guipuscoa. Honoured with the favour of his sovereign, famed for personal beauty, war and chivalry were his sole delight. On the second or third day of the siege, he was severely wounded, but had the fortitude to conceal his sufferings, and continue to inspect the defence, till he became faint with excessive anguish, and was removed in a state of insensibility. He was taken to his father's castle, and submitted heroically to an agonizing operation. While confined there by his wound, he asked for some books of chivalry to amuse

the weary hours. None were to be met with, but 'Flos Sanctorum'; the Lives of the Saints was brought to him. He read it, and new visions took possession of his soul. The chivalrous knight became the devoted champion of the blessed Virgin; the hero was transformed into the saint and ascetic. His was not the mind to take up any resolution feebly; intense energy of will marked his whole career. He instantly vowed a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and set out, though his wound was still far from healed, on his journey. His first station was the chapel of the miraculous image of our Lady of Montserrat; here he kept vigils three days and nights, and consecrated himself entirely to her service. He 'then took up his residence in the neighbouring spital of Manresa;' (we quote a passage from 'Osburn's Hidden Works of Darkness,' which may not be useless to those for whom ascetic religion has now a strange charm,) 'he chose for the companions of his bed and board the meanest of the beggars that were lodging there. He however put himself below even these. The time that they occupied in begging, he employed in devotion and exercises of discipline. Seven hours of every day he prayed upon his knees; thrice daily he exposed his person before these his chosen companions, and scourged himself. As to eating, the accounts of his biographers would seem to imply that he had well nigh given up the practice. He never asked for food, but contented himself with some filthy morsel, which one of his mendicant companions might occasionally spare him out of his wallet: otherwise he absolutely fasted from Sunday to Sunday, on which day dinner was provided for the beggars by the adjoining Dominican convent. He continued this regimen in the spital of Manresa for four months, during which he never once washed, nor shaved his beard, nor trimmed

his hair. His pilgrim's amice, his only garment, was worn to tatters by sleeping on the floor ; his hair, his beard, and his rags were alive with vermin : he was a mass of human filth, so loathsomely fetid that the very beggars were compelled to leave the ward in which he sojourned. To this condition the religion of ' awe, and tenderness, and mystery, the only true source of the poetical and picturesque,' (for in these terms it is fashionable to speak of traditive Christianity now-a-days,) had reduced the bravest soldier and the most accomplished gentleman in Spain.'

It is indeed a humbling, melancholy picture, yet in the lowest depths of its humiliation there is a something which awakens our sympathy and admiration : it is a strong human will, impelled by the most powerful motives eternity can supply, struggling onward through the agonies of despair. We, who from our childhood have lived in the blessed light of Gospel truth, can scarcely realize the intensity of the conflict. Luther knew something of it in his cell at Erfurth ; but for him a way of escape was opened, his feet were planted on the rock of eternal truth, and he found not only personal deliverance, but free scope for all the power and energies of his soul,—a path on which he might tread honestly as a true and faithful man. The course of Ignatius was very different ; he found deliverance only in vain extasies of his own imagination ; he saw visions of the Trinity, of the Virgin, of the deepest mysteries of religion ; the height of his ecstasy was equalled only by the depth of his despair. He again sets forth on his journey. When he arrived at Venice, a voice cries, ' You are too late, the pilgrim's boat is gone.' ' What matters ? ' answers Loyola, ' if there are no ships, I will cross the sea on a plank.' His re-

solution prevails ; he succeeds in reaching Jerusalem. But a stronger proof of his firmness of purpose remained to be given : he was, as his Flemish eulogist D'Oultreman informs us, ' homme idiôte, et sans lettres, et qui n'avoit connaissance d'autre mestier que des armes.' He saw that learning was now needful to enable him to fight the battles of Christ : he resolves to obtain it. Nothing is humbling to a mind fixed on a great object ; he takes his place on the lowest form of the grammar-school at Barcelona. ' He,' says Quinet, ' the chevalier of the court of Ferdinand, the anchorite of the rocks of Manreza, the free pilgrim of Mount Tabor, bows his apocalyptic mind to grammar. What does this man do : he to whom the heavens are open ? He learns the conjugations, and sets to spelling Latin. This prodigious power over himself amid divine illuminations, already marks an entirely new epoch.'

For more than ten successive years, he begged his way through the universities of France and Spain. Meanwhile he had not been idle as to his great object ; he had made several disciples among the young men of the university of Paris. ' One day these young men meet together on the heights of Montmartre ; there, under the master's eye, and in presence of the great city, they make a vow to unite and go together to the Holy Land, or to put themselves at the disposal of the Pope. Two years elapse, and those same men arrive at Venice by different roads, a staff in their hands, a sack on their back, and the mysterious book* in their wallet. Whither are they going ? they know not. They have made a covenant with a spirit, which drags them on in its magic power. Loyola arrives at the rendezvous by

* The Spiritual Exercises.

a different route. They thought they were to embark for the wildernesses of Judea ; but Loyola shows them, instead of those solitudes, the field of battle :—Luther, Calvin, the Church of England, and Henry VIII. who are besieging the papacy. With one word he sends Francis Xavier to the extremity of the eastern world ; he keeps the eight other disciples to oppose Germany, England, the half of France, and agitated Europe. At their master's nod, these eight men march forth, blind-fold, without either counting or measuring their adversaries. The company of Jesus is formed, and the captain of the citadel of Pampeluna leads it on to battle.*

Such allies were not likely to meet with a repulse at Rome : that church, the masterpiece of mere human wisdom, has ever known how to turn enthusiasm to account. She has considered it, to borrow Mr. Macaulay's simile, as a noble horse whose power must be controlled, not broken. For the wild visionary whom other bodies would have rejected, she finds a place and a task : she clothes him with the friar's rope and gown, and sends him forth to pray, preach, and beg in her name. Ignatius and his companions were then welcome at Rome, public honours were conferred upon them, the Order was constituted, and Ignatius appointed its first master,—an additional vow being added to those of poverty, chastity, and obedience, by which they bound themselves implicitly 'to obey Christ speaking by the Pope, even as He obeyed the Father.'

Such was the founder of the Society of Jesuits. It is impossible to read his history without interest, it bears such undeniable marks of reality, intense energy, and unflinching self-controul. Ignatius was no Tetzels. It

* Quinet's Lectures on the Jesuits.

bears marks of genius too. } D'Oultreman, speaking of his want of learning, may call him 'homme idiôte et sans lettres,' but no idiot could have accomplished the work of Ignatius, or bequeathed to the world the Society of Jesuits. { Yet while we own all this, we must add, though it may seem paradoxical, that unreality is also the characteristic of Ignatius Loyola's course ; contrast it with Luther's, and you feel at once the difference between the true man, whose life was one long battle against falsehood, and the visionary who dwelt in an unreal world, spending his energy on self-imposed duties, and debasing himself by an abject self-degradation, which does but mock that gospel humility which exalts even where it abases. If this unreality is apparent in the personal life of Loyola, it becomes far more so when we regard him as the founder of an order, he is obliged to discard for his followers even that false fire which had been the life of his own soul, and demand in its stead a passive obedience. Never perhaps was fanatic more sincere than the mendicant of Manresa. Yet jesuitry is now the synonym of falsehood. Surely we may learn here one most needful lesson, that sincerity will not suffice where the truth of God is absent. It is not, as some would fain have us believe, a matter of indifference to what religion a man is sincerely attached. Sincerity may lead to the self-degradation of Manresa. Truth alone could produce the manly confession of Luther at Worms.

F. S.

ON THE SERVICES OF THE CHURCH.

No. XIII.

THE Litany was a service intended for days of special humiliation : it well expresses the feelings of a penitent Church seeking divine mercy : its broken and repeated ejaculations are not vain repetitions, but the earnest cry of those who will take no denial, whose desires (like those of their Redeemer at Gethsemane,) are too fervent to study any change of expression. Have we anything of this deep earnestness of heart, as our voice swells that repeated cry for mercy that fills the courts of our God ?

The following Collect is especially the prayer of the sorrowful :—

‘ O God, merciful Father, that despisest not the sighing of a contrite heart, nor the desire of such as be sorrowful, mercifully assist our prayers that we make before thee in all our troubles and adversities, whensoever they oppress us ; and graciously hear us, that those evils which the craft and subtilty of the devil or man worketh against us may be brought to nought, and by the providence of thy goodness they may be dispersed ; that we, thy servants, being hurt by no persecutions, may evermore give thanks unto thee in thy holy church, through Jesus Christ our Lord.’

How soothing to the weary heart the name here given to our God, ‘ Merciful Father, that despisest not the sighing of the contrite heart,’ &c. The soul, in times

of sorrow, is brought very low, sometimes fancies itself despised of all around : how sweet, then, to rest on that fatherly heart, which never yet repulsed a mourning child, nor despised the desire of the sorrowful. It is oppressed, and has hardly power to cry ; therefore, its first petition is, ‘ Assist our prayers that we make before thee.’ What thus oppresses it ? the evils which the craft and subtilty of the devil or man work against it. Our foe is very mighty ; he has an archangel’s strength, and he is very malignant, hating us with a demon’s hatred : he is crafty and subtle too, for the old serpent is his name. He has watched us from our birth, and knows all our weakness : his temptations come just when we are least able to resist them, and they assume such various forms, that we are weary and perplexed, and know not how to distinguish them. The world too is crafty and subtle, and lays hidden snares for the feet of the Christian. No wonder his spirit is oppressed : how shall he bear the heavy burden, or loose himself from the entangling chain ? Faith rises, looks upon the difficulties, shrinks not ; but, bold in prayer, can believe they shall be brought to nought. *To nought—* dwell upon the words, sorrowing Christian ; those temptations, perplexities, snares, which overwhelm thee, all vanished, and as nothing. “ What art thou, O great mountain ? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain.” Other words of believing prayer follow : ‘ And by the providence of thy goodness they may be dispersed.’ Goodness is a precious word, but the providence of goodness, a goodness that looks around on every side, that provides beforehand for every emergency ; this, indeed, meets all our wants, if the sunshine of such goodness breaks through the dark clouds that surround us, they shall be dispersed. We might see no opening—we might

be surrounded with difficulties, from which there seemed no escape : fear not, they shall be dispersed, and we shall be enabled evermore to give thanks unto God in his holy church.

‘O Lord, arise, help us, and deliver us for thy Name’s sake.

‘O God, we have heard with our ears, and our fathers have declared unto us, the noble works that thou didst in their days, and in the old time before them.

‘O Lord, arise, help us, and deliver us for thine honour.’

Israel could well use pleas like these ; in times of danger she called not on an unknown God, but on Him who had divided the Red Sea, and overthrown the kingdoms of Canaan. Has not Britain too experienced mercies enough to awaken a holy confidence ? have we not been rescued from idolatry, delivered again and again from the grasp of Popery ? have not winds and waves been our protection, and our island been a sanctuary of peace amidst the desolations of war ? When we plead for England, we plead for a land which the Lord has loved ; and we should treasure up the remembrance of these, his noble works, to give courage to our prayer, as we plead with him, for his honour and for his Name’s sake, not to forsake the people he has chosen. These are high and holy pleas ; let us beware that we do not make them void by our want of sincerity. If, in our daily course, the honour and the name of God are matters of perfect indifference to us, will he regard us when we urge our zeal for them as a plea for deliverance from danger ? Will He not rather send us, as he did Israel of old, to the idols whom they had chosen, saying, “Let them deliver you now ?”

‘We humbly beseech thee, O Father, mercifully to

look upon our infirmities, and for the glory of thy name turn from us all those evils that we most righteously have deserved ; and grant that in all our troubles we may put our whole trust and confidence in thy mercy, and evermore serve thee in holiness and pureness of living to thy honour and glory ; through our only Mediator and Advocate, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.'

Well might we shrink from bearing the evils, which we must own, were we ourselves the judges, that we righteously deserve, much more from those which the just judgment of an all-seeing God would bring upon us. Our national sins deserve national evils ; our personal sins deserve personal evils ; we run into temptation, and deserve to be led captive by the enemy at his will. We have sullied every gift of God with sin and ingratitude, and deserve to lose it. But, for the glory of his name, he deals not with us as we deserve, but according to his infinite mercy. Do we glorify the forbearance of our God ? do we consider every forfeited gift still enjoyed a proof of his mercy, and do we show our confidence in that mercy by trusting to it, when an all-wise Father sees that the hour of trouble is needful for our souls ?

At this part of the Litany the occasional prayers are introduced which give such fulness to our Church services. How gratefully are those showers or that sunshine received which have followed the united prayers of the Lord's people in his temple ! They are no longer mere natural gifts, but a pledge of his continual presence. How gracious an answer have we this month to record to the prayer so often repeated during the spring !
• ' Increase the fruits of the earth by thy heavenly benediction, and grant that we, receiving thy bountiful libe-

rality, may use the same to thy glory, the relief of those that are needy, and our own comfort.' May He who has given the temporal blessing we sought, pour largely on the people of this land the spiritual grace to use it aright, that our own comfort, placed last by the Church on the list of objects to be sought, may not be the only one which engrosses our attention.

When we consider how solemn is the responsibility attached to the Bishop's right of ordination, we should with special earnestness offer the beautiful prayers provided for Ember weeks. The right of patronage is so widely diffused, and so often rests with those who are indifferent to the true interests of the Church, that the unfaithful shepherd once admitted through the door of ordination, may, if he keep within the bounds of decency and orthodoxy, be appointed to the most important cure of souls. It is then of the most vital importance to our Church, that her bishops should lay hands suddenly on no man ; but faithfully and wisely make choice of fit persons to serve in the sacred ministry of God's Church. The difficulty of their task is very great, and they may justly claim to be strengthened by the prayers of all their brethren.

The prayer for the Parliament was not framed by men who thought that the province of the magistrate in religion is to "have no province at all," but by those who considered it his first duty, as a magistrate, to promote the advancement of God's glory and the good of his Church. How blessed is the consummation at which it aims, 'that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us for all generations.' All statesmen are ready to acknowledge the peace and happiness of the nation as the object of their legislation ; but few comparatively are convinced

that it can only be gained by the establishment of religion and piety. They struggle against the inevitable consequences of irreligion, and stand amazed to see crime burst the bonds of all penal enactment, while they neglect to bring within the reach of the depraved, those provisions of the gospel, by which alone there is hope of his being reclaimed. Let Christians, more fervently than ever, join in this prayer, that God may direct and prosper the consultations of the Parliament, lately elected, that He may give boldness to his children who have a seat in it, and a wisdom which all their enemies shall not be able to gainsay or resist.

The general thanksgiving is remarkable both for its simplicity and fulness. In the first sentence, we acknowledge God as the Father of all mercies; we confess our own unworthiness; we describe the thanks we would offer, to be humble and hearty; God's mercy is described as goodness and loving-kindness; and lastly, with full enlargement of heart, we include amidst the causes of thanksgiving, not only our own mercies, but those of all other men. An opportunity is here given for the fulfilment of that precept, "Rejoice with those that do rejoice:" those who have received special mercies, invite the rest of the congregation to praise God with them. In some churches many avail themselves of this privilege, and if it were generally more frequent, it would be a great means of keeping up that feeling of Christian union, which should exist between members of one congregation. The mercies which have been generally acknowledged in the first sentence are specified in the second: creation—our very being with all its capacities of enjoyment; preservation—continued daily and hourly, shielding us by night and day from evils, whether known or unsuspected; all the blessings

of this life—blessings we can scarcely estimate but by realizing what their loss would be. This is much, but these are our lowest mercies : there is the inestimable love of God in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ ; and the two great blessings flowing from this redemption—the means of grace, to support us in our earthly pilgrimage, and the hope of glory at its close. After such a list of mercies, well may we pray that our cold hearts may be filled with such a due sense of them, that we may be unfeignedly thankful. Thank God, is an expression often on our lips ; but our Church teaches us how to prove that it is unfeigned : we must make it the language of our lives : it must issue in unreserved devotedness, in righteousness and holiness of life.

The closing prayer of the Litany is one of St. Chrysostom's. The prayer of Moses, the man of God, the Psalms of David, the prayer bequeathed to us by our Divine Redeemer, the liturgies of the early fathers, all meet in our Church service ; and as we follow its devotions we seem to have communion, not only with the congregation assembling with us in the house of God, but with the Church of all preceding ages. This prayer is well adapted to close the Litany. After presenting so many petitions to our heavenly Father, we commit them once more to his heavenly wisdom, desiring him to grant them as shall be most expedient for us, not in that way which our impatient hearts might dictate, but in that which He sees to be best, granting what we most need in this life, even the knowledge of his truth, and in the world to come life everlasting.

Here we conclude these short remarks on the Liturgy of our Church : if they have assisted the reader to enter into it with more life and reality, they have not been in vain. May God in his mercy give them a blessing,

and engrave on the heart of both writer and reader those words of our Redeemer : " God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

E. S.



Let us suppose that you had planted in the orchard a tree, which once bore very fine apples ; that owing to neglect, and more especially from the having turned away a stream which watered the roots, the fruit had become stunted and sour. We will go further, and imagine that some ivy had been allowed to creep, first around the trunk of your tree, then to entwine the branches, and finally to hang in such leafy tufts, that only here and there the end of a branch was visible, putting forth a stunted bud or two, some faintly-streaked blossoms, and a little shrivelled fruit. Well ! my friends, seeing the condition of your poor tree, we will conclude that you set about doing all you could to restore it—that you turned the refreshing stream again over its parched roots—that you cut off the cankered branches, and rooted up the stifling ivy. Having done all this, if your apple-tree again flourished and bore abundantly, would you call it a new, or a restored tree ? Just such was the condition of the Church in this country, at the end of the fifteenth century. The pure stream of God's word cut off—the canker of mammon eating into its core, and a load of superstitious ceremonies clogging its growth. It pleased God, about this time, to send skilful laborers into his garden, and these laborers were the Reformers.—*The Reason Rendered.*

SPIRITS OF THE FRENCH REFORMATION.

No. V.

LECLERC.

"Après ces tortures, Leclerc fut brûlé à petit feu, selon que sa condamnation le portait ; Telle fut la mort du premier martyr de l'Evangile en France."—D'AUBIGNÉ.

Who can of the Saviour's cup
Calmly drink the sorrows up ?
Who can be baptized * with grief,
Following his eternal Chief ?
Sons of men reply,—
Who will answer, Here am I ?

Where the mystic altar's shade
Shelters souls in white arrayed,
Hark ! a spirit gives reply,
Jesus, Master, Here am I !
Lo ! I took the bitter cup,
Drank its dregs of sorrow up ;
Now I wait—O Lord, how long ?
Till thine hand avenge my wrong.
Hear we not that deep complaint ?
Know we not the ransomed saint ?
His on earth consuming pain,
Once endured, and dared again :

* Matt. xx. 22.

Burning brand and cruel rod
Could not drive him from his God.
Healed his wounds, his strength restored,
Again he served his mighty Lord.
When pollutions rank and vile,
Church and nation both defile,
Zealous for Jehovah he
Will his God's avenger be !
Lo ! the ground with fragments strewn,
Holy wood, and holy stone !
What if e'en excess of zeal
Whetted the tormenting steel,
Still, Leclerc, thy name shall be
Shrined in hallowed memory !
Thine the faith could boldly brave
Horrors ending in the grave ;
Thine the hope, that yielded life
To the pincers, flame, and knife ;
Thine at last the triumph won ;
Thine the rest, the peace, the calm,
Endless glory now begun,
Kingly crown and victor's palm !

A. N.

THE FLOWER THAT LOVES THE SHADE.

THE natural history of the Bible is, with all its uncertainties, a fascinating subject, and without some knowledge of it, full many a flower is passed unseen, and some even delicious fruit.

No less than with us in the West, the rose is the favourite flower of the Eastern poet. With him the bulb and the rose, companions of the spring, are lovers ; and the songs of their nightingale are only love-warblings to the rose. With Hafez, pleasure is 'the rose of life,' and the voluptuary in Israel sung to the same tune : 'And let no flower of the spring pass by us ; let us crown ourselves with rose-buds ere they be withered.' The rose of Sharon is said to vie with her of Damascus, as the beauty of the East ; and yet this queen of flowers however 'orient of hue, and passing redolent,' is not the favourite of the Holy Scriptures. Twice only in our version do we meet with the rose, but learned foreigners more than question that version in either instance. Our ears indeed are so accustomed to the sweetness of that air,—“and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose,”—that we feel loath to relinquish the idea. Bishop Lowth retains it, yet without note or comment ; but the Chaldee paraphrast there has it, “and they shall flourish as lilies.” This is one place, but if the paraphrast be right there, as he is, then he is wrong in the other, where he has interpreted *the self-same word*, the rose. Yet in the latter place also, there

is even internal evidence, that the only flower mentioned is the lily.

This is indeed the sacred flower of holy writ, the lily. To that the heathen poet compares his Venus, for its beauty ; but the Holy Spirit has adopted it, not for its beauty only, but especially for its colour, as the symbol of purity and of prosperous times. The very music of the temple, in the 45th Psalm for instance—that song of loves—was set ‘*for the lilies ;*’ for so it seems they called their hexachords. The laver of the temple, set on a square base, was a circular cup, whose brim was like that of the cup of a lily flower. And hence perhaps the apparent inconsistency between two places in holy writ may be reconciled ; if we understand that the contents of the whole cavity might have held three thousand baths, but that the incisions which formed its hexagon brim, reduced them to two thousand. The columns of the temple were finished, somewhere about the chapiters, with wrought work which represented the lily-flower. Thus the lily was everywhere about the temple, both without and within. The favourite winter retreat of the monarchs of Persia was Susa, so called from the abundance of lilies there,—but the Susa of the King of kings, his favourite retreat, was in the land of promise, and there it might truly be said of the Royal Shepherd, the Divine, “ He feedeth among the lilies.”

But is there no rose in Sharon ? In Sharon there is an abundance, but in any song of Scripture there seems to be not one. ‘A little attention to the context,’ says Bishop Percy, ‘will convince us, that the bride does not mean to extol her charms, but rather the contrary. She represents her beauty as merely that of a wild flower.’—‘I am, says she, a flower of Sharon *that loves the shade*, a lily of the valleys.’ The bridegroom replies ;—

“As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters.” He mentions the lily only ; not a syllable of the rose. And she rejoins ; “As the citron-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons : I sat down under *his shadow* with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my palate.” His was the shade she loved. The citron-tree furnished a proper name to two of the cities of Israel ; and that *goodly tree*, of whose fruit Israel should partake under her bowery shade at the feast of Tabernacles, was the citron-tree ; whose fruit at that feast is to this day in great request. In short, most of the ancient interpreters of the song, understood the lily to be the only flower in question.

“Consider,” said our Lord himself, “the lilies of the field. How do they grow ? They toil not, they spin not, and yet I say unto you that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not adorned as one of these.” Not so richly arrayed, not so exquisitely perfumed. The white lily of our gardens seems to be always meant ; and no where fairer, no where more common were they than in that garden of Eden, the land of promise ; that type of a still better country, with reference to which it is said, “Happy the meek, for they shall inherit the land !”

But of all parts of the promised land, nowhere did the lily flourish more than in the valley plains of Sharon, or Saron ; both in that district, so called, between Mount Tabor and the lake, and in that also which extended along the Mediterranean from Mount Carmel to Joppa ; and whose name seems to have been derived from the oak-forests which anciently grew there : there lay the moist pastures, there stood the oak-shades, and among them the citron-trees, which the lily loved. Now,

it was throughout those parts that St. Peter passed when he went down also to the saints who resided at Lydda. Thence his cure of the paralytic was reported throughout Saron ; and at Joppa, hard by, lived and died, "full of good works, and alms-deeds, which she did," that flower of Saron (brief is the lily), that gazelle of the plains, that disciple who, whether maid, wife, or widow, may be esteemed as the mother of the Christian sisterhood of Charity.

One may imagine her life. She was "the flower of Sharon that loved the shade." She exhibited the Hebrew model of a virtuous woman. "She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands." Glad of her labours, she was one of those "wise-hearted women," who spun with her hands for the spiritual temple of the Lord. She was the honoured example, by whose hands the Lord of the temple first illustrated his own doctrine. "If God so array the herbage, which to-day is in the field, and tomorrow is cast into the oven ; will he not much more clothe you, O ye distrustful ?" Not more duly did the mother of Samuel make him his little tunic, from year to year, than this woman delighted to supply the needy, and to verify the words of her Lord : "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and the righteousness required by him, and *all these things* shall be superadded to you." In her beloved Redeemer's service, poverty and pain, sickness and sorrow, were probably the very element in which she lived : a gloomy element it may be thought ; but no, she who flung a radiance into all that obscurity, be sure was bright and blithesome herself. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

But our thread of life is snapt, "as flax that is burnt with fire." She who had clothed herself with mercy as

with a garment, for she had put on Christ (that was her goodly raiment) now lay, after the sepulchral ablutions, wrapt in a shroud. But it was not for long : her death was a public loss, for the poor had lost a friend ; and when, all in such haste, Peter was sent for, it was apparently in expectation of more than ordinary consolation. What a touching picture ! The holy and sympathising Apostle has arrived in that upper chamber : “and all the widows stood by him, weeping and shewing him the coats and cloaks which she had made while she was yet with them.” Those woven monuments of her charity they still wore ; and even now, her own works, no less than the widows’ tears, followed her.

Her example, made conspicuous by the miracle of her resurrection, has indeed become a precious legacy to the whole church militant on earth : great has been its efficacy hitherto, nor have her honours ended yet ; there are more to come—nay, have they as yet much more than begun ? And all the daughters of Israel do still “flourish as a lily ;” flowers of the church, stars of the world, and angels of the earth. Others shall arise, and call them also blessed. To abide with the Lord would have been far better for the saint of Saron, though that she should return and abide in the flesh was more needful for all those weeping widows, but they one and all shall partake either of a resurrection without a single regret, or of a no less happy transformation, at that glorious Epiphany which Paradise itself, and all heaven as well as earth, expects, when it shall be their blessed privilege to be for ever with the Lord.

H. G.

CHAPTERS ON SCRIPTURE GEOGRAPHY.

No. VII.

BABYLON.—PART I.

IN considering a city so highly typical as Babylon, whose application in the New Testament to Rome has never been disputed, although Roman Catholics have refused to admit it (of course,) as Rome Christian, and therefore with most fallacious sophistry have confined the type to Rome Pagan,—in considering this city as one of the largest and most comprehensive types of a system, it is necessary to dwell for a few moments on ancient Babylon, its origin, its progress, its connection with Israel of old, and its end. It is in this way alone that we can bring out the type thoroughly, and its full development.

The first time we read of Babylon is in the tenth chapter of Genesis, where it is cursorily mentioned under the name of Babel, as the first of a series of cities built by Nimrod the son of Cush. A further account of its principal edifice is given to us in the early part of the eleventh chapter, in one of those brief but splendid narrations of which human history affords us no example. Starting from the canvas on which the figures of the early Patriarchs appear in sober colouring, stands out in high relief the form of Nimrod—that mighty hunter, that bold bad man, as Josephus calls him, that extremely impious rebel, as the scripture

phrase in its fullest intensive meaning implies. It seems very evident, from the whole arrangement of the tenth chapter, that God himself ordered a division of the earth in his wisdom among the sons of Noah. They were not left to choose the portion which seemed best for themselves, but with an eye to the distant future, God appointed the bounds of their habitation. This fact is laid down fully by Moses in his last composition, Deut. xxxii. 7, 8. In this song, the inspired historian of the ancient world says, "Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations, ask thy father, and he will shew thee ; thy elders, and they will tell thee ; when *the Most High divided to the nations their inheritance*, when He separated the sons of Adam, he set the bounds of the people, according to the number of the children of Israel." Here Moses clearly informs us, that God arranged the divisions of the globe, and that He so arranged them, as to leave exactly a right space for the people of his choice, whose tribes then stood before His Omniscient eye. As far as we can find in the narrative, the bulk of the early fathers acquiesced in God's wise decree.—Shem remained in the East, Japheth, the Greek Japetus, parted for the West, and Ham, most probably, for that land which afterwards bore his name and worshipped him with impious honors. Two members of this family, however, at least, were disobedient. Canaan, who took possession with his sons of Arphaxad's inheritance, (a fact which should never be lost sight of in perusing the history of the wars of Israel in Canaan) and Nimrod who invaded the land of Asshur, see Gen. x. 10, Margin. It is with the last we have to do. The name of Nimrod, we read in Scripture, became a proverb from his deeds of courage and of violence, for such the passage implies. The race of Shem

remembered him in proverbs, as Nimrod the mighty hunter of Scripture.—Gibbor, the giant of Persian story, and Orion, the famous hunter of the earth, to whose memory a constellation was dedicated.

The race of Ham paid him more impious honors, and under the form of Baal, he became the sun of their idolatrous system. His object appears to have been a universal empire, to effect which he seems to have set himself against the further dispersion of the nations.—“Go to,” said he, imitating profanely the language of Jehovah, “let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth.” Universal despotism cemented by a *universal language*, would soon have reduced the children of God, the faithful ones, to abject misery. Among the fruits of modern research; few have been more interesting than the finding the tower of Babel, under the appellation of Birs Nimrod, or Nimrod’s Tower. It still bears the name of its founder, although its subsequent greatness was due to another. Scripture does not tell us its form, but it gives us its object, namely, Hero-worship. “Let us make *us a name*.” The name which was above every name—the name at which archangels were bending, and Cherubim folding their wings, while they cried, Holy, holy, holy! was to be set aside, and the tyrant’s name and titles were to be substituted—Bel or Baal, the universal Lord, was to be worshipped in this temple, whose top was to reach unto heaven. The form of this temple, from its existing ruins, has been already proved to have been pyramidal, a style of building which the children of Ham seem to have generally adopted. Tradition says that it was designed to have an armed figure at the top of the pyramid, brandishing a drawn sword, probably an

image of Nimrod himself. The great usurper was never however allowed to complete his work ;—languages were divided, the builders were scattered, the building was probably blasted with lightning, and Babel was the name conferred upon it—intended for uniformity, it became the source of inextricable confusion.—The appearance of the tower, (says a modern writer,) is deeply impressive, rising suddenly as it does out of a wide desert plain, with its rent, fragmentary and fire-blasted pile, masses of vitrified matter lying around, and the whole hill itself on which it stands, caked and hardened out of the materials with which the temple had been built. After the dispersion of the Babel builders, we hear no more of Nimrod in the Sacred Scriptures, though many traditions are afloat respecting him, some of them probably based on truth. Very few notices are given us in Scripture of the history of Babylon, we read indeed of Berodach Baladan's present and mission to Hezekiah, a circumstance well explained by the Babylonians' love for astronomy, and the wonderful miracle of an astronomical nature, which had been wrought for the king of Judah by God. But the Babylonians do not seem to have attracted much attention from the Jewish historians, until the government of the country had passed into the hands of the Chaldeans.

We stated in a preceding chapter, that we believed the Chaldeans to be Cushites from the country of Khuzistan, or Susiana, at the head of the Persian Gulf, who settled in the country of Babylon, and soon obtained by their talent a considerable footing, and eventually the government of the country. We may indeed suppose them to have occupied the same place in Babylonian history, which the shepherd kings did in Egyptian story. Nebuchadnezzar, one of these Chaldean

sovereigns, was the instrument in God's hands for chastising rebellious Israel. His power is stated in the language of Scripture to have been very great. He is called a king of kings, and under his dominion Babylon assumed that place among the nations, which had been the vain dream of its first founder. Nebuchadnezzar was the "head of gold," whose image for a moment stood upon the plain of Dura for universal worship; but the dream was but for a moment, and the king of kings was compelled, even in his own person, to feel that he was but a subject to the God of heaven. Already the sure word of prophecy had gone forth that Babylon was to be a desolation, a place where beasts of prey were to hold their revels, a spot whose swamps were to be inhabited by owls and dragons, avoided alike by the shepherd and the citizen. In the time of Nebuchadnezzar's grandson, when the seventy years of Israel's captivity were fulfilled, Cyrus the Persian succeeded in taking the city, by turning the waters of the Euphrates, and thus preparing the way for the exit of the future kings of the East. Under the Persian rule, and doubtless by means of the illustrious Jews who governed under their authority, Babylon still remained a city of some importance; but after the destruction of the Medo-Persian empire by Alexander, it began rapidly to decay. Its very site is at present a matter of controversy, and it is shunned by the inhabitants of the neighbouring countries as an unholy place, the residence of evil spirits and the abode of those fallen angels who, in Arabian tradition, are supposed to have dwelt among the Antediluvian race, and tempted them to sin. A large species of monkey called the satyr, covered with shaggy hair, is said to frequent the marshes round Babylon; and while its presence serves accurately to

fulfil the prophecy of Isaiah xiii. 21, its appearance has probably led to many of the strange traditions with which superstition has peopled the place. What is the ultimate doom of the *literal* Babylon we are not told. Probably as it belonged originally to the children of Shem, and was forcibly taken from them by the usurper Nimrod, it will again be restored to the race for whom it was intended. But it will never again be Babylon the Great, its ruler will never be styled the king of kings ; for He who alone shall bear that mighty title, shall bear rule at Jerusalem, and sit on the throne of his father David. The destruction of Babylon is compared by the prophet to that of Sodom and Gomorrah ; and as its site abounds in bitumen pits and salt springs, it is not likely ever to be a place adapted again for building upon, even should the prophecy of Isaiah already quoted, not extend beyond the limits of the present dispensation.

X. Y. Z.

ON FORGETFULNESS OF GOD.

IF it had been the purpose of the Almighty to have added, from age to age, to the volume of Scripture—if he had continued to move holy men to speak by the Holy Ghost, and to detail the history of successive generations, we should assuredly find, amidst the record of the Lord's mercies, and long-suffering, and love, and tender care, the return which has been made him, in the exact words employed to describe that of those of old : “They forgot his works and his wonders, that he had shewed them, and they remembered not the multitude of his mercies.” A fact, which, while it would give us the evidence that the Lord is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, would likewise prove that the same immutable character belongs to us, in our corruption, unbelief, and hardness of heart.

It is our constant endeavour to erase, or to hide from view, the name of our Maker, which he has stamped on the creation, and upon the daily incidents of life. There are lessons to be learnt from God's works, for which we have no desire, and comfort issuing from them which we do not care to enjoy. The heavens above, and the earth beneath, may be studied and admired ; the countless beauties which surround us, may charm and raise the mind ; beauty may be acknowledged, adaptation may be discovered, and yet God may be forgotten, and the word *Nature* comes from the lips, which, in obedience to the dictates of a heart warm with the conscious-

ness of all that has been done for it, should "make boast of *God* all day long, and triumph in his praise."

God comes before us every moment of our lives ; the year is crowned with his goodness. What impression is made on our minds by these bounties ? The valleys stand thick with corn, the clouds drop fatness : to what cause do we trace this happy result ?

God has endowed us with minds and faculties, which, unfettered and unclogged by sin, would quicken our steps onward to himself ; for, the more knowledge we are enabled to gain, the more have we reason for admiration and for wonder, and the more should we desire to be acquainted and to be at peace with him, who is the First Great Cause of all. But, alas ! it is not so with us ; for, discovering the properties of matter, the laws by which the Lord governs his creation, and amassing a vast amount of scientific knowledge from which we draw inferences, we shut out God ! We have revolting and rebellious hearts ; neither do we say, "Let us now fear the Lord our God, that giveth rain, both the former and the latter in his season : he reserveth unto us the appointed weeks of the harvest." (Jer. v. 24.)

Successful applications of ingenuity are attributed to the wonderful machinery of mind and intellect. We lose sight of the important fact, that all is of *God*, who instructs us to discretion, and doth teach us (Isa. xxviii. 26), giving wisdom, and understanding, and knowledge, and all manner of workmanship. (Exod. xxxi. 3.)

We are lavish of our panegyrics on our fellow-creatures ; and, so the wise man glories in his wisdom, and the mighty in his might, and the rich in his riches—but who glories in the knowledge of God ?

It is cheering to turn from this sad state of things,

and from our own coldness and insensibility, to listen to the strains of praise which burst in fulness and richness from one who found it *good* to *draw nigh* unto God: every blessing, though coming to him as they now come to us, by means of human instrumentality, through the agency of means, or through the regulation of given laws, is traced back by this blessed one of faith, and dependence, at once to God: O that there were such a heart in us: O that we might know more of that thrill of gratitude which invites us to join in thanksgiving to the Lord, "who covereth the heaven with clouds, who prepareth rain for the earth, who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains." (Ps. cxlvii. 7, 8.)

But, again: when we turn to the page of history, what do we find? We read of the wisdom of this policy, and of the discrimination of that character—of the gradual unfoldings of the human mind—of the results of zeal—of the thirst for knowledge—the instrument by which the blessings we possess were procured, is brought forward; but He who wielded the instrument, who presided over the series of events which seemed to us to arise only in the common course of things, and so arranged them, as to bear upon a certain point, and to work together in producing a blessing, is forgotten, and "the multitude of God's mercies is not remembered."

We find also precisely the same disposition to forget God in his judgments. When shall we understand that the Lord sends both his blessings and his curses upon us, through the instrumentality of agents, which are obedient to his will, and accomplish his purposes? Woe to the mad laugh of reasoning pride, which mocks at the assertion of God's servants, and at their appeal to the word of the Lord. Doubtless, there were champions of

reason, in former days, who would have accounted for the capture of Samaria : might they not have laid it to the ambition of Shalmaneser, or to the breach of the stipulation made between him and Hoshea ; or, they might have said, *if* such a course had been pursued, *if* the defence of the city had been undertaken by a commander of greater skill, and experience, and foresight, the calamity would have been averted. But what key to the event is given us in Scripture ? In 2 Kings xvii. we have a full detail of Israel's folly and provocations, which vexed their gracious God, and brought down his judgments ; and thus we behold the true cause of Israel being carried away into Assyria, and being placed in Halah and in Habor, and in the cities of the Medes.

And again, in the case of pestilence in the days of David,—(2 Sam. xxiv.) how many would there be found eager to trace its origin, and to attribute its arrival and existence to some *imaginary*, or, perhaps, in fact, to its *actual* second cause. They would search for some physical explanation, and be satisfied.

What awful power does the Devil exercise in blinding the eyes, and steeling the heart against the acknowledgment of God ! keeping us ignorant of ourselves, and, therefore, impenitent—unforgiven—unsaved.

If, then, with regard to the creation, we are content with an abstraction—if we try to put a screen before the hand which governs all things—if we refuse to acknowledge providence—and if, out of the series of circumstances, which, by being improved or neglected, cause the rise of one, and the downfall of another, we weave a veil which hides from us the truth, that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, it is no marvel that we shrink from the more intimate revelation of God, which he has graciously given us in his word.

We trust ourselves to our own government—we hang a rosary of good deeds about us, and in counting them one by one, we stand independent alike of the assistance of the Holy Spirit, and of the need of the blood of Christ, to wash away defilement, and to make us accepted of God. We have motives of our own—principles which will resist temptation—qualities which will gain for us respect and love—thus have we *morality* without *religion*, the *world* without *God*. And another melancholy fact is connected with our history : that even when we see and confess the Lord's own hand gaining the victory for us—when we are led to acknowledge the benefits we possess, and to ascribe their origin to the mighty working of God, we do not live with a sense of our obligations on our minds, we forget “ the multitude of God's mercies.” And to what does this forgetfulness lead ? to disobedience, and departure from holiness and truth. The present days are distinguished for our peaceable possession and enjoyment of the Scriptures : for they are not hid from us under the cover of an unknown tongue ; they are not out of our reach by reason of scarcity, and consequent high value, neither are we obliged by stealth to open the sacred page for fear of the enemy, who would deprive us of our treasure, and inflict upon us punishment and torture. It is truly an affecting thought, that what we possess in such abundance, and study with such freedom, should not likewise have been equally the privileged possession of all our fellow-creatures. To think of what the Bible is, and of the blessings it conveys, the source of light and holiness—that which gives the true principles of action, and the only solid consolation in life's sorrows, and the alone safe guidance through life's intricacies—the book from whence alone we may derive a knowledge of our-

selves, and which also reveals to us the God with whom we have to do, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and the tidings of salvation to lost sinners : and then, to think in our state of happy liberty of those who were once in cruel bondage, and to call to mind in these days of peace, the days that are past, of the prison, the sword, and the stake !

“ Darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the people.” The priests’ lips did not keep knowledge, tradition held the supremacy due to the Scriptures, and superstition and incredulity dwelt dominant in the mind. What a contrast to the full blaze of truth with which we are blest ! But who delivered us from this darkness ; who caused the cloud to roll away ? It was God only, to him be all the praise. We behold the first dawns of a brighter day—the awakening of the mind—the conflict arising, but strength given to overcome ; we find the cause of truth advanced by a host of circumstances, which could have apparently no influence upon it, and fostered unwittingly by its greatest adversaries. “ The stars in their courses fought against Sisera.” And so death, and war,—political intrigue, and internal divisions,—the vices of men, and their engagements in the pleasures of the world, were combined to give an impulse to the rising cause of the Reformation. Who but God could have overruled these conflicting events for good ? And then it is beautiful to see, how when work is to be done, what a fitness there is in the instrument raised up to perform it ; and it is cheering to witness in days of sore temptation and heavy trial, the strength of the mind and soul, which has been strengthened by God ! Those were days, not only of “ wind and rain,” but of “ *hail and thunder* : ” and, says one who was actively engaged in the blessed

work : ‘ Had I not perceived the Lord guiding the ship, I should long ere now, have cast the helm into the sea ; but I see him amid the tempest, strengthening the tackling, arranging the yards, stretching the sails, what do I say? commanding the very winds.’ A blessed testimony to the truth that God’s presence goes with his people, and that he will never leave or forsake them. “ God is faithful.” In proportion to the emergency so was the grace bestowed—in measure to the difficulty, was the wisdom—according to the outward trouble and opposition, was the inward composure, and the evidence afforded of the workings of the Holy Spirit.

The cloud passed away and with it the night of penances and works, and “ neglecting of the body,” and men beheld the truth of God, and read the good tidings of great joy, “ being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

The cloud passed away, and with it the night; would that it were so ; but a figure does not always dovetail in with the reality. One would have thought that a deliverance so signal from a state so miserable, would ever have been remembered, and that with joyful gratitude, the mercy vouchsafed would have been rehearsed from age to age : but it is not so ; and if every other illustration should fail, we could point to the occurrences of the present, and to the aspect of the future, and see the prophetic fulfilment of the text, “ They forgot God their Saviour, and his works, and his wonders that he had shewed them.”

Another consideration of importance yet remains : the individual application of the subject. Strange and sad it is, that the *Christian* can be accused of forgetfulness of God : that he who has received mercy, being delivered from the horrible pit, ransomed, not with

silver and gold, but with the precious blood of God's own Son, made of free grace to differ from others, the object of special love: he upon whom the Holy Spirit has been shed, to fit him as a temple for the habitation of God: he who is taught and comforted, and filled with glorious hopes of the future which shall not be made ashamed, is yet found unmindful of the great things which have been done for him! We are forgetful of God's authority as a King and a Master. Can it be said that we walk in the fear of the Lord all the day long,—that as subjects we fulfil the laws ourselves, and teach them also to others, and that in loyal attachment to our Sovereign we grieve at the transgressors?

Again, when we come to consider the importance of the words, "Christ's servants," and the consequent duties which devolve upon us: we must be astonished how little we carry out our character, and what little practical effect the truth has upon us. We live, and live on day by day, as if we were our own, and we are thus apt to look upon our works as a voluntary offering, and not as the simple discharge of our office as the dispensers, as the stewards of God, of the means which he has entrusted to us for the benefit of our fellow-creatures, and for the glory of his holy name. We have *nothing of our own*; of our time, our talents, our money, we shall have to give account; our hearts are God's, and so are our affections and our thoughts. Alas, what do we know of such devotion to our Master? God has said "Be ye perfect," and as we go from text to text in the Sacred Volume, and behold a detail of the good works which God has ordained for us to walk in, we perceive in their combination, the attainment of that state of blessedness, we see how the scriptures would make us wise, and holy, and happy, leading us

on to the measure of the stature of Christ. But just let us put what is required of us by the side of our performances, and we shall find how much we forget God in his precepts.

Again, we forget God in his dealings towards us. We have too the example of Christ set before us, and that also we forget. Our harsh treatment of our fellow creatures, our hasty condemnation of their conduct, our lack of patience, our irritability under provocation, our selfishness and want of charity, give little proof of that constant meditation on God's dealings with ourselves, by which we should be so changed into the same image, that men might take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus.

But now, as to the mercies we receive, do we evince gratitude? are we stirred up to ask "What can we render unto the Lord for all his benefits?" are we constrained by the thought of the love of Christ to give up ourselves to him who has done and suffered so much for us? The mercies of God should strengthen our faith, and deepen our dependence, and inflame our love. We should not only *praise*, but *trust*, so that when the time of trouble comes, we may stand firm and confident on the character and faithfulness of the Father. Some of us may have been the subjects of signal mercies. Some dark night of weeping, was followed by joy in the morning, which called forth emotions of lively gratitude, and vows to the Lord. Years have since intervened. Let the mind travel back over that period, and happy will it be, if after examination we do not find ourselves included in Israel's condemnation, "They remembered not his hand, nor the day when he delivered them."

Let us examine ourselves on these various points—to

alter our nature—to walk as God wills—to forget ourselves—to bear in mind our position—and not to forget God, is more than flesh and blood could possibly accomplish—but God hath showed us a way. It seemed a thing totally beyond the power of Nehemiah, when he undertook to repair the ruins of Jerusalem, how many were his difficulties, how great the obstacles and the opposition against which he had to contend—but what cheered him on ? hear his words. Amid the scorner's laugh, he was undaunted, and said, "The Lord of heaven, he will prosper us ; therefore we, his servants, will arise and build." (Neh. ii. 20.) So, too, may we raise our drooping hands and weak knees, being confident in the promises of God ; his presence shall be with us ; his strength will enable us to overcome, and to be more than conquerors through him that loved us.

We have truly great cause for humility, and also for unbounded love and gratitude, when we think that, amid all our wanderings, God still watches over us : and that, although we so constantly forget *him*, he never forgets *us*. To that blessed One be glory in the Church, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

S. S.

THE CHRISTIAN'S MOTTO.

“ Faint, yet pursuing.”

O THOU who only canst impart
The power to tread the heavenly road,
With fainting step and bleeding heart,
I travel to thy blest abode.

Fain would I *run*, with nimble pace ;
With cheerful heart, and willing feet ;
Fain would I *love* the toilsome race,
And find e'en pain and labour sweet.

But, Lord ! what legions of my foes,—
Of foes without, and foes within,—
My heavenly pilgrimage oppose,
With all the powers of hell and sin.

Here Pride, with high and haughty mien,
Disdains to tread the humbling vale,
And Self-conceit, my ear to win,
Repeats her false and flattering tale.

There, Indolence, with folded arms,
Shrinks from the mountain's steep ascent,
And Pleasure spreads her syren-charms,
To lure me to her magic tent.

Proud Discontent, with sullen pace
Reluctant treads the thorny road ;
And wild presumption fain would trace
A smoother path, with roses strewed.

Lo ! gloomy Doubt, with fearful clouds
Conceals the sun's meridian blaze,
The glorious prize in darkness shrouds,
And leaves the road a wildering maze.

And Unbelief, with tears and sighs,
With downcast look, and hopeless air,
Far from the Saviour turns her eyes,
And points to realms of black despair.

O Lord ! my strength and courage fail ;
I lift my waiting eyes to Thee ;—
No human aid can aught avail,—
No human power can set them free.

Though plunged in deep and sore distress,
On Thee my trembling soul relies,
And *forward* still I strive to press,—
“ Faint, yet pursuing ” still the prize.

O Thou, the strength of every saint !
Thy promised grace is ever sure ;
Thy word is pledged to help the “ faint,”
And make them to the end endure.

On Thy supporting arm I lean,
On Thee my every burden cast ;—
Through Thee I still the prize shall win,—
“ Faint, yet pursuing,” to the last !

MALVINA.

THE IRISH PEARL.

No. IX.

MANY days passed by, and multiplied into weeks, and still Florence and her husband were unwillingly detained amidst the smoke and dust and uncongenial crowds of London. They had been ready to depart, when Florence received a very gracious message from the Queen, intimating that she desired a parting interview with her, and until a day was appointed for this audience, they felt obliged to remain. At length, introduced once more by the Duchess of Ormond, Florence stood before her Majesty : but this time it was a private audience, and with the exception of Prince George, no other witness was present.

Florence's quick eyes had immediately discerned her beloved pearls in a small casket which lay open on a table beside the Queen, and as if in reply to the regretful shade which stole across her expressive face, her Majesty at once introduced the subject, and with dignified kindness acknowledged her appreciation of the sacrifice Lady Glenleary had made for the gratification of her wish : ' Her Grace of Ormond,' added she, ' has put us entirely in possession of the extent of that sacrifice, but while accepting this devotedness to our wishes as an earnest of the future loyalty of your distinguished house, and of your personal attachment to ourself, far be it from me, dear lady,' added she, altering her style to

a more familiar form of speech, 'far be it from me to gratify a passing fancy by trampling on feelings so hallowed and so dear. When I admired those fair jewels, I had no idea that an intrinsic interest enhanced their matchless beauty in your eyes, and I also indulged a hope that in parting with them you might have been induced to remain within the sphere of their influence ; but Lady Ormond, your friend, has convinced me how much better you have decided, and that even at a distance you may carry out my views and gratify my wishes, even more satisfactorily than when immediately in my presence.'

Her Majesty paused and turned towards Prince George, who smiled an assent to thoughts he seemed to read, as he removed the casket from the table and placed it in the royal hand, while a smile of another character almost imperceptibly stole across the face of the Duchess, as she caught the look of alarm in Florence's eyes, who in listening to the last words of the Queen, was evidently impressed with the idea that she was about to be betrayed into some snare.

But the next sentence relieved her apprehensions ; addressing her again, her Majesty continued, 'In giving me an outline of your history, do not think there was any betrayal of confidence, but your friend knew that I had one object warmly at heart, and she believed it would be devoutly seconded by you ; while lately taking into consideration the state of religion in our colonies, I could not remain indifferent to the benighted condition of many of my subjects nearer home, or be unmindful of the ignorance and superstition which I believe to be the parents of so many of Ireland's misdeeds. I have earnestly wished to create a counter influence, to extend the blessings of religious instruc-

tion and education throughout that unhappy land, and if possible to inspire the hearts of the resident proprietors with an anxiety to induce their dependants to avail themselves of those means of improvement ; from the insight Lady Ormond has given me into your character, I can imagine you would readily co-operate in such a work, I can fancy your intelligence and attractions engaged in convincing and winning many to follow your example, and it redoubles the gratification I feel in restoring your hereditary influence, when I know that it will be employed for the welfare of all within its reach.'

'Receive these jewels then again from our hand, as the title-deeds of that romantic region where first they were discovered ; in restoring them I feel that I also restore your happiness again ; I cannot be more explicit now, but hereafter you will have reason to believe, that notwithstanding all that her enemies have said, Anne Stuart has a heart capable of feeling and appreciating a daughter's love.'

The Queen's voice trembled slightly as she uttered the last few words, and bending forward she pressed her lips in silent farewell on the brow of the surprised and agitated girl who knelt before her, then accepting the arm of the Prince, with a courteous inclination to the Duchess, she silently withdrew.

Amazed, bewildered, Florence stood for many moments pale and motionless, gazing at the recovered treasure within her grasp. Alarmed at her silence and at the fixed expression of her countenance, Lady Ormond approached, and taking the casket from her hand, led her to her seat, gently chiding her extreme emotion, and asking how could such a trembling heart be ever prepared for joy. Trying to collect her faculties,

Florence pressed her hand upon her heart, upon her brow, and at last, bursting into tears, hid her face in the bosom of her friend as she murmured in broken accents ‘ Ah ! could he have lived—could he have seen this day—could I have pleaded for him, then might a daughter’s love have been of use.’

The Duchess sighed as she listened to her lament ; then smiled, then wept, pressing her closer, closer to her heart : until at last her strong emotion arresting Florence’s attention, placed a check upon her own, and made her wonderingly look up. Still Lady Ormond sobbed and trembled, yet it evidently was not from grief, for a smile now and then played upon her lips, and kept shining through her tears ; presently steps were heard in an adjoining apartment ; then a low murmur of voices ; and then suddenly Florence started up and entreated silence with uplifted hand and listening ear : paler she grew, while the light in her eyes became more and more intense, and every feeling seemed concentrated on some wild absorbing thought ; at last forgetful of the place, regardless of all etiquette, she glided across the room, passed through the intervening door, and unheeding the surrounding group had thrown herself the next moment into her father’s arms.

* * * * *

Little more remains to tell.—Glenleary had indeed heard truly,—in the siege of Barcelona her father had fallen, and from those trenches he returned no more ; but some charitable monks who visited the lines to shrive the dying, finding his mangled body, and perceiving that life still remained, had conveyed him to their monastery, where he lay hovering between life and death until long after the place had been reduced, and the army withdrawn. In the haste and confusion at-

tending the capture of the town, and the subsequent removal of the troops, his fate had not been ascertained beyond the fact of his having fallen, to all appearance, mortally wounded, as was testified by his comrades ; and amidst the carnage which had ensued, it was impossible to attend to, or afterwards identify, individual remains. Thus arose the sad mistake, and when after many weeks of attentive skill and care, the poor sufferer revived to a consciousness of his situation, it was to find himself alone amidst a peaceful community, and to hear of the ratification of the peace and the disbanding of the troops. His occupation gone ; an exile from his country ; seared in heart and broken in health ; with the worst sting of all rankling in his bosom, his child's own confession that she had forsaken the faith of her fathers and gone over to that of his enemies ; what did it matter if all numbered him with the dead ; that it must be so, he concluded from the absence of all inquiry, and by measures secretly adopted he soon ascertained the fact. From thenceforth he resolved to become dead indeed to a world which now possessed no farther attraction : his child must have wept for him, but her mourning would soon be over, and as he never could rejoin her, where was the use of trying her heart afresh by making her aware of his now profitless existence. Thus he argued, and was gradually bending his mind to the resolution of becoming a member of that brotherhood by whom he had been preserved, when intelligence reached their secluded residence, of the renewal of the war, quickly followed by tidings that a naval expedition from England had arrived off the coast, and that the land forces embarked on board the vessels were commanded by the Duke of Ormond.

The exile's heart yearned to see, to converse with his gallant countryman, his early friend, once more ; to hear tidings of his child ; to know that she was happy at last. He accomplished his wish, succeeded in obtaining an interview, and was won by the intreaties of his friend to abandon his idea of a monastic life, to believe that life might yet have some happiness in store, and to throw himself on the mercy of his sovereign. The Duke promised to use all his interest in procuring the reversal of his attainder, and his late glorious success at Vigo gave assurance that he could scarcely make a fruitless request ; but Colonel M'Carthy stipulated that the secret of his existence should not be betrayed to his family, unless there was a certainty of his return, and that this return should be free and unrestricted, else he could not possibly avail himself of the permission. We have seen how the Duchess of Ormond contrived to interest the kindly feelings of the Queen, and even independently of all political influences, the sorrowing daughter would have been made happy.

The royal consent once obtained, the order for Colonel M'Carthy's return was forwarded to Spain, where he had awaited a communication from the Duke, and as even in those remote days, official letters travelled somewhat expeditiously, he arrived in London with as little delay as circumstances could admit. He was received with open arms by his illustrious friends, but the secret was now the Queen's, and by her express desire it was not divulged until the day, and in the manner, we have described.

With happy hearts they all returned to Ireland. Lord Ormond to represent his sovereign as Lord Lieutenant, and to find that popularity has no abiding, and that power does not bring safety. His duchess ever

sought to moderate his ambition, and to lessen his care, but she often inwardly reverted to the example of Florence, and confessed she had chosen the better part. And she—the bond and centre of the re-united family, once more was welcomed back to her old ancestral hall : her heart might have sank as she contemplated all its changes, but it was only the feeling of an hour, and new energy sprang from her regrets ; she saw that when the first burst of indignation had subsided, her father found an occupation in repairing and remodelling their dwelling, which interested his mind, and prevented his deploring the social changes which he would never have regarded as improvements : their residence at last emerged from its ruins, less grey, less stern, less imposing than of old ; but then it was lighter, more airy, more convenient, and as Florence's old tower had been preserved, all were content. And if the primitive oaks were gone, that had shadowed its walls, still a bright young wood was springing from their roots, beautifying the rugged hills already with many tinted leaves. At this present day they may be seen far out-rivalling their hoary predecessors, and even before Florence's race was run, she walked beneath their shade.

But with a happiness far surpassing all this material world can offer, she felt that herself and those she loved, had “ a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens : ” that the lessons she had been honoured in imparting, the good seed she had sown, were “ taking root downward and bearing fruit upward,” that many an ignorant fellow-creature had been brought to the knowledge of the Lord, and that the moral wilderness in which her lot was cast, promised yet to blossom as a garden of the Lord.

Her father could not retain his anger against the child he loved so dearly, he could not have resisted her deep affection, her thousand winning ways ; but he waited not for them ; at the first sound of her voice all coldness had vanished, and he never even thought of erecting the frigid barrier again. Florence had the delight of restoring, at his own request, that Bible which he had promised never to part with, and of seeing it was his chosen companion to the end of his life : he never openly declared his acceptance of its doctrines, but from the tenor of his life and many an unguarded expression, she could not but believe that he had made them the ground of his hope. For herself, and for those who were dear unto her, she trusted in the Lord, and continued to do good, and verily He exalted her to inherit the land.

Oh that many had been like her, in those bye-gone days ! Oh that a sense of their deep responsibility had influenced the earlier Protestants of this land ! If a love for the souls of their fellow-countrymen, if tenderness for their failings, had actuated those who enjoyed such superior privileges, then indeed might righteousness have exalted our nation, discord might have been healed, judgments might have been averted, peace would have been within our walls, and plenteousness within our palaces.

But even by this neglect, has not our own accountability been fearfully increased ? can we inherit the faith of our forefathers, can we in many instances inherit their possessions, and not be reminded of the opportunities that have been lost, the years that can never be recalled ; can we behold a population still sunk in ignorance and semi-barbarism, without calling to mind the long generations who have lived side by side with

our ancestors, perishing for lack of knowledge, then, even as now. Oh may such solemn considerations arouse every thinking heart to increased exertion, knowing that "the night is far spent, the day is at hand," that we should "work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh when no man can work," and that night has no dawn. Awful thought ! may it lead us to prayer, both for ourselves and others, that the gracious Giver of all good, who has seen fit to visit our land with chastisement, may convert it into a blessing ; that in the common bond of privation and sympathy her people may become more united ; more anxious to comfort ; more ready to listen ; until "violence shall no more be heard in the land, wasting nor destruction within her borders ; but that the Lord may be glorified, when the days of our mourning shall be ended,—The Lord hasten it in His time."

SIGMA.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD.—No. I.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I write to you upon a subject which I know to be near to your heart ; and, I believe, at this moment, to the heart also of every Christian man—I mean, the present state of Popery. I think it may be of some service, if I just give you the impressions I have received in the course of an extensive tour through East and West Flanders, which has included all the principal cities of both districts. In no part of the world is Popery so calmly supreme, so undisputedly dominant as in this ! Italy is not to be compared to it. There you meet with questionings and grumblings and surly looks at the priests, and the visible signs of discontent with things as they are in all classes. But here, things are totally different. The poor people have not intelligence enough to comprehend anything more than the fact, that they are starving and miserable. They do not seem capable of any question beyond those of “What shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed.”

This is especially the case at Bruges, Ghent, Malines, and cities of that class, which owed their ancient wealth and importance exclusively to the now perfectly extinct foreign trade of the low countries. The state of things there may be gathered from the following statistical particulars regarding Bruges. This city was the mart of the world in the 15th century. Its

canals were crowded with the shipping of all known nations. Its splendour was equal to its riches ; for it was for a long period the favourite residence of the counts of Flanders, and afterwards of the dukes of Burgundy. The natural consequence of this prosperity in the middle ages was the constant increase of the ecclesiastical establishment of the city. To such an enormous extent had this been carried, that, even in the 16th century, the 400,000 inhabitants of Bruges complained of it as far more than commensurate to their spiritual wants. Since that time, the population has declined to about 40,000, of whom, at least, 15,000 are absolute paupers, dependent upon the poor's-rate of West Flanders : and of the rest, the entire occupation of the poor men is agricultural labour ; for which, in that thickly-populated district, they are not at all wanted, and an occasional franc or two from visitors, from whom they may be fortunate enough to obtain an engagement as guide to the pictures, churches, &c., of their once beautiful city. Those of the Bruygois that still retain any property, are impoverishing rapidly. The walls of Bruges, like those of most other cities of Flanders, are covered with affiches announcing the sales of family estates, family houses, pictures, &c.

In the midst of this mass of destitution and misery, the ' Holy Church Catholic ' flourishes as vigorously, and blossoms as abundantly as in Ireland. The entire staff of the priesthood remains unimpaired, as when Bruges had 400,000 inhabitants. More than 600 secular priests minister in its twenty-seven churches, and the inmates of thirty-four convents, amounting to many hundreds, aid their ministrations. Yet, not an echo of the complaints of the 400,000 rich burghers of Bruges against the priestly exactions, which made their fair city one of

the refuges of the Vaudois, and a cradle of the Reformation, can be distinguished among the pauperised remnant that alone represents their descendants. True, there is less blood to suck, but there is also less power in the hapless victim to resist. The burghers of Bruges fought hard in the 16th century for that measure of their abundance which the Church demanded. But their pauperised descendants in the nineteenth yield to the same power their life's blood, without a struggle. Nothing flourishes in Bruges but the priesthood ! The gloss of newness is upon the ample garments of fine Flanders broad cloth, and the broad-leafed hats of the haughty, and (to judge by appearance) by no means ill-fed beneficiares that crowd the streets of Bruges. As the ecclesiastic walks along, so many are the salutations he has to return, (the men doffing their caps, the women and children kneeling) that his hat seems to float in the air over his head like a nimbus. Perhaps the most distressing sight in Bruges is, that of the lace-weavers. The city was once celebrated for this manufacture, but the comparatively recent invention of the lace-loom has entirely put an end to it. Better lace can now be produced at one-half the price upon which it would be possible for the hand-labourer to live. Yet, all the women and children sit in the close narrow streets of Bruges, and weave lace ! Lace to trim the priests' garments withal ! for so they are made to earn the convent doles ! Useless, valueless labour ! Poor wretches ; they look as happy as a gang of English paupers kept at some purposeless employment ! This picture of Bruges is very little modified in Malines, Ghent, Louvaine, Vilvorde, and other cities of the same district. It would seem that, in exact proportion to the destitution and misery of the people, is the absolute domination of the priest-

hood. In Antwerp, and some other cities, the case is different. A little movement from one cause or other is perceptible in these places, and the invariable effect is a diminution in the influence of the clergy. The priest of Antwerp walks along as if he were treading on eggs. His pale-drawn countenance is composed to an expression of mortification and humility ; his meek eyes are cast upon the ground, and his coarse felt cha-peau slouches over his eyebrows, undisturbed either by salutation or recognition. At Brussels the priestly influence, as far as outward marks of respect are concerned, is extinct. Groups of workmen may be seen laughing and jeering while the host passes in procession, and expressions of dislike and contempt, are apparently the ordinary street salutations of the priest. Here, then, he gives the game of sanctity up altogether. He is the boon companion of those of his sensual, worldly infidel parishioners, that will condescend to his society. The quantity of Cognac that he can swallow, without inebriety, seems to be the measure of his merits.

‘ Like people like priest : ’ the state of the population may be easily gathered from what I have said. Nothing but infidelity is at present interfering with the supremacy of Popery in Belgium. The efforts that are making by the various evangelical societies, are undertaken in an excellent spirit by excellent men, with much discretion and with much zeal :—but, as yet, the impression is altogether imperceptible, where I have had the opportunity of judging of it. As to the Anglican chaplaincies, they are for the most part mere slides, along which the many English people that have settled in Belgium are pleasantly gliding down to Popery. Two specimens shall suffice. The chaplain to the court at Brussels has service at nine on the Sunday morning, in

order that it may be over before high mass begins at half-past ten in the Popish cathedral hard by. The following sentence, from a sermon I heard the Sunday before last (July 12) at Ostend, will give a tolerable notion of the preaching of the English clergy in Belgium. The subject was the Sacrament, and the reverend gentleman was exhorting his congregation, who, as he told them, were very worldly and dissipated, to attend. He concluded an impassioned address with the following peroration :—‘ O ye careless, thoughtless sinners ! Aggravate not the weight of your condemnation by refusing to come to the holy altar, and to stretch forth your hands, that the body of Christ may be put into them !’ It will at once be seen that the tendency, and, so far as appears the design of preaching and practice like this, is to make Protestants Papists, not Papists Protestants.

The extent to which the Reformation in this part of the Netherlands has perished, is a phenomenon for which I must confess I was not prepared. I have made all the inquiry in my power in the route over which I have passed, and have not been able to hear of a single native Protestant congregation, or even individuals. Such certainly may exist ; but their existence is unknown to the great majority of their fellow-countrymen. In one city containing 21,000 inhabitants, tended by 350 secular priests and the inmates of 17 convents, the dissidents from the church of Rome in the entire city were comprehended, by a very intelligent and well-informed inhabitant, in the following meagre list,—
trois ou quatre Juifs, et trois ou quatre Protestants Allemands.’

The instrument by which the Romish priests accomplished the subjugation of the inhabitants of this part of Belgium is the same as in Ireland. The great ma-

majority of the population know no other language than the Flemish, and, so far as I can learn, the literature of that language is exclusively in the possession of the Romish church. There is no greater mistake than to suppose that French is a medium of communication with the inhabitants either of East or West Flanders. Three or four sentences is about the average extent to which the acquaintance of the Flemish peasantry with it generally reaches. In all the priests' schools the Flemish is taught exclusively. There is a very extensive collection of Roman Catholic books in Flemish, published at Ghent, Malines, Bruges, and other cities. Hours, chaplets, rosaries, legends of saints, and other productions of that order, are very abundant. Neither is there any lack of translations from the French, of the attempts which are now making at Limoges to rival the English Religious Tract Society. Accounts of wonderful little girls converted from Protestantism by seeing the miraculous cures performed by the relics of some saints, or of the astonishing succession of imaginary missionaries in islands that have no existence, adorned with trumpery wood-cuts, are of frequent occurrence. But I have inquired in vain for anything whatever in the shape either of a refutation of Romish error, or of a statement of Scripture truth, in Flemish. There may be such, but they are certainly not easy to find; for I have taken some pains in inquiring after them. If this deficiency really exists, I trust it will speedily be supplied, because I consider the present moment to be a particularly favourable one for the efforts of the friends of God's truth in Belgium. A spirit of distrust of the Romish priesthood, and of dissatisfaction with Romanism, is spreading itself far and wide throughout the entire population; and there is a

spirit of inquiry and of willingness to discuss the subject of religion among them, which has much surprised me. The elections which have just terminated, have given an unanswerable proof of the existence of this spirit. The *partie prêtre*, which in all former Chambers of Representatives, since the Revolution in 1830, has had an overwhelming majority, scarcely exists in the present one. But upon this deeply important and interesting subject, I must write to you again. Meanwhile,

Yours most truly,

W. O.

IRISH FAMINE ORPHANS.

To the Editor of the Christian Lady's Magazine.

DEAR MADAM,—The attention of your readers has already been called to the hapless condition of those desolate orphans whom the fearful destruction of human life in our sister country during the last six months, has thrown upon the charity of the public ; and in your May Number, an affecting appeal was made in their behalf to the happier children of Great Britain. It appears to me, however, that they have a strong claim upon the Christian benevolence, not only of little ones like themselves, but also of all the Lord's people of every age, and I believe, moreover, that their numbers will, ere long, be found to be so much beyond what any one had calculated on, that it will become a most serious question what is to be done with them. Should the nation take it up, there is little doubt that the '*liberal*' spirit of the times would give them over at once to the teaching of their priests, whom we Protestants, if we are true to our name, believe to be the inculcators of a false and idolatrous faith. It may be called bigotry to wish it otherwise, but for my part I am not ashamed to confess that I believe Popery to be the subtlest scheme for the destruction of souls that ever was invented by the arch-enemy of mankind ; having all the false principles of heathenism disguised under the fair exterior of Christianity ; and I think that the ministers and people of God are as loudly called

upon to preach and act against it, as ever were Peter and Paul to go among the Gentile idolators preaching peace through the blood of Jesus. At the same time I believe, *as* firmly, that the Lord has "much people" among those outwardly professing this false faith, and even among those now zealous in behalf of it, because His own word says, "Come out of her, *my people*, that ye receive not of her plagues;" but this very command shews that in *coming out of her* lies their only safety. Shall not those then who daily pray for conformity to the mind of Christ, desire to repeat his invitation, and to offer to these poor ignorant brethren every facility for freeing themselves from the Antichristian system which has so long held them and their forefathers in bondage? Shall not the Christian ladies of Great Britain especially, hear a voice in the providence of God, which has cast these orphan children loose from the ties of family, and sent them wandering in helpless hungry bands over the face of the country, saying to them, 'Take these children and nurse them for *me*; rescue some of them at least from the dark paths of ignorance and superstitious vanities, and guide their feet into the way of peace, ere yet a systematic plan is formed for their return to error.' Such a scheme would, I am well aware, demand both much energy of mind in its conductors, and a considerable capital of this world's wealth to enable them to carry it on. But the silver and the gold are the Lord's. He can, and he *would*, in answer to faithful prayer, incline the rich to give of their abundance, and the poor of their penury, each man according to his ability, and all "as to the Lord." And among those of your readers, dear madam, who may not be gifted with wealth, are there not some to be found whose influence, and persevering energy

of character, would prove even more useful to such an undertaking, by inducing them to step forward for its formation, and support during its progress? With respect to funds, I know that the truly Christian liberality with which England has come to the relief of the sister island during the calamitous season we have just past through, as well as the pecuniary pressure of the times, has left many without means at present of enlarging their charities by gifts of money—but a plan has occurred to me which I would fain submit to the judgment of your readers, and which I think might enable many, where there was “first a willing mind,” to relieve the necessities of their brethren without a present expenditure of money. Are there not, I would suggest, an infinite variety of superfluous luxuries, in the way of dress, books, prints, bigouterie, &c., which could well be spared by the sons and daughters of affluence, and for which dépôts might be formed in the metropolis and chief towns of each of the three countries of the nation, and which might be sold so far under the original cost as would tempt many to buy, forming a valuable fund for the Irish Famine Orphans, while both those who gave and those who bought, would feel that they were supporting an admirable charity. Would not such a plan be the best practical comment on the Scripture precepts—“If any man have two coats, let him impart to him that hath none.” “Sell that ye have, and give alms, and ye shall have treasure in heaven.” See also James ii. 15, 16. 1 John iii. 17 ; and 2 Cor. viii. 14.

Many a lady in the higher circles has dozens of expensive dresses, shawls, furs, &c., beyond her own actual requirements, lying by, perhaps, and rarely looked at, of which, if the way were pointed out to her,

for the children of fashion have often very compassionate hearts, she might gladly offer from her abundance to supply the necessities of the poor and naked, and some arrangement might perhaps be entered into for the disposal of such things, with those who make a livelihood by purchasing them. The same would hold good with respect to many other articles of luxury which I need not here enumerate, for if once the habit of self-denial was formed, and the sweetest of all luxuries, that of relieving misery, tasted, no prompting would be needed to encourage further efforts. Leaving this suggestion to the judgment of yourself and your readers, and to the blessing of God, if He sees fit to bring any good out of it,

I remain, dear Madam,

Your sister in the Lord,

ALATHEA.

[We must leave this suggestion to the judgment of our readers, we do not feel sufficiently clear of its eligibility to press it upon them. We do however most earnestly press the cause of the poor orphans for whom Alatheia so earnestly pleads! In one parish we hear of 120, in another of 90, left as orphans. There are few infants, they mostly perished; but many young children calling loudly for parental care. Those who saved them from death during the horrors of the winter, are now inquiring what they must do with them. Christian ladies of England, do none of you hear the voice of God, saying, "Take this child, and nurse it for me?" A gentleman from India was telling at a Missionary meeting a few weeks since, of the awful famine which desolated India ten years ago, and of the wonderful results which God's providence, ever bringing good out

of evil, wrought there ; three hundred orphans, children of heathen parents, being placed in a school at Agra, and brought up in the Christian religion. Shall we not do as much for Ireland, as we have done for India ? Romanists do not count pounds shillings and pence when they want to spread their faith, let us not be more penurious in the service of our heavenly Master, than they are in that of the Pope.

It would certainly be desirable if some collective measure could be adopted for establishing an Orphan Asylum, but there is no need to wait for this, Christian friends in Ireland are surrounded with these destitute children, and are only waiting our assistance to place them at once in respectable Protestant families where they will be taken care of, and brought under Protestant instruction. The average charge is not much above five pounds a year. Are there no English children who will make an effort to collect shillings and sixpences for them ? No English mothers who can afford to add to their family expenses for this year, £5. for an adopted Irish child ? If subscriptions were sent to Mr. Nangle at Achill, to Mr. Digby Latouche, Banker, Dublin, for Sidney O'Moore's Orphan Fund ; or to Mrs. H. Brougham, 3 Waterloo Place, Upper Baggot Street, Dublin, they would be immediately applied to cases already investigated. (For post office orders the Christian name of the party to whom they are sent must be given at full length.)—ED.]

P. S.—Since the above was written, fresh intelligence has reached us from Ireland of the number of orphans left destitute by the late famine,—in six parishes mentioned by our correspondent, there are no less than 461. ‘If any thing,’ she continues, ‘is to be

done for these poor destitute ones, it should be without delay. Once the orphans of Romanists are received into the workhouses, they are by law shut up into the darkness of Popery, and our only time to rescue them is while the workhouses are too full to give them admission.' Another letter states. 'The black-eyed boy, for whom you enquired is gone—no one knows where. When the soup-kitchen closed he went away, sick, and swelled ! I had collected five pounds for his support—but too late !' We leave these facts on the consciences of our readers ; £5. a year raised annually by any little circle of Christian friends, will be the means of rescuing one of these children from the only alternative that now awaits them, immediate starvation, or refuge in a workhouse where they must be brought up in the thickest darkness of Popery.

THE PSALMIST'S REVELATION OF THE TIMES OF RESTITUTION,

WITH

PARALLEL PREDICTIONS OF THE SPIRIT.

PSALM XLV.

THIS Psalm relates to the second advent. The Bridegroom is the conquering Messiah—the bride, or consort, the restored Jewish people.

THE PSALMIST'S REVELATION.

2. Thou art fairer
than the children of
men :

Grace is poured into thy
lips :

Therefore God hath
blessed thee for ever.

3. Gird thy sword
upon thy thigh, O most
mighty, with thy glory
and thy majesty. And
in thy majesty ride
prosperously because of
truth, and meekness,
and righteousness :

PARALLEL PREDICTIONS.

My beloved is white and ruddy, the
chiefest among ten thousand. . . His
mouth is most sweet ; yea, he is alto-
gether lovely. Cant. v. 10, 16. How
great is his goodness, and how great is
his beauty ! Zech. ix. 17.

And the word was made flesh, and
dwelt among us . . . full of grace and
truth. John i. 14. For he whom God
hath sent speaketh the words of God :
for God giveth not the Spirit by mea-
sure unto him. John iii. 34.

For thou hast made him most blessed
for ever. Psalm xxi. 6.

And I saw heaven opened, and be-
hold a white horse ; and he that sat
upon him was called Faithful and True,
and in righteousness he doth judge and
make war. His eyes were as a flame
of fire, and on his head were many
crowns ; and he had a name written,
that no man knew, but he himself.
And he was clothed with a vesture
dipped in blood : and his name is called

THE PSALMIST'S
REVELATION.

4. And thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things.

5. Thine arrows are sharp in the heart of the king's enemies: whereby the people fall under thee.

6. Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever; the sceptre of thy kingdom is a right sceptre.

7. Thou lovest righteousness, and hatest wickedness, therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.

PARALLEL PREDICTIONS.

the Word of God. And out of his mouth goeth a sharp sword, that with it he should smite the nations: and he shall rule them with a rod of iron: and he treadeth the winepress of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God. And he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS. Rev. ix. 11, 12, 13, 15, 16.

The Lord shall go forth as a mighty man, he shall stir up jealousy like a man of war: he shall cry, yea, roar; he shall prevail against his enemies. Isaiah xlii. 13.

Thine hand shall find out all thine enemies; thy right hand shall find out those that hate thee. Thou shalt make them as a fiery oven in the time of thine anger: the Lord shall swallow them up in his wrath, and the fire shall devour them. Psalm xxi. 8, 9.

And the Lord shall be seen over them, and his arrow shall go forth as the lightning. Zech. ix. 14. And I saw, and behold a white horse: and he that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given unto him: and he went forth conquering and to conquer. Rev. vi. 2.

But unto the Son he saith, Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever: a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of thy kingdom. Heb. i. 8. Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth and for ever. The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this. Isaiah ix. 7.

The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek: he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound. To proclaim

THE PSALMIST'S
REVELATION.

PARALLEL PREDICTIONS.

8. All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made thee glad.*

9. Kings' daughters are among thy honourables.†

Upon thy right hand did stand the queen in gold of Ophir.

the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God: to comfort all that mourn. To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified. Isaiah lxi. 1-3. And the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord: and he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears. Isaiah xi. 2, 3.

Even he shall build the temple of the Lord; and he shall bear the glory, and shall sit and rule upon his throne; and he shall be a priest upon his throne: and the counsel of peace shall be between them both. Zech. vi. 13.

All the kindreds of the nations shall worship before thee. Psalm xxii. 27.

And it shall be at that day, saith the Lord, that thou shalt call me Ishi, and shalt call me no more Baali. And I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving-kindness, and in mercies. And I will even betroth thee unto me in faithfulness: and thou shalt know the Lord. Hosea ii. 16, 19, 20. Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honour to him;

* Bishop Horsley thus reads the verse: "Thy garments are all myrrh, aloes, and cassia. Excelling the palaces of ivory, excelling those that delight thee." He thinks this mention of the sweet smelling spices is an allusion to the priestly character of our Lord; these are his words, 'The perfumed garments of the Psalmist's King denote the very same thing which was typified under the law by the perfumed garments of the High Priest.'—Horsley's Sermons.

† Bishop Horsley. 'King's daughters,' in the general language of holy writ are the kingdoms and peoples which they govern, of which in common speech they are called fathers.—Bishop Horsley's Sermon.

THE PSALMIST'S
REVELATION.

11. So shall the king greatly desire thy beauty:

For he is thy Lord ;

And worship thou him.

12. And the daughter of Tyre shall be there with a gift : even the rich among the people shall intreat thy favour.

13. The king's daughter is all glorious within ; her clothing is of wrought gold.

14. She shall be brought unto the king in raiment of needlework :

PARALLEL PREDICTIONS.

for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready. Rev. xix. 7.

Thou shalt be called Hephzi-bah . . . for the Lord delighteth in thee. And as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee. Isaiah lxii. 4, 5.

And I, the Lord, will be their God, and my servant David a prince among them : I the Lord have spoken it. Ezek. xxxiv. 24.

But they shall serve the Lord their God, and David their king, whom I will raise up unto them. Jer. xxx. 9.

And her merchandise and her hire shall be holiness unto the Lord : it shall not be treasured nor laid up : for her merchandise shall be for them that dwell before the Lord, to eat sufficiently, and for durable clothing. Isaiah xxiii. 18. The multitude of camels shall cover thee, the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah ; all they from Sheba shall come : they shall bring gold and incense ; and they shall shew forth the praises of the Lord. All the flocks of Kedar shall be gathered together unto thee, the rams of Nebaioth shall minister unto thee : they shall come up with acceptance on mine altar, and I will glorify the house of my glory. Isaiah lx. 6, 7.

Put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city. Isaiah lii. 1. And it shall come to pass, that he that is left in Zion, and he that remaineth in Jerusalem, shall be called holy, even every one that is written among the living in Jerusalem. Isaiah iv. 3. Thy people also shall be all righteous. Isaiah lx. 21.

I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God ; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments

THE PSALMIST'S
REVELATION.

The virgins her companions that follow her shall be brought unto thee.

15. They shall enter into the king's palace.

16. Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children, whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth.

PARALLEL PREDICTIONS.

and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels. Isaiah lxi. 10.

Thus saith the Lord of hosts; In those days it shall come to pass, that ten men shall take hold out of all languages of the nations, even shall take hold of the skirt of him that is a Jew, saying, We will go with you: for we have heard that God is with you. Zech. viii. 23. And many nations shall be joined to the Lord in that day, and shall be my people. Zech. ii. 11.

Thus saith the Lord of hosts; It shall yet come to pass, that there shall come people, and the inhabitants of many cities: and the inhabitants of one city shall go to another, saying, Let us go speedily to pray before the Lord, and to seek the Lord of hosts: I will go also. Yea, many people and strong nations shall come to seek the Lord of hosts in Jerusalem, and to pray before the Lord. Zech. viii. 20—22. Also the sons of the stranger, that join themselves to the Lord, to serve him, and to love the name of the Lord, to be his servants; . . . even them will I bring to my holy mountain, and make them joyful in my house of prayer: their burnt offerings and their sacrifices shall be accepted upon mine altar: for mine house shall be called a house of prayer for all nations. The Lord God which gathereth the outcasts of Israel, saith, Yet will I gather others to him, besides those that are gathered unto him. Isaiah lvi. 6—8.

The children which thou shalt have, after thou hast lost the other, shall say again in thine ears, The place is too strait for me: give place to me that I may dwell. Then shalt thou say in thine heart, Who hath begotten me these, seeing I have lost my children, and am desolate, a captive, and removing too and fro? and who hath brought up these? Behold, I was left alone; these, where had they been?

THE PSALMIST'S
REVELATION.

PARALLEL PREDICTIONS.

Isaiah xlix. 20, 21. Sing, O barren, thou that didst not bear ; break forth into singing, and cry aloud, thou that didst not travail with child ; for more are the children of the desolate than the children of the married wife, saith the Lord. Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations : spare not, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes. For thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left, and thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles, and make the desolate cities to be inhabited. Isaiah liv. 1—3.

17. I will make thy name to be remembered in all generations :

His name shall endure for ever : his name shall be continued as long as the sun. Psalm lxxii. 17. For from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same, my name shall be great among the Gentiles ; and in every place incense shall be offered unto my name, and a pure offering : for my name shall be great among the heathen, saith the Lord of hosts. Malachi i. 11.

Therefore shall the people praise thee for ever and ever.

Let the people praise thee, O God ; let all the people praise thee. Psalm lxvii. 3.

A. A.

QUESTIONS ON THE COLLECTS.

14TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Fruit of Faith in the Trinity is an exhibition of the Graces of the Spirit.

1. What particular "Graces of the Spirit" are we led to pray for in the Service for this day ?
2. How may we attain to the subduing of the flesh ?
3. What are the distinguishing marks of "those that are Christ's !"

15TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Fruit of Faith in the Trinity is a sense of the Church's need, and her strength in Christ.

1. In what portions of the Service for this day are we led to a confession of our own weakness ?
2. In what does the true strength of the Church of Christ consist ?
3. To whom must the Church alone look for strengthening, sustaining, and maintaining grace ?

16TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Fruit of Faith in the Trinity is a seeking for Grace from Christ.

1. What attribute of Christ do we plead to be exercised in the Service for to-day ?

2. What instance have we of Christ exhibiting that attribute ?

3. What are some of the blessed results of Christ's *Pity* being extended to his Church ?

17TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Fruits of Faith in the Trinity are *Good Works*.

1. In what portions of the Service for this day is allusion made to "*Good Works*?"

2. What "*Good Works*" are particularly recommended to the meditation of the Christian ?

3. From what motives is the practice of "*Good Works*" recommended ?

Literary Notices.

LECTURES OF PROPHECY, BY THE REV. JAMES KELLY. 2nd Ed. (*Nisbet.*) We cannot agree in all Mr. Kelly's interpretations of prophecy ; he belongs to the Futurist school, and would refer the whole of Revelation to a few short years of future crisis. The sermons however, are marked by a deep study of Scripture, and cannot fail of suggesting to the reader many interesting trains of thought. The glory of the church of the first-born is brought out as distinct from that of the restored Jewish people, and from the saved nations of the earth ; their glory, not only as the subjects, but the sharers of the Saviour's reign. Many striking thoughts are brought forward on this soul-animating subject.

THE BIBLE NOT OF MAN. (*Tract Society.*) An interesting work on the internal evidence of Scripture, and its superiority to all human writings. We think this work is likely to be very useful to the young. It is surely important that their religion should not be merely hereditary, but that they should be led to see the firmness of the rock on which they are invited to stand.

SCENES FROM THE BIBLE. BY THE REV. J. A. WYLIE. (*Collins.*) Works of this kind are all ex-

posed to one great difficulty. The scenes of Scripture are drawn by the sacred writers themselves with such inimitable skill and delicacy, that when a human hand touches them, and attempts to expand them, we instantly feel the contrast ; imperfection and uncertainty are sure to be introduced. This has been felt by many in the highly imaginative development of Scripture characters, in the works of the gifted Krummacher. But yet these attempts, imperfect as they all are, have a real value. The words of Scripture often grow so familiar to our ears, that the pictures they represent no longer arise in their vividness before the deadened mind ; such works as that now before us are then felt to be useful in refreshing and quickening our perceptions, while even from their imperfection, we learn the surpassing glory of the word of God. Mr. Wylie's work will, we think, be read with interest, and Mr. Collins has taken care to place it within the reach of a large number, by introducing it into his cheap series.

COMFORTABLE WORDS FOR CHRISTIAN PARENTS BEREAVED OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

By JOHN BROWN, D.D. Edinburgh. (*Hamilton.*) These are very comfortable words ; they were written by one, who was himself mourning the loss of a lovely child of five years old, and none are so able to comfort the mourner, as those who have themselves been smitten. Against one assertion, however, we must protest ; we cannot agree that the infant removed early to its rest is more highly favoured, than one who has all the opportunities a long life affords, of serving his Master. It would not have been better for St. Paul to have died as an infant on his mother's breast. Where then would have been the joy and crown of rejoicing, in prospect of which he exulted, as he looked on his many converts ?

If the Lord sees fit to remove our dear ones, we, in humble submission, must own that he has done all things well, but surely it is permitted to us to plead that on earth they may have ten talents to improve, so that hereafter they may have the reward of ruling over ten cities.

PRACTICAL SERMONS. BY THE REV. W. FITZGERALD, Curate of Clontarf. (*Dublin. M'Glashan,*) These sermons contain much practical thought. The description of the impression made by the Bible on the humble Christian is so beautiful, that, though the passage is long, we must extract it. "Thus then may the humble and unlearned Christian be able to find comfort and instruction in every part of Scripture. He will not indeed be competent to decide, or perhaps to understand, the questions of geography or chronology which are connected with its historical passages ; he will often be at a loss to sort prophecies with their fulfilments, or to find a clue to guide him through the labyrinth of what is yet future ; he will be incapable of entering into those profound discussions which divines have connected with the sublimer doctrines of religion ; and he may frequently be unable to trace the course of the great Apostle's reasonings through all their bold transitions, and quick interchange of objection and reply : but if his eye be steadily fixed upon one great object, he will not fail of seeing everywhere, some vestige not to be mistaken of that mystery of saving love, to which historians, prophets, and apostles all combine to testify, the grand economy of redemption, which is delineated and developed by them all.

"Unembarrassed by the difficulties which a false philosophy has studied to throw around the narrative, he will see at the beginning of the Bible history, how

love comes forth, in creating energy, to call into existence this beautiful and wondrous frame of universal nature—to summon into conscious being a teeming progeny wherewith to people earth, and sky, and waters, how love gave an origin to our race, endowed us with reason and conscience, made us lords of all, and bade all around us minister to our pleasure, or convenience, or instruction. And still, when the favoured creature, with a base ingratitude, forgot so generous a benefactor, how love, unalterable love, did not forget the rebel, but made this act of inexcusable disobedience afford an occasion for lavishing upon the fallen sinner, still richer, and less to be expected treasures of beneficence. How still as man went headlong in the progress of corruption, and vice, now spreading universally, called aloud for vengeance, love long held back the avenger's arm, and strove with its milder lessons to awaken a sinful generation to repentance. And how, when at last the hour of judgment had come, yet love even in judgment remembered mercy, and bore the hopes of mankind securely in the ark over the mighty waste of waters. How, again, after that devastating deluge, love repaired once more the works of creation, and inscribed its covenant upon the rainbow which 'spanneth the heavens in a glorious circle,' and reminds the latest generations of the blended goodness and severity of God.

“Still, as the narrative proceeds to tell once more of man's depravity, and relates how the darkness of idolatry and vice gathered wide and thick over the world, he will read also how love, still mindful of its high designs, lit up a watchfire upon the hills of Zion, and bade the faithful tarry round it, and await the dawning of the Sun of Righteousness. And then as

the course of history throughout the sacred page becomes mingled with the increasing stream of prophecy, though there be much in the strange and varied scene which prophecy presents, where his eye may wander bewildered over objects clothed in the uncertain light of dim futurity, and long vistas that terminate only with the end of time, yet he will not fail to read aright what most concerns him, and gather instruction from many a page, telling—with a clearness which nothing but perverted ingenuity can contrive to misunderstand—telling of the sufferings of the Lamb of God, and the glory which shall follow. And when the prophetic voice has paused for a while, he will listen to the clearer tones of Evangelists and Apostles, relating with great plainness of speech, how love, in due time, fulfilled its high promises, and speaking no more by its inspired messengers, took our nature into union with itself, and became incarnate in the man Christ Jesus ; thence again pursuing the record of its accumulated mercies, till they are lost once more in prophecy, and the bright anticipations of a yet fuller and eternal triumph.”

THE FAIRCHILD FAMILY : VOL. III. MRS. SHEERWOOD. (*Hatchard.*) We shall ever owe a debt of gratitude to the authoress of Henry and his Bearer, the Infant's Progress, and the first volumes of Henry Milner and the Fairchild Family, for some of the pleasantest hours of our childhood ; we only wish her later publications had been equal to her earlier ones. We have not in the volume just sent to us, traced any decided marks of that dangerous error of universal salvation which has tainted some of her later works, but there is not the fresh bloom of childhood, which gave such a charm to her earlier volumes. The chief aim of

this, is to show the dangers to which a family of Christian children, reared in simple habits amidst comparative poverty, were exposed, on being suddenly introduced to all the flatteries which surround the rich.—To children exposed to the injudicious conversation of flatterers it may teach a valuable lesson.

Three catechisms have been sent us to notice this month of very different character.

THE ENGLISH CHILD'S INTRODUCTION TO GEOGRAPHY; BY A MOTHER. (*Green, Paternoster Row.*) An unpretending little book, likely both from its cheapness, and from the fulness with which it treats of British Geography, to be an acceptable manual for parish schools.

PORTIONS OF THE MORNING ANDEVENING SERVICES CATECHETICALLY EXPLAINED. BY CHARLES MILLER, B. A. (*Curry, Dublin.*) A very valuable catechism explanatory of the Church services, drawn from Wheatly, Shepherd, Palmer, Comber, and Molesworth, with copious Scripture references. Where this is not used as a lesson book for children,—and we must confess our own judgment leans to confining their Sunday lessons, as far as the exercise of memory goes, very much to Scripture, hymns, and the Church collects and catechism,—the teacher will find it very useful in preparing himself for the instruction of his class.

THE PATERNAL CATECHISM OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION; BY THE REV. J. SUTCLIFFE. (*Hamilton.*) This is prepared by a Grandfather, but one is tempted to think he can have had very little of the society of his grandchildren; a work more utterly unsuited for a child we never saw. Imagine a little boy conning over this lesson to repeat to his father.

Question. 'Is not a catechetical course the best way of instructing the young?'

Ans. 'Assuredly : for the questions are plain and the answers direct : whereas if left to incidental tuition or even to sermons, many truths essential to salvation might be deferred.'

For an example of these plain and direct questions, and answers, take this respecting the nature of God.

'Why do you conceive him to be self-existent?'

'Because he is a pure spirit. If he were material, we must then allow the pre-existence of the parts of which he was composed. But this would confuse the idea of his eternity and of his immutability.'

Alas for the poor boy thus early plunged into the depths of metaphysics. Is not unquestioning belief in a heavenly Father the joy and delight of childhood? why perplex it with reasonings applied to doubts of which it is unconscious. We hope none of our poor little friends will have this catechism inflicted on them.

ADDRESS TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

BY THE REV. JOHN GREGG, (*Curry.*) A stirring and most practical address; we trust it may have a large circulation among those for whom it is intended.

THE REASON RENDERED. (*Hamilton.*) A series of three tracts against Popery, admirably adapted for circulation amongst the poor. We earnestly recommend them to the attention of our readers, especially to those who may live in the neighbourhood of Romish establishments. We should rejoice to hear of their circulating by tens of thousands; they are the very thing we want.

THE PROTESTANT.

"MANY shall run to and fro," said the Prophet, "and knowledge shall be increased." We who have lived to see the fulfilment of this prophecy, have at least this advantage, that the extreme rapidity of communication throws all Europe open to us at a glance, and offers the strangest combinations of contemporary events. Let us look back on the past month. An eager contest has been waged in England, the periodical appeal to the principles and feelings of the Nation has been made, and the result is worthy of our notice. A feeling of uncertainty appears to have rested on all political parties ; the measures of Sir Robert Peel have broken up the Tories, and the present Government are likely to be embarrassed by the extreme Radicals. The public papers are perplexed to know into what classes to divide the new Parliament. Amidst this uncertainty, the mind of the people of England has been expressed, with more than usual earnestness ; on one point, the question almost everywhere put by the people to their candidates, has been, Are you ready to endow the Romish priesthood ? and many whose private principles would by no means forbid such a measure, will feel themselves hampered by the professed opinions of their constituents. Not that we mean to boast of any great triumph,—it has been rather a protest than a victory,—but a protest too loud and earnest to be lightly disregarded. The character of truth in this dispensation is to be a witness ; when the millennial day dawns upon us, she will guide the helm, and rule over the nations, but even now she ac-

compleishes a great work in arresting their downward course by her increasing protest. The Protestants of England ought not then to be discouraged, if they failed in returning the members of their choice for London, for the two Universities, and for the great commercial city of Liverpool. Their efforts were not unavailing ; they have proved that there is a large body of Englishmen, to whom Protestantism is dearer than any political interest, a minority indeed, but a minority bound together by the firm bonds of one common principle, and possessing thus a formidable element of strength.* A sleepless watchfulness is now their duty. Reasoning from the past encroachments of Rome, it is not likely that she will allow the question of endowment, once mooted, to be quietly relinquished. For a long while we were told that the Roman Catholic Priests did not desire it, and no doubt if it had been given to them by a liberal government without their solicitation, it would have left them in a more free and dignified position, but now their tone begins to change ; the boon seems more desirable as it appears about to be withheld. Hear the statement of the *Tablet*, one of the chief Roman Catholic papers. ‘Not believing that an absolute dependance on the people is needful, or will suffice to make a clergy zealous, and also not believing

* Of the power of such a minority, Papists are well aware, and are thus exhorting each other :—

‘Under this state of things a small party of able men united on some intelligible public principle, grounding their opposition on no selfish personal aims, and with zeal enough to ensure perseverance to their hostility, have it in their power to become formidable as well as annoying. Where is such a body of men to be found so readily as among those who seeing the nation’s departure from principle, are determined God helping them, to place themselves in steadfast opposition to every movement from whatever quarter which presumes to leave the will of heaven out of sight, and to legislate on the ground of human opinion or in subservience to public feeling.’ *Tablet*.

that the zeal of an honest clergy will be extinguished by a moderate endowment :—we have no conscientious objection to an endowed clergy. We believe that the great remedy against abuses in discipline is to leave the discipline of the Church entirely free, to secure to the authorities of the Church the fullest power to enforce its laws and canons ; and to keep it clear from all extraneous control and foreign influence. We dread endowments, not in the abstract but in the concrete. If the endowment could be had without letting in government influence ; if the parish priest could have as his own property a manse and glebe, the title of which would be absolutely determined by Catholic canon law, and in the enjoyment of which he could never be disturbed nor protected by the arbitrary interference of any government official, we should be only too glad to see the Irish clergy thus moderately endowed !'

We give the Tablet full credit for sincerity. It would be the most comfortable method of endowment, indeed some arrangement of this sort is almost essential to the Romish Church. Even in Papal countries, where the sovereign is the obedient son of the Church, she has found it desirable to be beyond the reach of secular law, and only think how inconvenient the arbitrary interference of government officials would be under a Protestant government ! Why the priest, good honest man, might be only instructing his flock in the acknowledged tenets of the Holy Catholic Church on the subject of heretics, and heretic kings and princes, and this government official might call it treason, and get him turned out of manse and glebe. By all means this intruder must be kept out of the field. We fully understand the Romish view of the subject, but the question is, what is the reasonable view for Protestants to take ?

'No Popery' has been branded as a mere electioneering cry; it becomes the especial duty of all enlightened Protestants, to see that there is no shadow of excuse for the accusation. We do not desire to rest on any thing so unstable as a mere mob excitement, but to awaken the right feeling and the common sense of the people of England to a pressing danger. Concession, concession, has been the cry of Rome, and we have conceded, till our Protestant constitution has scarcely standing ground left. A few steps more, just by way of civilly making room for our Catholic brethren, and suddenly we shall be hurled backwards into the abyss. Now is our time, —the strong expression of Protestant feeling will probably arrest any immediate measures in favor of Popery, and this interval must be diligently employed in spreading Protestant information, and endeavouring to open the eyes of men to the true political, as well as moral character of their great enemy.

While these stirring scenes have been enacting in England, a strong light has been thrown on the importance of the point at issue, by contemporary events in Italy. The present Pope, who, however bound he may be in ecclesiastical matters, by the fetters of his Church, appears really to wish to act the part of a wise and liberal Sovereign in his own States, has become obnoxious to the parties whose interests would suffer by the reforms he has introduced, the gendarmerie and police who had been the spies of the late government. A most atrocious conspiracy was set on foot by these persons, of which Chevalier Minardi, head agent of the secret police, is supposed to have been the chief. The anniversary of the Pope's amnesty was to be celebrated with great festivity, on the evenings of August 17th and 18th. As the time drew near, vague rumours that a tumult

would arise, filled the city with alarm. On the 15th, handbills appeared on the walls, giving the names of the conspirators against the people. The plot was discovered, and its execution stopped. Singly, or in small bands, hundreds of desperadoes had made their way to Rome. Armed with stilettoes, they were to have mingled with the crowd, on the evening of the concert and fireworks ; strong bodies were to have guarded the avenues to the square ; a massacre was to have commenced, and, to use the expression of one of these ruffians, ' blood was to have flowed that night, which the mid-day sun of the morrow could not have dried up.' At the same time, the immense hay stores in the city were to have been fired to increase the confusion, and all the houses of the opposite party were to have been rifled and sacked.

These have been the transactions of the past month in Italy. These are the fruits of centuries of Papal government at head-quarters, rendering even the slightest attempt at reform perilous, almost impossible. If Popery were merely a religious system, this revolt might have little connection with British affairs ; but Popery is essentially political : it cannot but interfere in matters of state. Shall it be allowed such a footing in England, as in any way to influence the government of our country ? May we not rather say, let the States of the Church exhibit the example of a wise, paternal, government—let Roman Catholic countries prosper under Papal rule, before, on the very lowest ground, we can be called to subject our beloved land to it.

Another question of deepest interest has been raised during the last month. The Jews, anxious to obtain an unequivocal expression of public opinion with regard to their full emancipation from all legal disabilities, have

set up five candidates; and, in the City of London, succeeded in securing the election of Baron Rothschild. One of the first questions brought before the new Parliament, must be his eligibility to take his seat. How are we to view this subject? If we consider them merely as Israelites, and contrast this event with the cruel scorn and persecution of former days, we can enter into the feelings of exultation expressed by the 'Jewish Chronicle:' we can hail it as one among the many signs which seem to point to the close of Israel's dispersion, and the dawn of the bright days when she will not merely mingle with the nations, a sharer of their privileges, but be the chief among the nations, acknowledged once more as God's own peculiar people. But, while the Christian may rejoice in the hopes which this remarkable sign of the time inspires, the event itself can only furnish cause of humiliation: we may rejoice in the feeling of brotherhood, which would admit the *Hebrew* to the highest honours in our nation. We must mourn over the apostasy, which can allow to one who denies our Redeemer a seat in its councils. If an Indian Prince, who had never been in our country, applied for a seat in Parliament, we should consider it implied no want of esteem for his nation, to pronounce him incapable of legislating for a people of whose wants and character he must be ignorant. This is self-evident as regards a stranger uninformed with regard to our material interests; but these are not the only objects of legislation. Our Parliament is not assembled to legislate for us as brute beasts, who have no wants, save food and shelter, but as Christian men, whose greatest, though often, we own, unconscious want is, to have every help to draw near to their God and Saviour. Is it possible for an infidel, who denies revelation, or even

a Jew, who denies our blessed Saviour, to enter into and legislate for these our deepest interests? Our forefathers knew that it was not, and therefore closed the doors of Parliament upon them by oaths, which, as honest men, they could not take. If they are now admitted—if the merchant city will be represented by a Jew, because he is the prince of merchants, is not merchandise set at a higher price than Christianity? is not the Saviour once more sold for thirty pieces of silver?

It is true that some religious men would defend this measure on the ground of the entire separation of Church and State, but into what strange anomalies their doctrine leads. The *Sémeur*, a French religious paper holding these principles, in the number for Aug. 11, treats of the superiority of France beyond all other nations in point of religious freedom, boasting that in even the United States, the governor of a county publishes orders for a public fast, as if he were at the head of an episcopal chapter or a synod. From them we do not wonder to hear these words, "Whilst our ministerial journals declaim against the prejudices of England, which has hesitated to send M. Lionel de Rothschild to the House of Commons, they forget, or affect to forget, that there is not a single Jew in our Chamber of Peers, and that when the government intended to name one, the Chancellor remonstrated so loudly that they stopped. *Let us then be modest in our glory.* The day is not come when believers, by whatever name they may be called, will be on a footing of perfect equality with unbelievers." May God preserve us from such glory. May our land be found amongst those who have sought the good of Zion, and the peace of Jerusalem, but not by sharing their guilt, making light of their denial of our Master, and thus stamping apostasy on the councils of our nation.

THE
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OCTOBER, 1847.

THE TREASURES OF WISDOM.

No. XIII.

THE animal creation presents a further and higher field of thought, wherein to contemplate the manifold wisdom of the Son of God. Some of its simpler lessons are familiar to all, even from childhood, but a wide range of interesting facts have been reserved for the persevering diligence of modern days to explore. At length the Museum of Natural History seems almost complete, in the countless variety of species which it exhibits to our view. But when we endeavour to look beyond the mere surface of these facts, and to decipher the laws which exist in their various forms of life, and the place which they hold in the deep counsels of God, we feel at once our great ignorance. We are only "like children, gathering pebbles on the shore of the vast ocean of truth." In the secret economy of the animal world, the purpose of its creation, the typical instruc-

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tion it conveys, and the moral ends it is designed to fulfil ; there are treasures of knowledge far beyond our present reach, and hidden still in the bosom of our Divine Redeemer.

And first, we may observe that these wonders of animal life are linked very closely in the word of God, with the great facts of redemption. It was not merely in the hour of creation, that man was appointed over the lower creatures, with a charge to replenish and subdue the earth. That prophecy, which, as the apostle has repeatedly declared, announces the coming kingdom of Christ, renews a similar declaration : "Thou madest him a little season lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands ; thou hast put all things under his feet ; all sheep and oxen, yea and the beasts of the field ; the fowl of the air and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas. O Lord, our God, how excellent is thy name in all the earth."

The words of the Psalmist receive a striking illustration from the miracles of our Lord. These appear like the earnest of a power over the animals and the laws of nature, to be exercised hereafter still more openly, when the promised regeneration shall have come. The call of the most eminent apostles, Simon and Andrew and the sons of Zebedee, was marked by a miraculous draught of fishes, and by the significant promise, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." The power of our Lord over wicked spirits was shewn by the violent destruction of the herd of swine ; while the miracle of the tribute-money, and of the draught of fishes, when the Apostles received their parting charge, after His resurrection, evinced His con-

trol over the most vagrant forms of animal being, like an echo to the parting voice of the Psalmist,—“whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.” Again, the deep humility of our Saviour, and His divine foresight, were eminently shewn by His triumphant entry into Zion, “sitting on an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass.” The very holes of the foxes and the nests of the birds, could supply lessons of His deep humility, who had not where to lay his head. He who was content to be born in a manger, and to hold company with the wild beasts in his hour of temptation, was willing also to borrow food from the bee, even after His resurrection to glory, and ate of the honeycomb in His disciples’ presence. In that Psalm, which unfolds His deepest experience in the hour of agony and sorrow, the language is borrowed largely from the figures of the animal creation. The worm is made the emblem of His utter weakness and shame; while dogs and fat bulls of Bashan, the lion and the unicorn, describe the power and fierceness of His enemies. His own titles, while on earth, and after His ascension into heaven, are borrowed in part from this same treasury of Divine parables. The most opposite emblems combine in His person to describe His glory, and He who is the lion of the tribe of Judah is also “the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world.”

The same intimate union meets us in the word of prophecy, and the glowing hopes of the Church are linked with promises to the animal creation. The rod has come out of the stem of Jesse, and the branch has grown out of his roots. And when He shall come to execute judgment, to smite the earth with the rod of His mouth, and with the breath of His lips to slay the wicked, what remarkable changes are to ensue! “The

wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid ; and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed, their young ones shall lie down together, and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

Thus both our Saviour's life when on earth, and the promises of the future kingdom, are linked inseparably with the natural history of the lower creation. All the stores of wisdom in this part of God's works, are connected with the higher mysteries of redeeming love. But when we endeavour to trace this connexion further, we lose ourselves in a boundless sea of doubt and wonder. Why this immense variety in the forms of animated life ? Why was our world, the scene of such moral wonders, peopled with creatures so entirely different, so far inferior in dignity to angels and men ? What is the nature of instinct, that strange faculty, which seems in some respects to surpass human reason, as far as in others it falls beneath it ? What part is assigned, in the mighty scheme of Providence, to each of those varied forms of life which fill up the endless catalogues of science ? Or how shall we explain their continuance in the dawning of that brighter era, which is still in prospect, or reconcile its glory with the predicted existence of a merely animal creation ? Why does the Psalmist mention sheep and oxen, the fowl of the air and the fish of the sea, in connexion with those words on which the Apostle has given that sublime commentary ?

—“Thou hast put all things under his feet. But when he saith, All things are put under him, it is manifest that he is excepted which did put all things under him. And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all.” In all these inquiries wonders lie hid that are far beyond the reach of all human thought. Every sheep in the quiet pasture, and every bird that flits through the air, may lead our minds onward in holy meditation, till we lose ourselves in the depths of the Divine counsels, and the solemn mystery of that scheme of Providence, deep and unfathomable as eternity itself, which shuts us in on every side.

There are three main reasons which we may discern, however dimly, for the existence of this animal creation, and whereby it ministers to the higher objects of Divine Providence. The first of these is the direct supply of the wants of mankind, and the many comforts and enjoyments which are derived, especially from the domestic animals. But this alone would be a very poor and insufficient key to the great fact which is around us. There are multitudes of creatures, which render very little direct help or aid to mankind, and even cause much mischief and danger; as poisonous animals, and the beasts of prey. We must look beyond all merely physical objects, before we can discover any full explanation. And here two main reasons present themselves—one moral, the other spiritual—but alike in harmony with the great purpose of Divine love. The first is the daily lesson of humility and of conscious dignity, when man compares himself with the creatures around him. The second is that rich fund of typical instruction, those deep lessons of spiritual significance,

which gleam out continually upon us from every part of the animal creation.

Pride is the grand temptation of all the intelligent creatures of God. By that sin the angels fell ; and the snare which deceived our first parents was the insidious promise, "Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." Now the facts revealed in Scripture seem almost to justify the inference, that pure, unembodied spirits, when they fall, fall without remedy. Here may have been one secret reason for the wonderful constitution of human nature. Man was created a little lower than the angels, endued not only with a reasonable spirit, but with a nature purely animal. The immortal soul had to sojourn in a tabernacle of clay. But the mere fact, which placed him below the angels in dignity, made him capable also of a federal union, whereby he was brought within the range of a possible redemption. His inferiority lay in the possession of an earthly nature, the union of flesh with spirit, and the Word made flesh was the secret mystery of love by which his redemption was to be secured. Before the fall, humility was his only safeguard ; and it was the only means of his recovery when once fallen. But how should this feeling be cherished and maintained in the heart of man ? It was not enough for the soul to be warned hourly, by the wants of the body, of its true condition. This alone was a powerful incentive to humility ; for how should dust and ashes be proud in the presence of the Almighty, without being self-convicted of utter folly ? But still there was a further provision for the same moral purpose, in the presence of a merely animal creation on every side. There man was taught how low and mean he must become, when once he should cease, by faith and prayer, to hold fellowship with his Maker. He

was reminded that those who merely eat and drink and sleep, have nothing to distinguish them from the brutes that perish ; and that if he would not debase himself to this level, he must, with all the powers of his soul, strive upward continually into the light of heaven. Once let the spirit remit her hold upon heavenly things, and science will be ready to step in, and sentence him to take his place among the animals around him, as a curious variety in the class of monkeys and apes, perhaps to be superseded in his turn by the supremacy of some better developed species, among those *primates* of the natural world. Hence arose, in the elder days, the reproof of the wisest of men to the pride of mere worldlings, drawn from this view of their resemblance to the brute creation. " For that which befalleth the sons of men, befalleth beasts ; even one thing befalleth them : as the one dieth, so dieth the other ; yea, they have all one breath, so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast ; for all is vanity. All go to one place : all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again."

But while the animal creation around us, by the conspicuous resemblance between men and beasts, is a daily lesson of humility, it is also a memorial to mankind of their true dignity, by the remarkable contrast, which is equally apparent. In the touching narrative of the deaf and dumb boy, in the ' Personal Recollections,' this was the first step of the mental awakening that issued in so signal a work of Divine grace. The child pointed to himself, and to the dog by his side, and inquired by mute signs what was the difference between them. Such is, perhaps, to almost every child, the first clear awakening of the consciousness of immortality. Man knows and feels that he has a pre-eminence, even before he knows how to explain its origin. The

deepest instincts of our nature recoil from that shallow philosophy, which would make us only animals a little more largely furnished with faculties, the same in kind as those which are common to the brute creation. The spirit wakes from its slumber, at the bare sound of such a theory, and protests with all its might against the outrageous folly, that sees only a happy development of the monkey tribe, in the appointed heir of immortality, the vicegerent of the Most High God in this lower world. And thus the existence of the animal creation fulfils a double purpose, and conveys a twofold lesson of hope and humility. The resemblance is so strong and close, in all the outward instincts and faculties of our being, that men are taught to walk humbly with their God, and to remember how near akin they are to the lower creatures over whom they have dominion. But the contrast also is so visible, that it reminds us perpetually of the hidden mystery of our being. It warns us not to be entangled in base and brutish appetites, nor to sink, by sloth and lust, to the degraded level of the beasts that perish ; but to cultivate those nobler faculties of the immortal spirit, that may raise us into closer and closer fellowship with all the hidden glory of the spiritual world. And, though the spirit must ever retain the signs of its mysterious connexion with the animal nature, we are taught alike by the creatures we see around us, as by those revealed in prophetic vision, to labour, that it may quicken, renew, and elevate all these lower faculties, till they become all eye, within and without, in the presence of the throne of God.

There is, however, a further purpose, clearly fulfilled by the animal creation, and which appears in continual glimpses, throughout the whole course of revelation. The lower animals, in their various faculties and in-

instincts, were meant to furnish instruction in all the answering varieties of moral and spiritual character among the reasonable creatures of God. The docility of domestic animals, and the fierceness of the beasts of prey ; the gentleness of the dove, the ferocity of the tiger, the sensual wallowing of the swine, the soaring flight of the eagle, were all so many varied emblems of spiritual things. The moles and bats, the creatures which love darkness, were lessons of the degradation of worldly minds, that shrink from the light of Divine truth, and seek to busy themselves in the transitory cares and employments of earth. " The fishes of the sea, and the creeping things, that have no ruler over them," were to prefigure the anarchy of men who are uncontrolled by the laws of God, and float blindly on the wide sea of their own interests and passions, or crawl blindly in the pursuit of their own petty and earth-born desires. The fox is a parable of worldly cunning, the bear of savage cruelty, the serpent of subtlety and deadly malice, the lamb of innocence, the dove of purity, gentleness, and peace. And if our insight were deeper into the laws of natural history, and the varieties of moral character, the analogy might perhaps be carried through every distinct race of lower creatures, and all nature be found stored, in every corner of her dominions, with perpetual messages of heavenly wisdom, and illustrations of all the countless form of good and evil among the children of men.

Here, then, in the wonders of the animal creation, there is a boundless range opened before our view, to meditate on the hidden wisdom of our Lord. Nature, no less than Providence, is a seven-sealed book, and only He, whose name is the Lamb, can open the seals, or look into all its secret treasures. He alone can ex-

pound the hieroglyphics of Divine morality, couched in the structure, the physiology, and varied habits, of every insect that crawls on the ground, or sports in the sun-beam ; of every wild beast that ranges through the forest, or of every bird that flies in the open firmament of heaven. He alone can bring to light hereafter, for the instruction of His people, those mysterious relations of animal life, in its innumerable forms, which look upward towards the world of spiritual being, and are dimly foreshadowed in the emblem of the living creatures, that worship with veiled faces before the eternal throne. The lion, the ox, and the eagle, are memorials, in the visible and outward creation, of deep and unfathomable wonders, and the near fellowship of all creatures, from the lowest brute to the highest seraph, with Him who is the common source of all their faculties and varied endowments. As the eyes of the prophet's servant were once opened, to see the chariots of fire and horses of fire on the mountains of Israel, we also may be enabled to see hereafter, in every beast, bird, insect, or worm, that moves around us, a mirror of some deep truth that reaches into eternity, a lesson of those manifold varieties of moral good and evil, which issue in the course of Providence, from the unfathomable depths of the human heart, and an earnest of a like variety in the faculties of the redeemed, when they shall flock, like doves to their windows, or as the birds of Paradise, to their destined homes of light and glory in the kingdom of God.

T. R. B.

THE POLITICAL HISTORY OF THE JESUITS.

It was in the hour of greatest need, when the Papal power had been most rudely shaken by the preaching of the Reformers, that Ignatius and his enthusiastic band offered to become its champions. They promised to add to their other vows, one of unlimited obedience to the Pope : the bait was too tempting to be refused, and after many months of urgent solicitation, Paul III., by a Bull of the 27th September 1540, confirmed the Institution.

The order of Jesuits therefore owed its origin to the contest between Rome and the Reformation. By its origin, by its institution, by its first principles, it is a military order, and we Protestant Christians are the foe against whom it has sworn eternal enmity. When Rome was vigorously contending against Protestant principles, and striving in the latter half of the sixteenth century to regain her lost ascendancy, she found the Jesuits her most valuable emissaries. When in the eighteenth century her zeal had grown cold, and political, rather than ecclesiastical, considerations swayed the fate of Europe, she disbanded the Jesuit army, which had indeed grown insupportable by its corruption. But when after the French Revolution, she was raised from the lowest depths of humiliation she had ever experienced, and began to think of retrieving her ruined fortunes, she once more summoned to her aid these corrupt but powerful auxiliaries. Pius VII, in 1814, pub-

lished a Bull, stating, that ' he should deem himself guilty of a great crime towards God, if, amidst the dangers of the Christian Republic, he should neglect to employ the aids which the special providence of God had put in his power, and if placed in the bark of St. Peter, and tossed by continual storms, he should refuse to employ the vigorous and experienced rowers who volunteer their services.' What rowers these were, and what must be the character of a church that could need their services, and regard them as the gift of a special Providence, the facts we are about to relate, will soon show. Meanwhile it behoves us, as British Protestants, to consider that the Jesuit army is re-organized, and is in full force in the field, powerful in all that unnatural strength which lawless falsehood can for the moment give.

That we may better understand our present danger and the character of our enemy, let us look a little at their past history. / Their progress was extremely rapid. ' In 1540, when they presented their petition to Paul III, they only appeared in the number of ten. In 1543 they were not more than twenty-four. In 1545 they had only ten houses : but 1549 they had two Provinces : one in Spain, and the other in Portugal, and twenty-two houses, and at the death of Ignatius in 1556, they had twelve large Provinces. In 1608 Ribadeneira reckoned twenty-nine Provinces, and two vice Provinces, twenty one houses of Profession, 293 Colleges, thirty-three houses of Probation, ninety-three other residences, and 10,581 Jesuits.' *

Preaching and the instruction of youth had been the two great instruments of diffusing the doctrine of the

* History of the Jesuits, vol. i. 379.

Reformers ; and on this ground the Jesuits prepared to meet them. Their preachers were charged to consider the common people, and employ a style suited to attract them. The spiritual exercises of Ignatius were eminently calculated to practice them in exciting the affections of the people. Crowds gathered round the Jesuit preacher, and the influence of Rome was restored, in many places, where it was almost extinct. They established numerous colleges, and with that deep policy which has always marked the society, bestowed special attention even on the lower grammar-schools. 'It was,' says Ranke, in his history of the Popes,* 'one of the principal maxims of Lainez, that the lower grammar-schools should be provided with good masters. He maintained, that the character and conduct of the man were mainly determined by the first impressions which he received. With accurate discrimination, he chose men who, when they had once undertaken this subordinate branch of teaching, were willing to devote their whole lives to it, for it was only with time, so difficult a business could be learned, or the authority indispensable to a teacher be acquired. Here the Jesuits succeeded to admiration : it was found that their scholars learned more in one year than those of other masters in two, and even Protestants recalled their children from distant gymnasia, and committed them to their care.'

The Jesuits employed means like these to gain a footing in Protestant Germany, where men had enjoyed the light of the Reformation ; and the new life they infused into the smouldering ashes of Popery, soon produced a sensible effect. This, however, was not their only line of action : in papal countries they developed

* Ranke's History of the Popes, vol. ii. p. 33

more freely their power of political intrigue. Universal dominion was the great object of their desire ; and, as this could not be obtained by openly usurping the throne of kings and princes, some means must be found of subjecting these to their sway. The confessional readily afforded this means ; and, to its duties, the Jesuits were especially charged to devote themselves. With what success they did this, the history of Europe affords melancholy proof. ‘Not being able,’ says Quinet, ‘to crush royalty under the foot of theocracy, they do better ; they slip their head into the crown through the confessional, and the work is accomplished. Whenever a dynasty expires, I see one of these gloomy figures of Jesuit confessors rising behind it from the earth like an evil genius, and drawing it gently and paternally into death. Father Nithard, by the side of the last heir of the Austrian dynasty in Spain, Father Anger, with the last of the Valois, Father Peters, with the last of the Stuarts—not to speak of other times which you have witnessed, and which are nearer our own.’ Here was work enough to employ the whole time of these holy fathers : they were to be eminently men of the world, watching all its movements, to turn them to the interest of the church ; and it is a significant fact, that one of the first privileges they obtained was freedom from the public services of the church. ‘Our members,’ say the Constitutions, ‘shall have no choir for the canonical hours, nor masses, nor other offices.’*. With regard to the private recitation of the Breviary, the Institute is equally accommodating. It may be said by them in the pauses of a journey, or the intervals of business, and may be repeated wholly in

* Constit. p. 6, c. 1. Summar Horæ Canon, §

the morning (up to the evening service inclusive) for the purpose of being rid of it altogether.

But, great as was the early success of the Jesuits, voices, even in Papal Europe, were raised against them ; voices which, compared with the subsequent course of events, seem nothing less than prophetic. ‘There is a fraternity,’ said George Bronswell, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, 1558, ‘which has lately arisen, called the Jesuits, who will seduce many : who, acting for the most part like the scribes and Pharisees, will strive to overturn the truth : they will go near to accomplish their object, for they transform themselves into various shapes : among pagans, they will be pagans ; among atheists, atheists ; Jews, among Jews ; and Reformers among Reformers ; for the sole purpose of discovering your intentions, your hearts, and desires. These persons are spread over the whole earth ; they will be admitted into the councils of princes, which, however, will be no wiser from their introduction ; they will infatuate them so far as to induce them to reveal the greatest secrets of their hearts : they will be in no way aware of them. This will be in consequence of their advisers neglecting to observe the laws of God and of his Gospel, and conniving at the sins of princes. Notwithstanding God will, in the end, in order to avenge his law, cut off this Society, even by those who have most supported and employed it, so that at last they will become odious to all nations.’*

The following is the decision of the Faculty of Theology at Paris, after some months’ deliberation :—

‘This new Society,’ say they, ‘appropriates to itself the unusual title of the name of Jesus, receives with the

* See Varan’s *Annals of Ireland*, reprinted at Dublin, 1705.

greatest laxity, and without any discrimination, all kinds of persons, however criminal, lawless, and infamous they may be : it withdraws from the obedience and submission due to ordinaries—unjustly deprives both temporal and spiritual lords of their rights—brings disturbance into every form of government—and occasions many subjects of complaint, many lawsuits, contentions, jealousies, and schisms among the people. The Society, therefore, appears to us to be dangerous in all that concerns the faith, calculated to disturb the peace of the Church, to overturn the monastic order, and more fit to destroy than to build up.’

When they thought to establish themselves in Salamanca, in 1548, Melchior Cano, a Dominican, distinguished for his learning and piety, perceived some presages which appeared to threaten the Romish Church with the greatest evils, and publicly declared that he saw in the Society the marks which the Apostle had assigned to the followers of Antichrist. ‘God grant,’ said he, ‘in a subsequent letter to the confessor of the Emperor Charles V., there may not come a time, when kings will wish to resist them, and will find no means of doing so.’

The course of events soon showed the truth of these prognostications. At the Portuguese court, they had almost unlimited power ; their arrogance became so excessive, that it is said by Pasquier, they endeavoured to obtain a decree from the young king, ‘that henceforth, no one should be king of Portugal, unless he were a Jesuit, and elected by that order, as the Pope is elected at Rome by the Cardinals. The decay of Portugal strangely enough accompanied the reception of the Jesuits, nor is it unreasonable to attribute it to their rule. ‘Right or wrong, responsibility attaches to those who

exercise power : and it cannot be denied that, in Portugal, the Jesuits exercised sovereign power uninterruptedly for two centuries.* The accusation of regicide was, at length, the cause of their expulsion.

In France, the establishment of the Jesuits was vigorously opposed by the bishops and university, but they insinuated themselves into the favour of the House of Guise, and gained admission. They were the soul of all the rebellions and civil wars of the League. Their instructions excited Jacques Clement to assassinate Henry III. The panegyric of this assassin was the constant theme at their meetings. They encouraged similar attempts on the life of Henry IV. Father Varade, the Rector of the Jesuits, assured Barrière, that his resolution of assassinating the king was a holy one, and exhorted him to be firm in his purpose, to confess and receive the sacrament, and then gave him his benediction. On the morrow, he received the sacrament at the Jesuit's college : he also spoke of it to Commolet, another Jesuit, who often preached against the king, and he assured him that his intention was very holy and meritorious. Barrière confirmed this declaration on the scaffold. The words of Henry IV. himself, when he restored the Order in France, show in how great terror that prince stood of the Jesuit daggers. He says to Sully, who was averse to the return of the Jesuits, ' By necessity I am now obliged to do one of these two things, namely—to admit the Jesuits purely and simply, to clear them of the opprobrium and infamy with which they have been branded, and to put their very fine oaths and excellent promises to the proof ; or else to reject them more absolutely than ever, and behave towards them with all the rigour and seve-

* History of the Fall of Jesuits, by Count Alexis de St. Priest.

rity that can be devised, in order that they may never approach either me or my states ; in which case there is no doubt, but it will be casting them into utter despair, and thereby into designs of taking away my life, which would render it miserable and melancholy, ever remaining thus in dread of being poisoned or assassinated ; for those people have secret intelligence and correspondence every where, and much skill in influencing minds just as they please ; so that it would be much better for me to be dead at once, being herein of the opinion of Cæsar, that the mildest death is the one which is least foreseen and expected.'

In our own country the attempts made by the Jesuits on the life of Queen Elizabeth, and the severe measures she was obliged to adopt against them, are well known. There is but too much ground to accuse them of still baser treachery, even of entering the ranks of the Nonconformists, and in the disguise of zealous anti-papists, striving to weaken the English Church by a violent opposition to its rites and ceremonies. On this subject we must refer our readers to ' Osburn's hidden Works of Darkness,' a little book lately published by the Protestant Association, where such evidence as the nature of the case admits, is gathered together. If it seems to them impossible, let them remember that Jesuits have not refused to become brahmins, and perform brahminical rites to secure influence in India : it is not then past belief, that among Protestants too, there may be Jesuits in disguise.

Although in concealment, they excited five conspiracies against James I. before he had reigned a year. The infamy of Gunpowder Plot must for ever rest upon them, though they may choose to honour Garnett and Oldcorn the traitors, as martyrs to the faith.

If we look at Italy, we see them expelled from Milan as corrupters of youth, accused of seditious practices at Genoa, and driven from Venice. 'The Venetian Senate,' says De Thou, 'had discovered that the Jesuits had availed themselves of the office of confession to discover the secrets of families, and the talents and dispositions of individuals.' M. de Canaze the French ambassador at Venice, in stating to Henry IV. and his ministers, the injuries done by the Jesuits to the Republic, confirms these facts. He says, 'that at Padua and Brescia, where they had not time to burn their papers, memoirs were found relating rather to the monarchy of the world than the kingdom of heaven;' and concludes thus, 'I read of no other religious order which has pursued this course: it is for princes and true patriots to open their eyes.' In a letter to Henry IV., dated in June 1606, he informs that monarch, that in those memoirs it was '*avowed* that the Jesuits used their confessions, chiefly to learn the talents, taste, and mode of life of the heads of towns; of which they kept so exact a register, that they knew precisely the strength, capacities, and designs of all that State in general, and of every family in particular, which has been not only considered unworthy of religious persons, but has also shown that they must have some great design, for the execution of which, they could require such peculiar and laborious application.'

It is needless to pursue farther the political history of the Jesuits to prove that they are, and must be, the scourge of the State. It is only necessary to open the work printed by their Father, Jouvenci, in 1713, entitled, '*Recueil des piéces touchant l'histoire de la compagnie de Jésus,*' to see the tenets of the Society on the duty of its members towards secular powers, extracted from its own

authors from 1562 to 1710. 'These Fathers will be found asserting that, as ecclesiastics, and under the especial privileges conceded by the Holy See, they are neither subjects of, nor amenable to, the secular power, and that their independence in this particular can suffer no restriction or limitation. It is easy to see how convenient a principle this is for getting rid of the laws of any government, and of the respect due to the sovereign, as well as of absolving themselves from every thing which can contribute to the public order ; and it necessarily follows, that to raise a revolt against a monarch, to usurp his government, and to take away his life, are not high treason in the Jesuits ; and the reason is clear. To be guilty of treason against a king, we must be his subjects ; but the Jesuits being the subjects of no secular prince, ergo —. Such are the maxims inculcated by the theology of the Jesuits.* May God preserve our gracious Sovereign from such subjects, and the loyal people of England from such teaching ! If such are the principles of the Society, it is not wonderful that the conduct of its members should have secured their expulsion from one kingdom after another. Portugal had been the first to suffer by the hypocrisy and ambition of the Jesuits, and she was among the first to discover it. The manifesto of King Joseph was the first blow levelled at them, and under which they eventually fell. They were expelled from England by James I. in 1604, from Venice in 1606, from Savoy in 1729, from Portugal in 1759, from France in 1764, from Spain and Sicily in 1767, from Malta and Parma in 1768, and they were totally suppressed by Pope Clement XIV. in 1773. From 1555 to 1773 they suffered thirty-seven expulsions from various states.

* History of the Jesuits, vol. ii. p. 391.

KATHLEEN OF MORA.

A STORY OF 1847.

" By famines, earthquakes, and by wars,
By rushing waves and falling stars,
By every sign our Lord foretold,
We see the world is growing old."

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

VERY few months have elapsed since desolating famine has ceased to depopulate Connaught ; its dark attendant, the pestilence still traverses our land ; yet, even now, the shadows of the past fade into indistinctness, already, the attenuated forms of the famine-stricken appear like the hideous spectres of a vanished dream. I would not that the past should thus perish from my mind, I would stamp in indelible characters upon my heart, the deep lessons which it has learned during this most eventful year,—a year which has touched Erin with the spear of Ithuriel, and exhibited individual characters and national systems in their natural deformity or excellence, divested of the extraneous envelopments of ordinary life. I shall collect the scattered fragments of reality and truth, but the fabric into which they shall be interwoven shall be from the loom of fancy.

The summer of 1846 glowed with unusual warmth and brightness, St. Swithin's prophecies proved erroneous, and the showery land of the West enjoyed a longer respite from rain, that it had known for many years. The prospects of the Mayo peasantry were as

bright as the sunshine around them ; the partial failure of the potatoe crop in 1845, was either forgotten or only served to direct hope more eagerly to the anticipated abundance of the coming harvest.

With these fallacious prospects, our light hearted peasantry prepared for the gayest and most exciting event which ever varies the monotony of their simple lives,—the annual festival of St. John. Already large quantities of fuel had been piled up for the great bon-fires, round which the night was to be passed in merry dance, and the itinerant musicians of the district had each repaired to his respective locality.

The last sunset of June still poured its golden splendour across one of the numerous beautiful bays, which indent the shore of Erris, as three young girls traversed with light steps, the green meadows crowning the steep precipitous cliffs which girdled in the bay. The tallest of the girls was the belle of the neighbourhood ; her dark hair was braided over a small, well turned head, and her slender figure moved with pliant grace. A strong contrast existed between Mary and her sister, Sidney, who was a plain specimen of the ordinary peasantry of the district. Broad in face as well as in form, her *nez retroussé* was almost lost in the flat expanse of her colourless physiognomy, and sandy hair and eyebrows conspired to banish every vestige of intellectual expression. The last of the trio, the bright-eyed Kathleen was the leader at all merry-makings, as well as the oracle of her father's house, where she bustled about among her numerous younger brothers and sisters with the activity of a bee, and the joyousness of an uncaged lark. She was now occupied in listening to Sidney Durkin's narration of the misfortunes which had befallen a near neighbour, 'an' no wonder he had bad

luck,' continued Sidney, 'don't you remember how he helped Parson Seymour to root up the fairy thorn, and what could he expect but bad luck after that?'

Kathleen looked around with awe, 'Sidney dear, how can you call the good people out of their names, and you passin' the very spot where the cloricawns sit with their gowlden hammers?'

'Oh if they hear me itself, they know I don't mane bad manners. Many's the drop of milk that I've spilled for them afore now; since I was the size of a sod of turf, I never forgot their share.' However to avert all evil consequences, Sidney lowered her milk pail, and poured out an ample libation to the fairy tribe.

'There's bad luck enough under our roof already,' she observed, 'without going in the way of more, it's heart-scald enough to see Brian going to hell, sayin' he'll never pray to the holy mother of God again, nor go to the Priests' foot,' (i. e. attend confession.)

'I never heard tell what put such quare notions in the boy's head,' said Kathleen.

'It was just doin' what the clargy bid him not, reading the Bible, that was only meant for the clargy themselves. Before he read it, he was a good Christian, and used to be up before day repating his Rosary, and St. Simon's devotions, and wore an iron chain undher his clothes day and au' night. He was a cute boy then. He used to be going to Maynooth, and could bate the master at the larning, and used such fine words that Father Luke himself could not hold a candle to him, but oh wirra, wirra, it was a black day for us, when he took to readin' Parson Kinlock's Bible that he gev him on top of the coach.'

In descending the cliff towards their homes, the girls descried the subject of their conversation, walking to

and fro upon the sands, absorbed in the perusal of a book. Brian possessed talents of no common order, and from boyhood, his fellow peasants looked up to him as to a being whom they could not understand, but whose superiority would probably raise him to some lofty destiny, perhaps even to the arch-episcopal mitre of Tuam, then and now worn by one whose talents have raised him from an origin as obscure. Brien's family denied themselves every comfort in order to maintain him at Maynooth, his education there had been nearly completed, when a copy of the scriptures was placed in his hands, and the result has been narrated. From that hour, his disappointed relatives poured petty annoyances and great insults on his head.

All communication between the young convert and his relatives, having been forbidden by Father Luke, his sisters and Kathleen passed him on the beach, crossing themselves most devoutly to keep away the contamination of heresy.

As the girls passed an angle of the rocks, they heard a sweet voice carolling a national melody, and coming in view of the songstress, an industrious widow of the neighbourhood, Mary exclaimed, 'Birds sing when they are busiest, sure enough Biddy, but what makes you work so hard, gatherin' sea wrack on a holy eve like this.'

'The poor can't keep all the holy days,' replied the widow Leonard; 'but I believe I have enough now any way. Come, Peter, avie.'

But Peter had caught the sound of O'Boyle's pipes, practising the best jigs for the night-dance, and to use his own words, he was 'savin' the fine music from goin' to waste on the sands,' by dancing to it with all his heart. Sidney and Kathleen caught the inspiring im-

pulse ; and, laying aside their milk-pails, their bare feet were soon in twinkling motion on the sands.

Meantime a fishing-boat was steadily making way across the sparkling waters. The tide was fully in, but Neil Donnellan, the successful fisherman, seemed to avoid his usual landing-place. A white flag waved from the eagle rock, and Neil well understood the signal, a guager was in the vicinity, and his presence rendered hazardous the landing of the illicit spirits, which had been distilled with such care on the rocky isle of Erroo.

‘ St. Michan wants a drop of the potteen, boys,’ cried Neil, backing water with his oar ; a very few strokes of the athletic fishermen brought the boat under the shelter of the rocks, into St. Michan’s cavern ; and far in the dark recesses of the sea-floored cave, the valuable cargo was safely deposited behind the friendly shelter of some large stalagmites.

The boat rapidly shot past the narrow entrance to the cave, and Neil and his party hastened to the large bonfire which had been just kindled on the high ground of the promontory.

The music had already commenced, and old and young, grandfathers and maidens, enjoyed themselves in the merriest of dances, the joyous jig. Neil laid aside his short pipe, and led forth a partner. On his return to his seat, he proposed that ‘ the best dancers in Mayo, let alone Erris, should not hop on the green wid the crowd, but that a door should be taken from its hinges in the neighbouring village, and be raised upon a pudthawn for their use.’

Accordingly a door was quickly procured, and Connor Feeny and Mary Durkin executed the innumerable steps of the jig with a graceful rapidity that almost

baffled the eyes of the spectators, and with a perseverance rare even in the land of protracted dance, yet without once stepping off the narrow limits which had been assigned them on the door. When Mary at length ceased dancing, and she was followed to her seat by a chorus of praise, it seemed strange that the belle of the barony should appear wholly indifferent to the compliments that attended her, yet so it was ; the momentary excitement of the dance soon died away, and the pensiveness of her fine countenance showed that her thoughts were far from the scene before her. She seemed to take great interest in the number of draughts of usquebaugh, imbibed by a tall, dark-browed, thin, old man, named Martin Morony. If ever there was a countenance which denoted the habitation of evil spirits, it was his. His small, ferret eyes twinkled under his shaggy brows, with stealthy, cunning glances which seemed to avoid the regards of his fellow-creatures ; and a peculiarly sinister expression lurked around his thin lips, even when he forced them into a smile. But his cold physiognomy, soon bore evidence to the strength of his potations, and he became deeply inebriated. Some young men, headed by Connor Feeny, soon persuaded Morony and another drunkard to ride a race ; both wretches were mounted on a neighbouring ditch, and, in the drunken belief that they were mounted on horseback, each flogged the green sides of the ditch to the great amusement of the spectators. When Mary perceived that her enemy was reduced to a state of unconsciousness, and that others were in a similar predicament, she quickly glided away towards the moonlit bay.

Imbued with all the superstitions of her race, Mary summoned up all her courage to risk the encounter

with such supernatural beings as were supposed to haunt a lonely midnight walk ; and it was with suppressed terror that she descended the cliffs to the shore. A dark figure emerged from the shadow of the Eagle Rock, and passed into the clear moonlight. Mary's heart beat rapidly ; but, in a moment, she recognized the object of her search, and sprang forward to meet her brother, Brien.

' *Thaw thu luffawr laa na powsenee na Baltha.* You are as welcome as the flowers of May,' he exclaimed ; ' I've waited for you long. It's well for me that has one true sister, though every one else shuns me like a mad dog.'

' Heaven knows I may be wrong, Brien, to spake to a turned heretic after all Father Luke said ; but sure God and the Holy Virgin can't be very angry wid me for spaking to him that was born and reared wid me ; we learnt to walk together : the first words ever we said were Brian and Mary, an' oh, its the heart-crushing thing now that I must turn my back on the brother, that I love the most of all the things within the four walls of the wide world.'

' You prove that, Mary, when you come to see me after Father Luke puttin' out the candle in darkness again' me ; but heavy will be yer penance, my poor Mary, if you're seen talkin' to the turncoat, and the neighbours will be passin' to the fire : we must go down on the shore out of their way.'

Slowly the brother and sister descended the cliffs, and passed along the strand. The tide was still far out, and they entered St. Michan's cave by a pathway of firm dry sand, and seated themselves upon a ledge of rocks.

The parents of Brien had been deeply incensed by his conversion, and had concerted with Father Luke

the most stringent measures to prevent the taint spreading through the family. From the moment they became convinced that his apostacy was not the temporary ebullition of youthful fancy, but the deep-rooted result of abiding conviction, from that moment, all conversation between him and his young relatives was peremptorily forbidden by the priest.

After their long separation, therefore, Brien and Mary had much to communicate : he eagerly endeavoured to persuade his sister of the truth of his new creed, while she as earnestly sought to win him from paths which led, according to her belief, to everlasting destruction. Two hours elapsed in rapid interchange of sentiment, but they were unconscious of the flight of time, and so absorbed in conversation, that they heard not the murmur of the waves as the returning tide gradually advanced upon the shore.

At length the plash of waters within the cave attracted Mary's attention, and she started up, exclaiming, ' We're lost, Brian, we're lost ; the tide is on us.' Brian turned pale as the horrors of their situation broke upon him. ' May be it's not too late after all,' he muttered, as he rushed into the water, and endeavoured to ford the entrance. The shelving sands, however, left him, in a few steps, nearly out of his depth, and Mary in despair, cried out for his return. Brian could not swim, and was obliged to give up the hopeless attempt to ford the pass. Returning to the innermost part of the cave, the imminent danger of his favourite sister overwhelmed him with dismay. He could meet death himself with fortitude, for he knew that his Saviour would bear him conqueror ; but Mary, whose false Saviours were numerous, could he bear to see her die, leaning on broken reeds of human righteousness, and

trusting in masses for the dead. The agony of a lifetime seemed curdled in one moment. The brother and sister cast themselves on their knees to implore refuge from impending doom. They soon arose, and Brien shouted for relief, in the hope that some fisherman or passenger might be attracted by his call. He paused for a reply. He heard only the soft plashing of the summer sea, as wave after wave coursed each other to the shore. The soft moonlight poured its silver beams over the reposing waters of the bay. The promontory opposite the cave glowed with the red light of the watch-fire, but at so great a distance that the music and mirth of the dancers were inaudible. Once more Brien shouted for aid, the rocks reverberated his call ; but their echoes died away unheard by mortal ear. Again the soft murmurs of the advancing waves sounded in the darkness of the cave. Mary fainted. Brien raised her inanimate form upon the highest ledge of rocks, and felt almost thankful that she was spared the misery of watching the slow, insidious approach of death, as well as the consciousness of drowning death agonies. Once more the cave reverberated with his shouts for relief, but in vain. The waters touched his feet ; they continued to rise ; Brien resigned the hopes of life, and surrendered himself to prayer.

SIDNEY O'MOORE.

SPIRITS OF THE FRENCH REFORMATION.

No. VI.

LEFÈVRE.

"Le vieux docteur s'était animé ; ses yeux éteints brillaient, sa voix usée était devenue sonore ; on eut dit le vieux Siméon rendant grâces au Seigneur de ce que ses yeux voyaient son salut."

"Ce moment où Lefèvre, quittant les merveilleux récits des saints, mit la main sur la parole de Dieu, commence une ère nouvelle en France, et est le principe de la Réformation."—D'AUBIGNÉ.

OH for that glory's matchless ray,
 The crown of threescore years and ten,*
 Walking in wisdom's perfect way,
 A watchful light mid the sons of men !
 Oh ! to look back serenely then
 On all the way our God has led,
 To live to Jesu's glory, when
 Its beams reflecting grace our head !
 Some good achieved—a life not lost ;
 Some exploit † in our leader's name,
 And in his cross a victor's boast
 O'er sin and pain, o'er toil and shame !

A light, but not the noonday light,
 Dawned on Lefèvre's soul ;
 Beams of salvation pure and bright,
 Gently around him stole,

* Prov. xvi. 31.

† Dan. xi. 32.

Lighting his strange mysterious home,
 The chambers of his imagery,
 While all the idol-gods of Rome
 Trembled before it fearfully.
 Their worshipper before them stands,
 Claspng a Bible in his hands,
 His heart to heaven—to God ascending,
 His knee before their altars bending ;
 Striving to bind his wavering will
 Fast to his old allegiance still.
 That link must break—it cannot be
 That Christ and Antichrist agree !
 Can the infallible mislead,
 Or error stamp the Pontiff's creed ?
 The doubt would come, the question be
 Repeated oft with agony.
 Searching the perfect law of God,
 Watching intent to do his will,
 An upward path the Christian trod,
 Brightening and brightening still.*

The fairest garlands he could twine
 Fade on the virgin's gaudy shrine ;
 The deepest agony of prayer
 Rises to God, but rises *there*,
 When suddenly, as if from heaven
 A messenger the word had given,
 And he that message were revealing
 To the wrapt youth† beside him kneeling,
 ' William,' he cried, ' the day will come
 Of truth and life for Christendom ;
 Thine eye the miracle shall see,
 And the full light shall compass thee ! '

* Prov. iv. 18.

† Farel.

The prophet to his cell returned,
The midnight lamp before him burned ;
His soul had grasped an enterprise
Meet for an angel to devise ;
He knew the road—had found the key
To life, and light, and liberty,
Nor will again repose his head
On couch of ease or leisure's bed,
Till by the labour of his hand
They shine upon his native land.
Hid in a tongue unknown, the Book
Shall yet be clear and plain,
And those who in its pages look,
Shall never look in vain.

His work is done—his temples hoary
Are circling fast with heaven's own glory.
Found in the path that must be press'd
By feet of righteous men ;
Rest, till the end of all things rest ;
Thou in thy lot* when all are blest
Shalt stand triumphant then.

Unhappy France !—why didst not thou
Thy day of favour know ?
It passed away—what art thou now ?
All glitter, pomp, and show !
A crown upon thy haughty brow,
But in thy walls the foe—
The traitors unbelief and doubt
Casting their Maker's glory out,
And bringing, with the curse of sin,
All violence and danger in.

* Dan. xii. 13.

Yet " fifty righteous " may be found,
The salt of thy unholy ground.
Bear with them, for if these should flee,
What yet remains to shelter thee ?
Armies that tread with ruthless feet
The Christian vales of Otaheite ?
Oh, safer were thy lot to be
Cast like a millstone in the sea,
Than thus o'erpass Christ's feeble fold,
Like hungry wolf for slaughter bold.—
Senates who sit in godless league ?
Or kings who stoop to dark intrigue ?
Are these, when all their powers combine,
Invincible, for these are thine ?
Let Babylon and Tyrus tell
What kingdoms were—and how they fell !

A. N.

CHAPTERS ON SCRIPTURE GEOGRAPHY.

No. VIII.

BABYLON.—PART II.

WHEN, in the visions of things which “were to be hereafter,” the beloved Apostle John witnessed the destruction of the great city which then ruled over the whole earth, the mighty Angel who pronounced its fate, exclaimed in his hearing, “Babylon is fallen, is fallen !” The Babylon of history, wherein the golden head of the Image had ruled, had long passed away, and but one city then remained, which answered the description of the Angel, and thus gave the key which still opens to us the gates of the Babylon of prophecy. I do not think it necessary here to enter into any of the other proofs, which may be given of the identity of New Testament Babylon with Rome, because there are few Christians who do not agree upon this point, and because the words of the Angel seem to prevent any other application. There are some futurists indeed who expect a rebuilding of Ancient Babylon ; but however a city yet to come might answer to the name, it could not be *the* city which ruled the world in the days of the Apostle ; and however a future Babylon might persecute the church of God, in her could *not* be found the blood of all the saints which had been shed upon the earth. I take therefore at once the view which makes New Testament Babylon the symbol of the apostacy of

the latter days, of the antichristian system of Romanism—a system which, when described in Scripture, is always found opposed to the truth as it is in Jesus. If this system is shadowed forth as a beast, it is a *lamb-like* beast with dragon-speech, as opposed to the Lamb of God, who is also the Lion of the tribe of Judah. If represented as a woman, it is the bride of the beast, drest in purple and scarlet, and adorned with pearls, as compared with the wife of the Lamb, clothed in fine linen, pure and white: and if again set before us as a city, it is that great and splendid city of earth called Babylon the Great, as opposed to the New Jerusalem which cometh down from God out of heaven. With these few introductory remarks, let us examine the several features of resemblance which the Babylon of the New Testament offers to the Babylon of the Old.

1st. In its origin. Babel originated in the wish of an ambitious chieftain to extend his dominion over the world. The colossal edifice of the Church of Rome was commenced by ambitious ecclesiastics, who desired that all Christendom should bow in spiritual matters to their authority. A universal language was necessary for the attainment of such an end. Nimrod possessed it,—Papal power attempted it, and so far prevailed by interdicting the use of the vernacular tongues of Christian Europe in their worship, that the prayers of the great mass of the laity became repetitions of senseless sounds. The builder of Babel introduced idolatry amongst the descendants of Noah, and became himself one of the great objects of veneration and worship. What shall we say of the idolatries of modern Babylon, her hero worship, her prayers to saints and martyrs, her veneration of relics, her abject submission to her head, self-styled ‘Christ’s Vicegerent, God’s representative on

earth.' But observe the parallel between the two cities in their proceedings : Babylon the first was the great persecutor of Israel of old. "The violence done to me and to my flesh be upon Babylon, shall the inhabitant of Zion say ; and my blood upon the inhabitants of Chaldea, shall Jerusalem say." Jer. li. 35. Of Modern Babylon it is said, that "in her was found the blood of prophets, and of saints, and of all that were slain upon the earth." Rev. xviii. 24. Literal Israel has fared but badly at the hands of the Church of Rome, for the Papal power has ever persecuted the Jew ; but spiritual Israel, the Church of God, has ever been the object of Rome's most bitter detestation. Although at times great names have appeared in her communion, like Daniel at the Chaldean's court, yet though *in* her, they have not been *of* her, and not unseldom have tasted the bitter cup of her displeasure. As a general rule, she has "worn out the saints of the Most High" whenever she has had the power to do so. But again, observe the haughtiness of Ancient Babylon. This is a feature in that great city's character frequently dwelt upon by God : "Thou that sayest in thine heart, I am, and none else beside me." Isa. xlvii. 8. "Babylon was the glory of kingdoms : " she "sat a queen." Her ruler "was king of kings," and great dominion and authority was given to him. Is not this great haughtiness bequeathed to Modern Babylon ? Have not her Hildebrands been as proud as Nebuchadnezzar ? Have not her pontiffs placed their feet on the necks of sovereigns, deposed kings, absolved subjects from their obedience, proclaimed their Church, 'the Catholic,' and attempted to cut off from all communion with Christ, those who differed from them ? Can any one read modern history and doubt the charge ? But another feature in Ancient

Babylon was the abundance of her sorceries. Her Chaldean rulers, with their wisdom, had brought her their magic. God speaks of the multitude of her sorceries, and the great abundance of her enchantments. Indeed the very name Chaldean became a term for Sorcerer. Is this also a feature in our Modern Babylon? "By thy sorceries were all nations deceived," (Rev. xviii. 23,) says the Holy Spirit. What indeed are her indulgences, her doctrine of merits, her absolutions, her masses, and her unctions, but spells to bind the soul of man, and keep him from the truth which is in Christ Jesus? Wrapping the sinner in such a cloud of frankincense that he cannot see his Saviour through it; 'weaving the winding-sheet of souls.'

We will only draw attention to one more parallel between the two cities, viz., their splendor and luxury.—Babylon is called "The golden city" (Isaiah xiv. 4.) or in the margin, the exactress of gold, and her gorgeousness is frequently alluded to in the Prophets. The xvii and xviii chapters of the Revelation are filled with the details of the splendors of mystic Babylon.—In fact the wealth of the world flowed into the papal treasuries. Rome is still an exactress of gold, and though our beloved country has ceased to supply her funds as in times gone by, yet we fear no inconsiderable portion of her substance still finds its way into the coffers of Rome. One visit to the proud metropolis of Christendom—one peep at her gorgeous temples and splendid priests will show, whether the Babylon of to-day is not clothed as splendidly as the city on the Euphrates. But observe how the type runs on to its conclusion.—The fall of ancient Babylon was sudden. In one hour shall its prototype be made desolate. Rev. xviii. 10.

It began to tremble when language was as it were

divided, when the word of God was put into the hands of men in their own tongues ; but that wound of its power was healed, and Babylon is still an exceeding great city. How its destruction shall be accomplished we are not exactly told, though we have every reason to believe that the civil power will be the chief agent ; for we are told, Rev. xvii. 16., that “ the ten horns shall make her desolate and naked, and shall eat her flesh, and burn her with fire.” Babylon the first, after her capture by Cyrus, retained for a short time her existence as a province of the Medo-Persian Empire. This, according to prophecy, will appear to be the case with Babylon the second. Observe her progress.—First, the Rival of the Beast, now its mistress, in the end its slave. Babylon is fallen, says the angel, it no longer rules, but its clergy are useful tools, and therefore as a *false prophet* the Church of Rome accompanies the Beast, (like Ahab’s prophets,) against the Holy City, throws the veil of religion over his conquests, and shares his doom ! for we read ‘ that the Beast was taken, and with him the false prophet that wrought miracles before him, (compare Rev. xiii. 12—15.), with which he deceived them that had received the mark of the Beast, and them that worshipped his image. These both were “ cast alive into a lake of fire, burning with brimstone.” (Rev. xix. 20.) Such is the fearful doom of Babylon, and while its knell sounds in our ears, how unspeakably solemn, how inestimably precious the command, (Rev. xviii. 4.), “ Come out of her, *my people*, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues,” those plagues described in verse 8, as death, mourning, and famine, from which God’s people shall not be exempt, if they will not quit her communion. How sad and solemn the thought, that at this moment,

while still the mighty angel is summoning God's people, thus, while still God is waiting as of old before Sodom for Lot's departure, hundreds of those whose fathers bore the honoured name of Protestant are rushing in at the gates of Babylon. Surely the scene which Solomon describes so graphically in Prov. vii., is acting every day before our eyes. Young men void of understanding in the laws of God, groping through the twilight of mediæval lore, and with their faces towards *her house*, meet with the sorceress of Rome. Great are her pretensions, loud her claims, intense her desire for proselytizing. How she vaunts her peace-offerings, her masses for weary souls, her architecture, her solemn music, her paintings for the imaginative, her fine linen, the extra righteousness of saints, her myrrh, her spices, and her frankincense for the more spiritually-minded. How does she exclude the doctrine of our Lord's return, saying, that he is indeed on a *long* journey, lest the steps of the coming bridegroom should fall upon her victim's ears. Oh that the concluding words of the wise man in this chapter might sound like a trumpet through the homes of England, and break by the power of God the spell of the enchantress, "Hearken unto me, now therefore, oh ye children, and attend to the words of my mouth. Let not thy heart decline to her ways, go not astray in her paths: For she hath cast down many wounded; yea, many strong men have been slain by her. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death."

X. Y. Z.

MEMOIR OF THE LIFE OF ELIZABETH FRY ;

WITH

EXTRACTS FROM HER JOURNAL AND LETTERS.

THIS most valuable Memoir will excite the interest of many different classes. Christian women will delight in being admitted to intimate acquaintance with one whose character was so essentially feminine ; they will sympathize with the feelings of the wife, the mother, and the mistress, and be encouraged, when they see how one so eminently their superior in energy, devotedness, and self-control, struggled with all the timid sensitiveness of a woman's character. The active philanthropist will watch with delight the progress of her prison labors, and the ever-widening circle of her influence, which ameliorated the condition of the condemned criminal amongst foreign nations, and in distant lands. The thoughtful churchman will mark with deep interest the working of Quaker principles, as displayed in the transparent pages of her journal ; and, while he traces the living effect of those truths which she held distinctly, will be thankful for the firmer footing afforded him by the principles of his own Church.

The Memoir is compiled with much judgment by two of her daughters. What strikes us in it, is, the absence of eulogy ; they have wisely left their mother's actions to speak for themselves ; while, by a judicious selection of her papers, they have made us acquainted with the

innermost workings of her mind. Nor has it, in this case, been by a violation of the sanctity of private papers, as the departed gave permission for any use to be made of her Diary, which should be judged likely to promote her Redeemer's cause.

Elizabeth Fry was born in Norwich, May 21st, 1780. She was the third daughter of John Gurney, Esq., of Earlham. Her father belonged to the Society of Friends, but he had much intercourse with those of other denominations, and was extremely liberal in his sentiments towards them. Mrs. Gurney died when Elizabeth was but twelve years old : she was a woman of talent and piety, and an unspeakable loss to her daughters, who were left, without a mother's care, to tread the dangerous paths of early womanhood. Education was spreading to a great extent amongst females of the higher class ; but, alas ! it was accompanied with a fearful leaven of infidelity, and even persons of piety associated freely with those, whose principles they could not but condemn. These influences, for the time, told injuriously on Mr. Gurney's young family, all of whom were afterwards brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. While wandering on thus in darkness, Elizabeth seems, from an early age, to have had a longing for something better : the childlike confessions of her youthful journal are deeply interesting, as a specimen of the craving of a mind that was accustomed to watch its own progress, but had not yet found rest in God.

' Dec. 1797.—A thought passed my mind, that if I had some religion, I should be superior to what I am : it would be a bias to better actions. I think I am, by degrees, losing many excellent qualities. I am more cross, more proud, more vain, more extravagant. I lay it to my great love of gaiety and the world. I feel, I

know I am falling. I do believe, if I had a little true religion, I should have a greater support than I have now; in virtue, my mind wants a stimulus; never, no never, did mind want one more: but I have the greatest fear of religion, because I never saw a person religious, who was not enthusiastic.

‘Jan. 1798.—I must die! I shall die! wonderful! death is beyond comprehension. To leave life and all its interests, and be almost forgotten by those we love. What a comfort must a real faith in religion be in the hour of death; to have a firm belief of entering into everlasting joy. I have a notion of such a thing; but, I am sorry to say, I have no real faith in any sort of religion: it must be a comfort and support in affliction, and I know enough of life to see how great a stimulus is wanted to support through the evils that are inflicted, and to keep in the path of virtue. If religion be a support, why not get it?’

‘14th.—I think it almost impossible to keep strictly to principle, without religion; I do not feel any real religion; I should think those feelings impossible to obtain; for, even if I thought all the Bible was true, I do not think I could make myself feel it: I think I never saw any person who seemed so totally destitute of it. I fear I am, by degrees, falling away from the path of virtue and truth.’

It pleased God soon to give, what his wandering child thought it impossible to obtain. The following month, her mind was deeply impressed by the preaching of William Savery, an American friend.

‘I wish (she writes) the state of enthusiasm I am now in may last, for to-day I have felt *that there is a God*; I have been devotional, and my mind has been led away from the follies that it is mostly wrapt up in.

We had much serious conversation ; in short, what he said and what I felt, was like a refreshing shower falling upon earth that had been dried up for ages.'

After this, her father offered her a visit to London ; she wished to see and judge for herself, with regard to the gaieties of life, and her youthful remarks are a strange contrast to the dignified simplicity with which, in after-days, she held intercourse with princes and nobles.

'Mr. Opie, Amelia, and I, went to the Opera concert. I own I do love grand company. The Prince of Wales was there ; and I must say, I felt more pleasure in looking at him than in seeing the rest of the company, or hearing the music. I did nothing but admire his Royal Highness ; but I had a very pleasant evening indeed.'

Though she might, for a moment, be carried away by the gaiety around her, the permanent impression on her mind was very different.

'I saw and entered (she says) various scenes of gaiety ; many of our first public places ; attended balls and other places of amusement. . . . I consider one of the most important results was, the conviction of these things being wrong, from seeing them and feeling their effects.'

Such a testimony is worthy the attention of those young persons who, sheltered by those fences with which religious parents strive to separate them from the pleasures of the world, think their lot hard, and the restrictions imposed on them harsh and unnecessary.

Elizabeth Gurney had as yet but dim views of the great doctrines of the Gospel ; but she walked faithfully up to the light she had, and many who boast of the fulness of their knowledge, may blush when they

hear the statement she made to one of her daughters on her death-bed.

‘My dear ——. I can say one thing : since my heart was touched, at the age of seventeen, I believe I have never awakened from sleep, in sickness or in health, by day or by night, without my first waking thought being, how best I might serve my Lord.’

Many struggles now went on in her mind ; dancing and music had been allowed at her home, and she began to feel scruples about them. For her own sake, she would willingly relinquish them, but she could not do so without paining those most dear to her. If some of her scruples were needless, her conduct at this period, as a sister and daughter, is a most interesting example to those who, for conscience’ sake, may have, in any measure, to isolate themselves in the midst of a large and beloved circle : we give a few extracts from her Journal :—

‘ I have finished my letter to my dear cousin, Priscilla, and that to Mrs. —— ; but I cannot feel quite easy to send it, without first speaking to my father, for I do believe it is my duty to make him my friend in all things, though I think it probable he will discourage me in writing to my friend, Sophy, yet never keep any thing from him ; but let me be an open, true, kind, and dutiful daughter to him, whilst life is in my body.’

‘ John is just come in to ask me to dance, in such a kind way—oh, dear me ! I am now acting clearly differently from them all. Remember this, as I have this night refused to dance with my dearest brother. I must, out of kindness to him, not be tempted by any one else. Have mercy, oh God ! have mercy upon me ! and let me act right, I humbly pray thee ; wilt Thou love my dearest, most dear brothers and sisters, wilt

thou protect us? Dear John ! I feel much for him ; such as these are home-strokes : but I had far rather have them, if indeed guided by supreme wisdom ; for then I need not fear. I know that not dancing will not lead me to do wrong, and I fear dancing does ; though the task is hard on their account, I hope I do not mind the pain to myself. I feel for them ; but if they see in time, I am happier for it, I think they will no longer lament over me. I will go to them as soon as they have done, try to be cheerful, and to show them I love them ; for I do most truly, particularly John. I think I might talk a little with John, and tell him how I stand ; for, it is much my wisest plan, to keep truly intimate with them all ; make them my first friends. I do not think I ever love them so well as at such times as these. I should fully express my love ; and how nearly it touches my heart, acting differently to what they like. These are truly great steps to take in life, but I may expect support under them.'

All the Earlham scenes of this book are most fascinating ; separation, new ties and connexions, seemed but to strengthen the love of this attached band of brothers and sisters ; even after their father's death, Earlham was the family home, and sickness and trial always found them ready to come to each other's aid. How reckless are those brothers and sisters who throw away, by petty jealousies, or selfish indolence, that family love which the world cannot replace, whose links are only strengthened, when distance and separation have almost severed all other early friendships.

In reading this part of Elizabeth Gurney's Memoir, we are struck with the peculiar effects of the Quaker system. Her aim was, as far as possible, to listen to the *inward voice*, and judge by her own feelings, whether

or no she was in a right and safe path ; yet she was painfully conscious how easily an imaginative feeling nature, like her's, might be led astray. ' Don't, don't be enthusiastic,' is the warning she constantly addresses to herself. Have we not reason to be thankful, that our Church, while by no means denying the inward witness of the Spirit in the heart, teaches us to look for guidance to the sure voice of the Spirit in the written word, a voice which cannot be confounded with the dreams of enthusiasm. But, while we thank God for the vantage-ground on which we are thus placed, we may study with peculiar profit the experience of a Christian sister of another denomination ; for every living portion of the Church of Christ has guarded some part of truth with special care : and, however sure we may feel that its fullest and most complete manifestation is to be found in our own Church, we may gain valuable lessons from watching the special effect of special truths on the minds of others. What strikes us in the Memoir of this eminent Quaker, is, the waiting attitude in which she expected the influences of the Spirit. The silence of the Meeting of Friends is not necessary for the attainment of this waiting spirit ; we are wholly dependant on Divine influences for power to pray the services of our Church ? Why do we not more constantly look for this power to work in us ? And in social prayer, in our labours of love, why do we so often feel as if we were going out alone to the battle, when such a Helper is nigh ; when we might expect grace to pray in the Spirit ; when we might have so much more sensibly the guidance of the Spirit in our labours ?

Elizabeth Gurney, after many painful conflicts, determined to join the plain Quakers. She does not seem

to have attached any very great importance to the dress and dialect, but preferring the dialect on principle, she was thankful for another wall of separation between her and the world. In the year 1800 she was married to Joseph Fry ; her future residence was either in London or at Plashet House in Essex. She was the mother of eleven children, ten of whom survived her, and she must indeed have had no common energy of mind, to carry her, with frequently feeble health, through the arduous labours she undertook. She was a most fond and affectionate mother ; a kind, though as she allowed, somewhat too indulgent, a mistress, and an unwearied benefactress to the poor around her. But we have now to consider her in another and more questionable light ; it is well known that the Society of Friends, not understanding as we do those passages, 1 Cor. xiv. 34, 35. ; 1 Tim. ii. 11, 12., in which the injunctions of the apostle seem to us so plain as to preclude mistake, allow of the ministry of women, when moved by the Spirit. Elizabeth Fry was an eminent minister among them, an evident blessing attended her efforts, but they were a constant and painful struggle to her own timid and sensitive mind, and frequently involved the sacrifice of leaving her beloved home with its duties and anxieties. A few extracts will best shew the state of her own feelings, her first attempt was at her beloved father's funeral.

‘Eleventh Month, 3rd. We attended our beloved father's funeral : before I went, I was so deeply impressed at times with love to all and thanksgiving, that I doubted whether it might not possibly be my place to express it there ; but I did the evening before humbly crave, not to be permitted to do so, unless rightly called to it. Fear of man appeared greatly taken away——

I remained still, till dearest John began to move to go away ; when it appeared as if it could not be omitted, and I fell on my knees and began, not knowing how I should go on, with these words, " Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty : just and true are thy ways, Thou King of Saints : be pleased to receive our thanksgivings ; " and there I seemed stopped, though I thought I should have had to express that I gave thanks on my beloved father's account. But not feeling the power to continue, I arose directly : A quiet, calm, and invigorated state, mental and bodily were my portion afterwards, and altogether a sweet day : but a very painful night, discouraged on every side, I could believe by him who tries to deceive. The discouragement seemed to arise chiefly from what others would think, and nature flinched and sank, but I was enabled this morning to commit myself in prayer ; and may I be preserved in future, if my life be spared, from taking thy holy name in vain ; enable me, if thou seest meet, to follow hard after Thee, that I may know thy voice, Thou Shepherd and Bishop of souls, and be as one of thy sheep.'

After this she spoke frequently, and was soon acknowledged as a minister among them.

'Second Month, 7th. 1811. Yesterday was to me an awful and affecting day : there came up a minute from the men, desiring the women to meet them after the next monthly meeting, to consider the subject of acknowledging me as a minister. Friends felt so kindly for me, as to call me out of the meeting to tell me, lest hearing it should overcome me ; this was unnecessary, for though I felt and feel it deeply, this was not likely to be the case. It brings me prostrate, before the great I AM ; but I feel to have little or nothing to say for

myself: certainly it is cause of humble gratitude, to believe my little offerings in the ministry have not burdened, but been acceptable to the Church. O Lord! if it be thy will to preserve my life yet a little longer, and continue me in this service, preserve me, even if it be through chastisement, from ever hurting thy great and holy cause, and enable me to walk worthy of the vocation whereunto I am called.'

'Sixth Month, 3rd. I find it an awful thing to rise, amongst a large assembly, and unless much covered with love and power, hardly know how to venture.'

'Ninth Month, 12th. I went to the meeting of worship with the C——'s. I had not long been there, before I felt something of a power accompanying me, and words arose, but my exercise of mind was so great, that it seemed like being "baptized from the dead:" though not, that I know of, from any particular fear of man; I was helped, I believe I may say, as to power, tongue, and utterance.'

Thoughts crowd thick upon the mind, as we read the exercises this interesting woman passed through, with regard to the ministry. To us, her conduct seems directly contrary to the commands of scripture; we cannot also but notice, how the voice of nature speaks, and in the instinctive shrinking of a modest female from publicity, seems to re-echo the words of inspiration: yet through great suffering she perseveres, earnestly praying that if she were not in the path of duty, the painful cup might pass from her. When she declines the task, conscience allows her no rest: but when, to use her own expression, she gives up to it, she finds peace, and a manifest blessing rests on her labors. How are these contradictions to be reconciled? we are at first disposed to think that He who poured his Spirit in an-

cient times on Deborah and Huldah, may still sometimes be pleased to vary His usual mode of acting, and again employ a woman's agency to build up his Church. But the command is so plain, the dangers so great, now that the voice of inspiration has ceased, of setting aside one jot or tittle of God's word, that we are rather led to refer the blessing which has attended female preaching to the fulness of His grace, who condescends to prosper the imperfect efforts of his children, when amidst partial ignorance, they earnestly desire to glorify Him. This high commendation was bestowed on Rahab and Jael, though the one had rescued the spies by a lie, and the other had slain Sisera treacherously. So in the days of Hezekiah, the good Lord pardoned those who were not themselves cleansed according to the purification of the sanctuary. Human actions are very mingled ; so that which is right to one person, may be wrong to another. The departed saint, whose conduct we are considering, had no doubt of the lawfulness of a female ministry, had she refused to minister, it would not have been through obedience to the commands of God, but from indulging her own weakness ; therefore when she prayed for guidance, she was preserved from this indulgence, and enabled to do what, according to her knowledge, conscience dictated as her duty, and then her sacrifice was accepted and blessed. We hear of no scruples leading her to seek light on the subject of the lawfulness of female ministry, and on this subject, according to the judgment of our Church, she remained in darkness. How much larger a blessing would have rested on her efforts, had they flowed simply in the appointed channels of female influence : it is not for us to say, but we must not judge merely by immediate efforts, or leave out of the account the dam-

ger of disturbing one wheel of that wonderful machinery, by which, according to the Divine economy, the outward work of the Church is to be carried on.

We have not yet touched on those labors which have immortalized the name of Elizabeth Fry,—her efforts to reclaim our female prisoners. She commenced at Newgate, where the women were so depraved, so wild, as to resemble ferocious beasts more than human beings. On her second visit to them, she was, at her own request, left alone amongst them, for some hours, and read to them the parable of the Lord of the vineyard. Matt. xx. Her gentle and earnest manner soon gained a wonderful influence over them ; assisted by a committee of ladies, she established a school in one cell for their neglected children ; she procured work for the women ; appointed a matron, divided them into classes, established rules, all with the entire concurrence of the prisoners. The scriptures were read regularly to them. The city officers, who had regarded this as a hopeless case, willingly lent their aid to assist in carrying out the plans of the ladies. The Newgate women had been so famous for their violence, that their reformation became the theme of general conversation. Bishops and Nobles came to see the wonderful work, and she who had once been so excited by a distant view of the Prince of Wales, received with perfect humility, a personal mark of respect from Queen Caroline, only rejoicing in her own fame, as it brought the case of her poor prisoners more prominently before the public. The shamefully-neglected subject of prison discipline began every where to awaken attention. Mrs. Fry examined the prisons in many towns in Britain. The committee of ladies had an extensive correspondence to carry on

with those who were desirous of being guided by their experience, as they emulated their deeds of love.

Mrs. Fry's correspondence extended to Denmark, the Princess of Denmark having been introduced to her when in England ; to Russia, where a committee of ladies was formed for visiting the prisons, and where the Dowager Empress thankfully received her suggestions with regard to a lunatic asylum ; to Turin, where La Marquise de Barol nic Colbert was assiduously engaged in the important work.

The efforts of the ladies were extended to the welfare of the poor prisoners, after they had left the gaol : they interested themselves as far as possible to diminish the temptations surrounding the female convicts, both on their voyage and after their arrival at the colony ; and they promoted the establishment of an asylum for those discharged, and a school of discipline for juvenile offenders.

Taking a part in duties so various, it is no wonder that we hear Mrs. Fry say, ' I have been in an almost daily and constant tide of engagements, so that they seem at times too much for body and soul ; still, as I believe they are not of my own seeking, and as in many of them a blessing has appeared to attend me, I desire not to repine in the least degree, but to be thankful that I am thus employed.' And again, ' My mind continues almost too full ; I sometimes fear it will be overstrained. Oh ! for a quiet spirit and humble dependence : remembering that I am but a frail instrument, and however others may estimate my services, and therefore require them of me, yet I must recollect Him, who can equally well carry on his work with them or without them.'

The second volume of this interesting Memoir is not

yet published ; but we have already heard enough to stir us up to increased diligence in works of love. She, whose course we have been considering, though endowed with many remarkable qualities, was still a feeble woman like ourselves. ‘ No one knows,’ she says, in speaking of a Servant’s Society she had formed, ‘ what I go through in forming these institutions ; it is always in fear, and mostly with many misgivings, wondering at myself for doing it. I believe the original motive is love to my Master, and love to my fellow-creatures ; but fear is so predominant a feeling in my mind, that it makes me suffer, perhaps unnecessarily, from doubts. I felt something like access in prayer before making the regulations of the Servants’ Society. Sometimes my natural understanding seems enlightened about things of that kind, as if I were helped to see the right and useful thing. This I remarkably found in the prisons, in the Brighton District Society, and in my youth a good deal about schools for the poor.’

How meekly this sweet spirit of dependence enabled her to bear the remarkable popularity with which she was honoured, the following extract, with which we will close this short notice of her life, will serve to show. ‘ A poor unworthy woman, nothing extraordinary in point of power ; simply seeking to follow a crucified Lord, and to co-operate with his grace in the heart ; yet followed after by almost every rank in society, and the greatest openness for any communications of a religious nature. . . . When I see, as I did at Brighton, how remarkably I appear raised up, so that “ the righteous compass me about,” I cannot help feeling, that, in my case, the cross has “ humbled to exalt,” and also that, inasmuch as I have sought to follow my Lord, when I have feared that in doing so, I should lose the

good opinion, and even the love of almost every body, the good as well as others, how has it proved my experience, that "he that honoureth me I will honour." I passed through great exercise of spirit, lest I should be exalted, or the truth suffer through me ; but my belief is, that if no suffering or humiliation prevents my keeping close to my Lord, no flinching of mine, that *close* under his banner I shall be safe, whether he be pleased to raise me up and lower me, or cast me down and afflict me.'

THE HERDMAN OF TEKOA.

"ALL Scripture," we are told, **"is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness."** No part of God's word can then without loss be neglected. He, who has a large estate, might indeed live on the fruits of a small corner of it ; but he does not make this an excuse for not cultivating his lands, and enriching himself with the produce of hill and dale. Even so one text may teach the truths necessary to salvation ; but God has been more bountiful to us, he has given us a large and fair estate, and invites us diligently to enrich ourselves with its treasures.

No portion of God's word has been more neglected than the minor prophets. The cursory readers of Scripture, who seek merely those lessons which may be found on the surface, are discouraged by the obscurity which hangs over them. They seem like the national poems of some ancient tribe—names with which we are unacquainted, allusions to local circumstances, continually obscure the meaning of the prophet. But those who will patiently study them, will find many of these difficulties vanish, whilst the great truths of the Older Dispensation, the righteousness and majesty of Jehovah as the king of nations, come out in bright and full relief. Let us devote a short time to the study of those oracles seen by Amos, the herdsman of Tekoa, when Jeroboam II. sat on the throne of Israel, and Uzziah

on that of Judah, two years before the earthquake. It was a time of national prosperity to both kingdoms. Judah flourished under Uzziah or Azariah, of whom it was said he was marvellously helped till he was strong. Israel had indeed been cut short by Hazael and Benhadad, kings of Syria. The land of Gilead and Bashan, the inheritance of Gad, Reuben, and Manasseh, on the other side of Jordan, was smitten by them in the reign of Jehu. But the Lord had seen "the affliction of Israel, that it was very bitter : for there was not any shut up, nor any left, nor any helper for Israel. And the Lord said not that he would blot out the name of Israel from under heaven : but he saved them by the hand of Jeroboam the son of Joash." 2 Kings xiv. 26. We do not read of any repentance on the part of Israel ; on the contrary, it is said, " Jeroboam did evil in the sight of the Lord." It was only the tender mercy of Him, who is slow to anger, who would not smite till the measure of their iniquity was filled up, who would send his servants the prophets, rising early and sending them, if so be they would repent and turn to the Lord. But it was in vain, the prophecies of Hosea, of Amos, of Jonah, and probably of Joel, were all despised ; " and they who being often reprov'd, hardened their necks, were suddenly destroyed, and that without remedy."

It was a time then of national prosperity, of wealth, and of great luxury, in that land where Solomon had once made silver to be as stones, and cedars as the sycamore-trees of the vale for abundance. But all this apparent prosperity was deceptive ; there was a canker eating at its core, for the Most High was wroth with his people, and his indignation was kindled against them. Ever since the days of that wicked king, who first led the people astray, and whose name is always branded

in Scripture as "Jeroboam the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin," the people had forsaken the temple at Jerusalem, where God had commanded them to worship, and, in defiance of the second commandment, bowed down before the golden calves which Jeroboam had set up in Bethel and in Dan. These calves were not intended to represent any of the idols of the heathen, but to be visible symbols of the power of Jehovah. The Israelites of old did not renounce the name of God, any more than the Papists renounce the name of Christian ; but like them they were content with adding to his worship, symbols and ceremonies which he had not appointed, which he had even forbidden. This service was hateful to God, and was one of the special sins denounced by the Prophet Amos. "Seek not Bethel, nor enter into Gilgal, and pass not to Beersheba, for Gilgal shall surely go into captivity, and Bethel shall come to nought." The luxury of the rich maintained by a crushing oppression of the poor, was the other chief complaint of the Prophet, for which he rebukes them with unsparing severity ; and though the palaces of Samaria have long since been laid in the dust, and her ivory beds and instruments of music have ceased, there are palaces in Britain where the warnings of the Prophet are not less needed : for there the children of luxury stretch themselves upon their couches, and drink wine in bowls, and invent to themselves instruments of music like David ; but they regard not the oppression of the needy, nor the sorrowful sighing of the poor.

The opening verse, translated literally from the Hebrew, is a fine specimen of sublime simplicity :

"And he said

Jehovah from Zion will roar,

And from Jerusalem will he send his voice,

Then mourn will the habitations of shepherds,
And wither will the top of Carmel."

After this, instead of continuing with judgments upon Israel, as we might have expected, the Prophet denounces God's wrath upon the neighbouring kingdoms, Syria, the Philistines, Tyre, Edom, the Ammonites, and the Moabites. There were many reasons for this transition: the people would be willing to hear of the fate of their enemies, and the Prophet sets this before them first, that they might take warning by their example, and learn to dread the righteous anger of God. Besides, the judgments which overwhelmed Israel, overwhelmed also the neighbouring tribes, and the people might have hardened themselves, and said it was but a common chance, which happened unto them as unto others; therefore God will show that in every case it is his hand that directs the chastisement.

"Thus saith the Lord,

For three transgressions of Damascus,

And for four, I will not turn away the punishment thereof."

There is something very solemn in this opening of the message of wrath, eight times repeated in the two first chapters. These nations had gone on proudly in a course of rebellion, and the Lord had held his peace: they might have thought him such an one as themselves; or said, "Tush, the Lord doth not see, neither doth the God of Jacob regard it;" but each sin was recorded by his unerring hand. Once, twice, thrice, they offended, and still mercy prevailed over judgment; but, when four transgressions were added to three with obstinate perseverance, till the number was perfect, and the measure of their wickedness was full, then the God of judgment reveals himself, and his solemn voice is

heard demanding an account of every forgotten transgression. A nation may prosper for a time, even after it has forsaken God ; but, it is a fallacious prosperity, during which wrath and indignation are heaped up against it. The sin singled out for special condemnation amidst all the sins of Damascus, was their cruelty to the children of Israel. From the time of Ahab, we read many accounts of the invasions of the Syrians, both under Benhadad and Hazael ; the invasion here meant is recorded 2 Kings x. 32, 33. The threshing-instrument (also alluded to in a similar sense, Isa. xli. 15,) was a threshing-wain, moving on serrated wheels, which, at the same time, forced out the grain, and cut the straw—a most forcible image of severe destruction from an invading host. This prophecy of the destruction of Damascus was fulfilled, forty-seven years afterwards, when Tiglath-pileser took Damascus, slew Rezin, king of Syria, and took the people captive to Kir in Upper Media. 2 Kings xvi. 9 ; Isa. ix.

The Philistines dwelt upon the sea-coast ; the children of Judah growing lukewarm in the task of subduing the land, never wholly drove them out, and they became thorns in their sides. Gaza, Ashdod, Ashkelon, and Ekron, were some of their chief cities. The crime alleged, both against them and Tyre, is delivering up the Israelites into captivity to Edom. Gaza was smitten by Hezekiah. 2 Kings xviii. 8. Pharaoh, king of Egypt, smote it, Jer. xlvii. 1, and it was taken by Alexander the Great. Ashdod was conquered by Uzziah. 2 Chron. xxvi. 6. Tyre was taken by Nebuchadnezzar, after a siege of thirteen years. It was also taken by Alexander.

“ Thus saith the Lord,

For three transgressions of Edom,

And for four, I will not turn away the punishment thereof—

Because he did pursue his brother with the sword,"
&c.

The enmity between Jacob and Esau continued between their posterity, and is the chief count in the accusation against Esau. For 150 years after they had been conquered by David (2 Sam. viii. 14), the Edomites continued subject to Judah; but, during the disastrous reign of Jehoram, the wicked son of good king Jehoshaphat, they revolted, and thus the prophecy of Isaac was fulfilled, "Thou shalt break his yoke from off thy neck." They seem specially to have oppressed Israel in the days of their calamity. 2 Chron. xxviii. 17; Obad. 11—14; Ezek. xxv. 12; Psalm cxxxvii. 7. The judgments against them have been most completely fulfilled; they were subdued by Nebuchadnezzar, according to the prophecy of Jeremiah (Jer. xxv. 9, 21); and now, the silent tombs and temples carved in the rock of Petra, are the only memorials of the past greatness of Edom.

Ammon and Moab are next judged; both these nations were descended from Lot, and were frequently at war with the children of Israel: their lands lay close together, to the East of the Dead Sea. The charge brought against them both, is remorseless cruelty. In their zeal to enlarge their border, the children of Ammon had ripped up the women with child of Gilead, while the Moabites, violating the sanctity of the dead, had burned the bones of a king of Edom to lime. Both these nations were destroyed in the invasion of Nebuchadnezzar. See Jer. xxv. xxvii. The description of God's wrath is awful and grand:—

"But I will kindle a fire in the wall of Babylon,

And it shall devour the palaces thereof,
With shouting in the day of battle,
With a tempest in the day of the whirlwind,
And their king shall go into captivity,
He and his princes together."

And now, the chosen people had heard the denunciations of God's wrath against the enemies who had oppressed them, for the Lord's portion was his people ; and, whoso touched them, touched the apple of his eye ; might they not think they were the special favourites of heaven, and lull themselves into a fatal security ? To prevent this, the prophet has a special message to them ; the transgressions of Judah and Israel are counted by the same unerring justice, which reckoned those of the surrounding nations. God will not pass over sin in his own people. Their accusation is of a very different character, and shows, in a remarkable manner, the justice of God in judging every man according to the light vouchsafed to him. The many miraculous interpositions in behalf of Israel were sufficient to convince the surrounding nations, that they were the chosen people of God ; when they persecuted Israel, they set themselves in opposition to God's will, as far as it was revealed to them, and their sin, which was not one of ignorance, called down the vengeance of heaven. A fuller revelation was given to Judah ; and their neglect of this is their offence : "They have despised the law of the Lord, and not kept his commandments." Let us apply this great principle of Divine justice to ourselves, and appeal to our own consciences, how full and solemn must be the inquisition made against us ; we have not only, with the heathen, the light of nature ; with the Jews, the divine law ; but we have the perfect, the living example of the Incarnate

Saviour, as the rule and measure of our conduct. Well may we exclaim with the Psalmist, "If thou Lord shouldest mark iniquity, oh, Lord, who should stand?" whilst the only resting-place of our guilty consciences is the gracious declaration, "but there is forgiveness with Thee, that Thou mayest be feared."

And now the prophet turns to the ten tribes, the special objects of his message. The same solemn enumeration precedes the threatening upon them, in this respect, they find they are on a level with heathen nations, even while they proudly fancied themselves the favourites of heaven. It is to the rich, the words of warning are specially addressed, they are described as sunk in sensual pleasures, oppressing the poor, and despising the service of God.

"Because they sold the righteous for silver,
And the poor for a pair of shoes :
That pant after the dust of the earth on the head
of the poor,
And turn aside the way of the meek,
And a man and his father will go in unto the same
maid,
To profane my holy name ;
And they lay themselves down upon clothes laid to
pledge
By every altar,
And they drink the wine of the condemned
In the house of their God."

God had said, that the poor should never cease out of the land, but the inference He drew was, "Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother," the provisions of his law were full of tenderness and pity for the poor. The gleanings of the harvest and vintage were to be left for them. If, through poverty, they sold their in-

heritance, it was freely to be restored in the year of Jubilee. If they were slaves, they were to be set free on the seventh year, and not sent away empty, but ungrudgingly supplied from their master's corn-floor, flock and winepress. The clothes they had laid to pledge, were not to be kept all night ; "Thou shalt in any case," said the law, "deliver him the pledge again when the sun goeth down, that he may sleep in his own raiment and bless thee, and it shall be righteousness unto thee, before the Lord thy God." To the judges it had been commanded, "hear the causes between the brethren, and judge righteously between every man and his brother, and the stranger that is with him. Ye shall not respect persons in judgment, but ye shall hear the small as well as the great." All these commands were slighted by the great men of Israel ; righteousness was no security to the accused in their courts of justice, for the righteous was sold for a bribe of silver. The poor, whom God hath commanded them to consider as their brethren, were considered as of less value than a pair of shoes, and were sacrificed for so trifling an advantage. They panted after gold and silver, the perishing dust of the earth, though it were to be gained only by trampling on the head of the poor. They allowed themselves the most sensual and lawless indulgences, and in open contempt of God lay at their feasts, on couches beside their forbidden altars upon the pledged garments which they ought to have restored, and drunk after the libations in their false temples, wine purchased with the fines of those who were condemned.

Is there nothing of this spirit of contempt for the poor in our day ? Whilst an increase of produce of every kind, silks, cottons, shoes &c., has been the increasing aim of the manufacturers,—has not the poor

producer been neglected amongst them, and the words of the prophet been literally fulfilled, he has been sold for a pair of shoes? His moral being has been sold, while his powers of moving as one of the many machines of the workshop, have been the only thing cared for; his children have been sold, their health, their infant happiness, their future welfare, all sold in the factory—and the price, it has been a pair of shoes; an increase of produce bringing no increase of happiness. There seems a bathos in the expression amidst the sublimity of prophetic song, but it is a bathos full of meaning, it sets forth in most striking colours, the meanness and pettiness of oppression, that will stoop to the dirtiest means of increasing its treasures; by one stroke it seems in our day, to consign to deserved contempt, the truck system and every other engine of petty oppression. Nothing is too small for God's notice, while as King and Judge, he records the iniquity of nations. Oh that Britain might repent, before her measure be filled up, and it be said of her, for three transgressions and for four, I will not turn away the punishment thereof.

Yet He, who sits thus upon the throne of judgment, is no stern and merciless judge, but rather a Father, whose heart is wounded with the ingratitude of rebellious children; hear his pleading with them.

“ Yet destroyed I the Amorite before them,
Whose height was as the height of cedars,
And he was strong as the oaks;
Yet I destroyed his fruit from above, and his roots
from beneath.

Also I brought you up from the land of Egypt,
And led you forty years through the wilderness,
To possess the land of the Amorite.

And I raised up of your sons for prophets,
 And of your young men for Nazarites.
 Is it not even thus, oh ye children of Israel? saith
 the Lord.

But ye gave the magistrates wine to drink,
 And commanded the prophets,
 Saying, Prophecy not.
 Behold I am pressed under you,
 As a cart is pressed that is full of sheaves."

This is beautiful, merely as poetry, but oh what an unfolding is it of the heart of our God! He describes himself as oppressed and weighed down with the rebellion of His people, even as a cart pressed with a load of sheaves. We cannot reconcile the different attributes of our God. Many expressions we know are used after the manner of men, in compassion to our weakness: Thus He, who knows neither variableness nor shadow of turning, is said to repent. He who is blessed for ever, is said to grieve. He who bears up the foundations of the earth, to be pressed under the load of our sins. Thus much we know, that if these expressions are used in condescension to our infirmity, it is intended we should receive the impression they are calculated to convey; it is intended that we should feel all the tenderness and love of God, his hatred of sin, the heinousness and ingratitude of our own guilt. We ought not to strive to explain them away, in order logically to reconcile them with other Scriptures, but to lay our minds open to receive their full impression.

The closing verses of chapter II, in which punishment is threatened, are a striking exhibition of the powerlessness of man, in the presence of God's judgments.

"Therefore the flight shall perish from the swift,

And the strong shall not strengthen his force,

Neither shall the mighty deliver himself :
Neither shall he stand that handleth the bow ;
And he that is swift of foot shall not deliver himself :

Neither shall he that rideth the horse deliver himself.

And he that is courageous among the mighty
Shall flee away naked in that day, saith the Lord."

Archbishop Newcome refers these verses to the inextricable calamities caused by the earthquake. Whether they be referred to this, or to the impending calamities of the ten tribes, then so soon to be carried away into that captivity from which they have never yet returned, the moral lesson is the same, the impossibility of a man contending with his Maker. 'He is wise in heart,' says Job, 'and mighty in strength ;—who hath hardened himself against him and hath prospered ?'

E. S.



A CONTRAST.

LET us look at two pictures. The one is that of a man of brilliant genius, whose fame has spread through distant nations ; he has all the pleasures which intellect can give, all the triumph which is derived from the homage which others pay to it. He is the favourite of his prince ; he is surrounded by loving and admiring friends, the endearments of domestic affection, the taste and elegance of wealth prevail at his domestic

hearth. Smiles and courtesies meet him from the world without. The other is the pastor of a little village among barren mountains, whose whole life is one of devotion and self-denial. Animated by the love of Christ, he cheerfully denies himself for his Lord, and for others for his sake. His abilities, not inconsiderable, are expended in the care of his flock ; to instruct them in righteousness, to extend their happiness, to improve their condition, are the objects for which he is ever devising and executing wise and liberal things. Religion and knowledge preside in his humble dwelling. He refuses himself the simplest luxury, he teaches others to do the same, he gives up to the service of Christ, his time, his life, and every fragment of worldly wealth that can be saved from the supply of the common wants of food and clothing. Would that in such a school we could learn to do likewise ; could learn how many of the indulgences of life are vanity ; how many might with honour, pleasure, and great profit be renounced by every Christian ! Let us look at those two pictures, and remember that Goethe confessed he had not known four weeks of peace and comfort in seventy-five years—‘ Ja,’ said Oberlin, ‘ ich bin glücklich.’ (Yes, I am happy.)—*Early Days of Faith and Love.*

THE PSALMIST'S REVELATION OF THE TIMES OF RESTITUTION,

WITH

PARALLEL PREDICTIONS OF THE SPIRIT.

PSALM XLVI.

THIS song alludes to the Lord's final victory over the Anti-Christian faction, and the establishment of His kingdom.

THE PSALMIST'S REVELATION.

1. God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

4. There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacle of the most High.

PARALLEL PREDICTIONS.

For thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall. Isaiah xxv. 4. The Lord also shall roar out of Zion, and utter his voice from Jerusalem; and the heavens and the earth shall shake: but the Lord will be the hope of his people, and the strength of the children of Israel. Joel iii. 16.

Afterward he brought me again to the door of the house; and, behold, waters issued out from under the threshold of the house eastward; for the forefront of the house stood toward the east, and the waters came down from under from the right side of the house, at the south side of the altar. And it shall come to pass, that every thing that liveth, which moveth, whithersoever the rivers shall come, shall live: and there shall be a very

THE PSALMIST'S
REVELATION.

PARALLEL PREDICTIONS.

great multitude of fish, because these waters shall come thither: for they shall be healed; and every thing shall live whither the river cometh. And by the river upon the bank thereof, on this side and on that side, shall grow all trees for meat, whose leaf shall not fade, neither shall the fruit thereof be consumed: it shall bring forth new fruit according to his months, because their waters they issued out of the sanctuary: and the fruit thereof shall be for meat, and the leaf thereof for medicine. Ezek. xlvii. 1, 9, 12. And it shall be in that day, that living waters shall go out from Jerusalem; half of them toward the former sea, and half of them toward the hinder sea; in summer, and in winter shall it be. Zech. xiv. 8. They shall call thee, The city of the Lord, The Zion of the Holy One of Israel. Isaiah lx. 14. Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God. Psalm lxxxvii. 3.

5. God is in the midst
of her;

And he said unto me, Son of man, the place of my throne, and the place of the soles of my feet, when I shall dwell in the midst of the children of Israel for ever, and my holy name shall the house of Israel no more defile. Ezek. xliii. 7. Thus saith the Lord, I am returned unto Zion, and will dwell in the midst of Jerusalem. Zech. viii. 3.

she shall not be moved:

Look upon Zion, the city of our solemnities: thine eyes shall see Jerusalem a quiet habitation, a tabernacle that shall not be taken down; not one of the stakes thereof shall ever be removed, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken. Isaiah xxxiii. 20.

God shall help her, and
that right early.

Behold, all they that were incensed against thee shall be ashamed and confounded: they shall be as nothing; and they that strive with thee shall perish. For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not, I will help thee. Fear not,

THE PSALMIST'S
REVELATION.

6. The heathen raged,

the kingdoms were
moved :

he uttered his voice,

the earth melted.

7. The Lord of hosts
is with us ; the God of
Jacob is our refuge.

8. Come, behold the
works of the Lord, what
desolations he hath
made in the earth.

PARALLEL PREDICTIONS.

thou worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel ; I will help thee, saith the Lord, and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel. Isaiah lxi. 11, 13, 14.

Therefore thus saith the Lord God ; Surely in the fire of my jealousy have I spoken against the residue of the heathen, and against all Idumea, which have appointed my land into their possession with the joy of all their heart, with despiteful minds to cast it out for a prey. Therefore thus saith the Lord God ; I have lifted up mine hand, Surely the heathen that are about you, they shall bear their shame. Ezek. xxxvi. 5, 7.

For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom. Matt. xxiv. 7.

The Lord shall roar from on high, and utter his voice from his holy habitation ; he shall give a shout, as they that tread the grapes, against all the inhabitants of the earth. Jer. xxv. 30.

But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night ; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up. 2 Peter iii. 10.

But thou, Israel, art my servant, Jacob whom I have chosen, the seed of Abraham my friend. Fear thou not ; for I am with thee : be not dismayed ; for I am thy God : I will strengthen thee ; yea, I will help thee ; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness. Isaiah xli. 8, 10.

Come near, ye nations, to hear ; and hearken, ye people : let the earth hear, and all that is therein ; the world, and all things that come forth of it. Isaiah xxxiv. 1. Behold, the Lord maketh the earth empty, and maketh it waste, and turneth it upside down, and scattereth abroad the inhabitants thereof. The land shall be utterly emptied, and

THE PSALMIST'S
REVELATION,

9. He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire.

10. Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

PARALLEL PREDICTIONS.

utterly spoiled: for the Lord hath spoken this word. Isaiah xxiv. 1, 3.

And they shall beat their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. Isaiah ii. 4. They that dwell in the cities of Israel shall go forth, and shall set on fire and burn the weapons, both the shields and the bucklers, the bows and the arrows, and the hand-staves, and the spears, and they shall burn them with fire seven years: So that they shall take no wood out of the field, neither cut down any out of the forests; for they shall burn the weapons with fire. Ezek. xxxix. 9, 10.

So will I make my holy name known in the midst of my people Israel; and I will not let them pollute my holy name any more: and the heathen shall know that I am the Lord, the Holy One of Israel. And I will set my glory among the heathen, and all the heathen shall see my judgment that I have executed, and my hand that I have laid upon them. So the house of Israel shall know that I am the Lord their God from that day and forward. Ezek. xxxix. 7, 21, 22.

A. A.

THE SPIRITUAL OBSERVANCE OF THE LORD'S DAY.

BY THE REV. EDWARD BICKERTETH,
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THE Lord's Day is a beautiful and endearing title given to the Christian Sabbath in the New Testament. This title is recorded on a most interesting occasion. The Apostle John was banished by the Emperor Domitian to the Isle of Patmos, for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ. While thus suffering for the truth, it pleased the Lord Jesus, who always regards his suffering people with special kindness, to favour him with those sublime and glorious visions of all that should happen to his Church, till its full and everlasting triumph, which we have recorded in the book of Revelation. These visions were revealed to him when he was "*in the Spirit, on the Lord's Day.*" He was brought, that is, under the immediate impulse of the spirit of prophecy; as we read afterwards, the voice as it were of a Trumpet talking with him, said "*Come up hither, and I will shew thee things which must be hereafter; and immediately I was in the Spirit.*" The Holy Ghost thus honoured the Lord's day by communicating upon it those invaluable prophecies—prophecies so to be studied by us, that He has begun and closed the Book of Revelation with promising the Divine blessing (Rev. i. 3; xxii. 7,) on reading and keeping them.

Let us consider,

1. THIS PECULIAR TITLE GIVEN TO THE SABBATH : THE LORD'S DAY.

It cannot here mean the great and final day of the Lord's Advent, anticipated ; the words which immediately follow shew that the instruction was adopted to the state, and suited to the circumstances, of the then existing Churches in Asia. The expression κυριακή is peculiar, and applied only in the New Testament to the Lord's Day and the Lord's Supper. It points out to us an ordinance set apart by the authority, and for the special honour of our Redeemer.

Thus it signifies to us the passing away of the *peculiarities* of the Jewish Sabbath. The Sabbath day was indeed appointed at the creation, and made thus universally obligatory on every human being. But when the law of Moses was given for the Jewish nation under peculiar circumstances, in addition to the explicit command of the Sabbath, as a moral duty included in the Ten Commandments, there were special directions as to their observance of it : which were of a positive character, imposed by the command of the great lawgiver with reference to that particular nation. *As the Sabbath was made for man*, and not for the Jews only, and as it is natural and reasonable that we should give portions of our time to the worship of God, it is a natural and moral law. As to the appointment of the particular day, it was positive and changeable ; and the Son of Man, who is Lord of the Sabbath, has in this particular changed it, and so made the peculiarities of the Jewish Sabbath no longer binding. (Exod. xxxv. 2, 3. Numb. xv. 30—35. Psalm cxviii. 22—24. Acts xx. 7. Gal. iv. 10. Col. ii. 16.) But the commandment of the Sabbath as a natural and moral law, given at the creation, has never been repealed. It was spoken by the mouth

of God himself to Israel, as a transition-step between duties to God and duties to man, in the midst of the Ten Commandments, which he *wrote* himself and *added no more*. Thus it was venerated with a solemnity that gives additional force and weight to the obligation which should impress every mind. It was then also solemnly confirmed by our Lord's assurance, that the Sabbath was made for man. The Lord's Day has the same reason for its observance as the Lord's Supper. It is specially appointed by our Lord Jesus Christ. It is set apart from common uses for a special religious end; for His service, honour, and worship. It was predicted that the day on which the Lord rose from the grave should be a special day devoted to the honour of Christ. (Psalm cxviii. 17—24.) The Lord would have us then commemorate and rejoice in those great things which took place on this day, the completed work of redemption in the resurrection of Christ, and then afterwards in the promised outpouring of his blessed Spirit.

What weighty solemn reasons then have all who receive the Bible as the word of God for sanctifying this day! Appointed from the beginning, given again with unequalled solemnity to Israel, modified and appointed by Jesus the Lord of the Sabbath, with a removal of every thing restricted to one nation, and with statements that make it specially universal and evangelical; and then, in the last book of Scripture, having a title given to it that cannot but endear it to all who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity. If Nehemiah singles it out as a special favour to Israel, "*Thou camest down also upon Mount Sinai, and spakest with them from heaven, and gavest them right judgments and true laws, good statutes and commandments, and madest known unto them thy holy Sabbath:*"

much more should Christians now view it as eminently right, and true, and good.

In considering the spiritual observance of this day—

2. THE LAYING ASIDE OF EVERY THING THAT MAY IMPEDE THIS, MAY FIRST BE NOTICED.

The Lord's Day is invaluable, as it is a mighty help towards being spiritually-minded. *To be spiritually-minded is life and peace ; to be carnally-minded is death.* But that it may be this help, the day must be truly consecrated to God, and FORETHOUGHT AND PREPARATION are required for this. The direction, "Remember the Sabbath day," may not only have a reference to its being appointed from the beginning, but also to the forethought requisite for the sanctifying of the day. The Jewish Sabbath begins in the evening ; (*from even unto even shall ye celebrate your Sabbath*), and it may furnish us with a hint to have nothing of work that can be done on the Saturday, deferred to the Lord's Day. Let us prepare to meet our God in his courts, by having as little as possible of interruption. Oh that rich and poor did but attend to this : the rich requiring nothing that can be avoided from their dependants, and the poor forecasting things so, that all cleaning of the house, purchase of food, washing of clothes, and even sitting up late on Saturday night might be avoided. Where there is a real desire to do it, it may generally be done. No doubt a worldly heart is one great thing to be striven against. How shall we get a mind, undistracted with *the cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, and the lust of other things !*

Some have found it an advantage to have a little social prayer-meeting with their neighbours on Saturday evening, for a blessing on the Sabbath. This calms the spirit, and prepares us for the holy day, by bringing down the divine blessing.

The things to be actually laid aside, concern daily business, worldly pleasures, idle conversation, and vain thoughts.

As to DAILY BUSINESS ; we must lay aside all our ordinary earthly employment, as far as practicable. The acting out this must be left in the main to each man's conscience. The command of God is most explicit ; *"In it thou shall not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates ; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day ; wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it."* Works of necessity, and works of charity are, it is true, excepted. Our Lord defended his disciples, availing themselves of the permission of the Jewish law to pluck the ears of corn ; (Deut. xxiii. 25.) for doing this, when they were hungry on the sabbath day. (Matt. xii. 1—8.) But let us be careful not to make the necessity, where God has not made it. The conduct of Nehemiah shews the right conduct of a wise and religious ruler, testifying against and restraining *"treading wine-presses on the sabbath, and bringing in sheaves, and lading asses ; as also wine, grapes and figs, and all manner of burdens, which they brought into Jerusalem, and selling victuals on the Sabbath day."* He closed the gates of Jerusalem, threatened the transgressors, and commanded the Levites to sanctify the Sabbath day. This seems afterwards to have given great comfort to him, when he prays ; *"Remember me, O my God, concerning this also, and spare me according to the greatness of thy mercy."* This will indeed, to a worldly mind, be dull work. It is a detection and disclosure of such a state of mind. Amos describes such as saying, *"When will the new*

moon be gone, that we may sell corn, and the Sabbath, that we may set forth wheat." But this is a part of the blessedness of the sabbath to the Christian ; that it enables him to withstand the stream of worldliness, with which the daily employments of life would otherwise overwhelm him.*

As to mere *worldly pleasures*, we must separate wholly from them. The Scripture promises of Sabbath blessedness are founded on our doing this. "*If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day, and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable, and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words, then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord.*"—"Blessed is the man . . . that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it." If you take your worldly pleasures, you forfeit divine and heavenly blessings, and the superior joys which God gives to his people. You commit two evils. You are at great cost for human cisterns that will not hold the refreshing stream you thirst after, and you forsake the living fountain which would supply all your wants. No wonder those, who only desire worldly pleasures, find the service of God wearisome and contemptible. "*Ye said also, Behold what a wear-*

* There is one serious obstruction to the Sabbath, which, now railways have given such rapidity of communication, government might easily remove, were it really to set about it in earnest, but which, till this be done, Christians have to watch against ; namely, the snares of the Post on this day. In London, Christians have the truly valuable spiritual privilege of no Post on this day ; as valuable to the public as it is to those engaged in the Post Office. If all who call themselves Christians in the country were alive to this subject, and would unite, it might be so there, and Government might well act on the general desire already existing—but till this be done, and in cases where the letters are delivered on the Sunday in the country, private Christians have need to be watchful, to put aside letters of business ; not to make the Sabbath a day of correspondence or of attending to letters, but to keep it undisturbed for its own holy and heavenly work.

ness is it, and ye have snuffed at it, saith the Lord of hosts." (Malachi i. 12.) Oh how sad is the fallen state of that man, whom the Lord has created for himself, and to shew forth his praise, when his Creator has to say to him, "*But thou hast not called upon me, O Jacob, but thou hast been weary of me, O Israel.*" (Isaiah xliii. 21, 22.) This was the case with Israel, and brought down the threatening, "*I will cause all her mirth to cease, her feast-days, her new moons, and her sabbaths, and all her solemn feasts.*" And when this was fulfilled, what a picture we have in the Lamentation of Jeremiah, of the desolation of Zion ! The whole country was ruined, and the neglected house of God overthrown. "*He hath despised his places of assembly. The Lord hath caused the solemn feasts and Sabbaths to be forgotten in Zion.*" (Lam. ii. 6.)

As to IDLE CONVERSATION, watchfulness will be very requisite. This naturally creeps in at every corner. The meeting with our fellow-worshippers, and walking with them to and from the house of God is a temptation. It is so convenient, and seems to save such trouble, to get some worldly plan settled, men now get into the habit of it, and think there is no harm in it. Satan seems to delight to tempt us in this way. In the family circle it is very difficult to preserve the Sabbath spirit, and have our time, our heart, our whole spirit really consecrated to God. We need, then, David's prayers. "*Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, keep the door of my lips ; incline not my heart to any evil thing. Teach me to do thy will, for thou art my God ; thy Spirit is good, lead me into the land of uprightness.*" Nor imagine that this is needless rigour and preciseness. Our Lord himself admonishes us : "*I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be*

justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." We shall most effectually guard against frivolous conversation, by giving to the sacred services of the day, and to meditation, reading the Scriptures and private prayer, their appointed time, and then in any leisure intervals, as far as practicable, rising to the apostolic rule; "*Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers.*"—This is enforced by the touching motive "*And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption.*"

But we must go yet deeper to the root of all that is contrary to the due observance of the Sabbath,—the evil and unconverted heart. TO KEEP OUR HEART FROM VAIN THOUGHTS is requisite for sanctifying the Sabbath. This cannot be attained in any degree acceptable to God without real conversion. When our Lord is giving directions, then, about abstaining from evil words, he says, "*Make the tree good and his fruit good.*" Without a converted heart, we cannot truly serve God in any thing, and, oh what cause we have to bless his name, this he has promised to give! Ezek. xxxvi. 26, 27. 'Works done before the grace of Christ and the inspiration of the Holy Spirit are not pleasant to God, forasmuch as they spring not of faith in Christ Jesus.' This is the main thing first to be attended to, a thorough sound conversion of the heart to God. "*Cast away from you all your transgressions whereby ye have transgressed, and make you a new heart and a new spirit.*" God looks at the heart. He asks for that. "*My son, give me thine heart.*" He charges us, "*Keep thine heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.*" This grieves him in Jerusalem, "*O Jerusalem, wash thine heart from wickedness, that thou mayest be saved,*

How long shall thy vain thoughts lodge within thee ?" Oh let not such empty unprofitable usurpers take possession of that, which might be the dwelling-place and the throne of the Most High, the inner temple, where he would delight to manifest His presence.

Such are the things to be laid aside. How can all this be done ? How can our dead and dull hearts be quickened, our grovelling spirits be raised to things above ? Christ crucified, this is the great life-giving spectacle on which we must gaze. "*We preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness. But unto them which are saved, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God.*" Come to the foot of the cross. Gaze on the dying Saviour. Think who he is, the Creator of all worlds, the only-begotten Son of God. See what form he wears. Even ours. Learn why he suffers and dies. "*He was wounded for our transgressions. He bare our sins in his own body on the tree.*" His blood cleanses from all sin. Here learn to believe God loves you with intense, unutterable love. Notwithstanding all your sins, He cares for you ; He is not willing that any should perish, it pleases Him to bruise his Son that you might be forgiven and accepted of him. Jesus dies for you. Believe this blessed truth. O may the Holy Spirit so set it before us, that He may soften the hardest stone ; subdue, and melt, and warm the most cold ; and create in us the new heart, perfectly to love God, and worthily to magnify his holy name.

(To be continued.)

THE JOYS OF HEAVEN.

AN aged friend of mine, who had just left the dying bed of a beloved daughter, was at prayer in his study, when a member of the family entered the room, saying — ‘Charlotte is gone to heaven.’ ‘Gone to heaven,’ replied the Father, ‘that is a pretty sound ; say it again.’ Heaven is indeed a lovely word ; but, alas ! how few of us enter into its meaning,—how few of us dwell upon the Scriptural ideas that word suggests ? When Israel of old was wandering through that great and terrible “wilderness,”—meet emblem of a fallen world,—Moses, by the command of God, sent out spies to survey the land of their inheritance, and to bring some proof of its covenanted fruitfulness. How seldom do Christians send their faculties to survey their promised home, and when they do, how often do those faculties return, like the spies of old, with dim forebodings of perils in the way—accounts of grim spectres, like the Anakim watching for the parting spirit in the valley of the shadow of Death, or with doubts, which like the cities walled up to heaven, seem to bar their entrance into that holy place. But away ! ye creations of unhallowed fancy. Hence, ye inspirations of Satan ! and let *us* rather take our stand with Moses upon Pisgah, and through the telescope of faith catch the faint rays which fall upon the battlements of the new Jerusalem, and view as nearly as we may, that “land which is very far off.”

And first, let us settle it in our minds that heaven is

a place. It is as much the throne of God as this palpable earth is his footstool. There dwells the *man Christ Jesus*, there *now* dwell the bodies of Enoch (who never died,) and of Elijah, who arrived at its gates in his chariot of fire, and there will dwell the body of every member of Christ's mystical body. Where that place is, we know not: that it is above us, we learn from 2 Cor. xii. 2, where Paul describes himself as being caught *up* into the third heaven; from Acts vii. 55, which shows us Stephen looking *up* stedfastly into heaven; from the constant use of the word *ascension*, used to express our Lord's departure from earth to heaven, and from many other passages. That heaven is far distant from earth, may also be gathered from the fact that Gabriel was commanded to fly swiftly to inform Daniel of the prophecy of the seven weeks. Dan. ix. 21. Of the size of that place we may form a large idea, from our blessed Lord's words, John xiv. 2,—“In my Father's house are many mansions;” and also from the countless inhabitants it contains,—“A multitude that no man could number” of saints,—“an innumerable company of angels.”

Now once within the veil may we reverently inquire what will be our occupations there, and in what our enjoyments will consist? Man by his constitution is a threefold being, composed of body, soul, and spirit; and we have no reason from Scripture, for a moment to suppose that this ‘threefold cord,’ twisted by the hand of God, at our creation, will ever be broken. Now to be perfectly happy, the employments and enjoyments of the risen man must suit this threefold condition. He must have employments and enjoyments of a corporeal, intellectual and spiritual nature; and hints of pleasures and occupations suited to each portion of our nature are

given to us, I humbly conceive, in the word of God. Let us begin with the body and its organs. How exquisite the delight we receive in this world from the sense of sight. How our eyes revel, for instance, in the beauties of colour. Are such pleasures provided in heaven? Hear the Apostle John describe the throne encircled by the rainbow, (that loveliest colouring of nature,) the foundations of the New Jerusalem—precious stones of every hue—its gates of translucent pearls, its streets of gold. Hear Daniel describe the dazzling beauty of the Ancient of Days; Matthew, the splendour of an Angel, whose countenance was like *lightning*, and his raiment white as snow; David, the loveliness of the King's daughter, whose raiment was of wrought gold; Moses, the lustre of heaven's pavement, "as the work of a sapphire stone:" and having collected these descriptions of the city, its scenery, and its inhabitants, say if there is not scope, rich scope, for the enjoyment of sight. What will be the blessed occupation of that sight? Contemplation of the person of Christ. "Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty." That contemplation will increase our resemblance to Him. "We shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

But the eyes of our mind will not be idle; enjoyment and occupation will be provided for them. In those mysterious representations of the Church, given us by the Prophet Ezekiel and the Apostle John, under the title of the Living Creatures, they are described as full of eyes. They have eyes before them, to read the book of prophecy, to understand the councils of God; they have eyes behind them to trace the book of history, to view God's dealings with this world and with others. They have eyes within, for contemplation and for self-knowledge; they are full of eyes, seeing

God in every thing, and every thing in God,—His works how fair, His character how wonderful, His attributes how manifold. Men of science ! turn your eyes towards heaven, and the more you dwell upon its glories the brighter will be the reflection cast upon creation. The eyes of your understanding will be enlightened, and objects will assume their relative proportions.

Besides eyes, the body has ears formed for the enjoyment of sound. Listen to the notice of sounds in heaven given us in Scripture. The music of nature is then the murmuring noise of many waters, the grand peeling of thunder—vocal music is there—the voice of God ! how awfully grand the very name—the songs of the redeemed—the chorus of angels—the hosannas of the dwellers upon earth. Instrumental music is also mentioned, for there were sounding trumpets, and harpers harping on their harps. And as the bodily ear will enjoy these melodies, the mental ear will be occupied with the deep harmonies of heaven. “ One saint will be speaking to another saint,” as in the days of Daniel ; prophets may be speaking of the things they prophesied, as Moses and Elijah, when they met their Lord on earth,—the redeemed will be unfolding to angelic ears the mysteries of redemption, and the hearts of friends may burn within them as they speak of Jesus and the resurrection. Social intercourse, even in this fallen world, is one of the greatest of our pleasures. Dante, in his sublime poem, makes it even a solace to the spirits unblest :

“ E come i grà van cantando lor lai,
 Facendo in aer de sè lunga riga ;
 Così vid'io venir, tracendo guai,
 Ombre portate dalla detta briga.”—*Inf. c. v.*

Which I venture to translate thus :

“ And as the Cranes, with wild and wailing cry,
 Sweep in long lines across the azure sky,
 So these sad spirits, hurried on by doom,
 Float trouble-laden through the midnight gloom.”

Shall this pleasure be denied to the blessed? Oh no! Every relationship is recognized between the spirits of the just made perfect, except the isolating bond of marriage, separating while it unites. This holiest tie is claimed by our Lord as binding himself to the whole Church of the redeemed. "Thy Maker is thy husband." But the relationships borne by Christ on earth are borne by his people in heaven.

The filial,—“I ascend unto my Father, and to your Father,” says our Lord after his resurrection.

The fraternal,—“Go tell my brethren.”—“One of thy brethren, the prophets,” says a risen saint to John, Rev. xxii. 9.

The ministerial,—“For what,” says St. Paul, “is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ, at his coming?” 1 Thess. ii. 19, 20.

In sweet blessed intercourse, surrounded with such sounds of bliss, in glorious communion with saints, with angels, and with the Incarnate God himself, will not the ear be satisfied with hearing, as well as the eye with seeing?

(To be continued.)

Literary Notices.

REDEMPTION DRAWING NIGH: BY THE REV. ANDREW BONAR. (*Nisbet.*) This book is not written in so rich and glowing a style as the *Prophetical Landmarks* by the Rev. Horatius Bonar, from which we recently made large extracts, but it contains far too much scriptural research, not to prove valuable to those who are desiring to study the testimony of Prophets and Evangelists, respecting the period of the Redeemer's return. It is a defence of the Pre-millennial Advent; in answer to Mr. Brown's recent work on the opposite side of the question, and enters largely into the scriptural proofs of the views held by the Author.

LETTERS TO MY UNKNOWN FRIENDS. (*Longman.*) Those of our readers who have not met with this book, have a rich treat in prospect; amidst the crowd of books now written for the direction of female conduct, we have met with none so striking and original, or which display so nice an appreciation of character. The letters are addressed to characters imagined by the author, to whom, though unknown, she could feel herself drawn by bonds of sympathy, young persons of superior mind and keen sensibility. She enters into their temptations and difficulties, sets before them the real nature of those faults to which they are liable, and strives to rouse them, to use that intellectual supe-

riority, which they have fondly allowed as an excuse for moral weakness, rather as a weapon to be courageously wielded against it. The closing letters are advice on the subject of mental culture. We agree with the author, that one like her unknown friend, might have mental energy to read with benefit, rather than injury, many works of fiction. Yet we could wish she had been rather more guarded in her expressions on this subject. It is almost hopeless to make extracts, for we covetously longed to appropriate the whole book in our pages : one however we must offer from the first letter on the subject of contentment.

‘With a hell to avoid, and a heaven to obtain, do you murmur for want of interest or occupation.’

‘In the words of the old story, ‘Look below on the earth, and then above in heaven :’ remember that your only business here is to get there ; then, instead of repining, you will be thankful that no great temporal work is given you to do, which might, as too often happens, distract your attention and your labours from the attainment of life eternal. Having been once convinced of the awful and engrossing importance of this one thing we have to do, you will see more easily, how many minor duties may be appointed you to fulfil, on a path that before seemed a useless, as well as an uninteresting one. For you would have now learned to estimate the small details of daily life, not according to their insignificance, not as they may influence your worldly fate, but as they may have a tendency to mould your spirit into closer conformity to the image of the Son. You will now no longer inquire, whether you have any work to do which you might yourself consider suitable to your capabilities and energies : but whether there is within your reach any, the smallest, hum-

blest work of love, contemned or unobserved, when you were more proud and less vigilant.

‘Look then with prayer and watchfulness into all the details of your daily life, and you will assuredly find much formerly unnoticed ‘stuff,’ out of which your ideal may be wrought.’

THE PORTRAITURE OF A CHRISTIAN LADY. (*Seeley.*) We have much pleasure in recommending this unaffected tale which corresponds well with its title, and presents a portrait the Christian lady can hardly look at without advantage.

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH, CLEARED FROM ERROR, FOUNDED ON SCRIPTURE, AND BUILT UP ON THE TESTIMONY OF PROTESTANT DIVINES. BY THE REV. J. G. FAITHFUL, VICAR OF NORTH MIMMS. (Wertheim.) This is a valuable Treatise, greatly needed at a time when Tractarians have done so much to “darken counsel by words without knowledge.” It is a simple, straightforward, honest, and full statement of that most precious doctrine on which all our hopes of life and blessedness everlasting, and all our holiness, comfort, and usefulness here, are really founded. We cordially recommend it to every reader, and trust that it will be widely circulated.

A NEW VERSION OF THE PSALMS. BY THE REV. B. COLE. (Seeley.) This version of the Psalms is very accurate, reasons being given where the Bible version is departed from. In many of the Psalms, the versification is easy, which is a great conquest in a literal version. To give the full sense and the poetical fervor of the Psalms of David in an English metrical version, unless that version be rather a paraphrase, a series of poems written on the Psalms than a version, seems a hopeless task, each attempt, while furnishing,

as the present author states, a delightful employment to the translator, may add some fresh stores to our collections of parochial psalmody.

THE LIFE OF SARAH MARTIN. (*Simpkin.*) What Mrs. Fry was in the upper circles of society, Sarah Martin was in a humbler sphere. Apparently without means, a dress-maker living by her daily toil, her ardent zeal led her to seek admission to the prisoners in Yarmouth jail; it was granted, and this humble female effected a complete reformation amongst them, instructed them, found means of supplying them with work, and was the means of rescuing numbers from a course of sin. Her memoir, (a small cheap volume well adapted for the village library,) is deeply interesting. We are struck in reading it with the powerful influence a free salvation exerted over her, she was in bondage till she fully acknowledged this, 'toiling hard,' she says, 'and reaping no fruit,' but when this truth was brought home to her, her soul was full of joy, and she longed to tell others the good news. It is thus she speaks of openings for usefulness; 'the first generous favour conferred on me,'—'my gracious God soon indulged me in this also,—the first wish of my heart was granted.' Her love to the Bible was intense. To one who complained I make no progress in my Christian course, she replied, 'Take your Bible on your knees, *plough into it*, and you will not stand still.'

THE CLAIMS OF THE GOSPEL ON THE YOUNG. BY THE REV. J. PARKER. (*Tract Society.*) A plain and forcible appeal to the young to devote their hearts early to God, with some defects of style, but possessing sterling value enough to make up for a few such slight faults.

LIVES OF THE CÆSARS. (*Tract Society.*) A

nice little history for children, full of anecdotes. **ST. PAUL'S TRAVELS.** BY A LADY. (*Groombridge.*) will also be found useful in the school-room. **READINGS FOR ADVENT.** (*Longman.*) is a selection of Scripture passages for daily reading, in harmony with the general scope of the Church Services, from the first Sunday in Advent to the beginning of Lent. It has been prepared for the use of the Collegiate Schools at Liverpool, and will be valuable for other schools also. A Series of **TRACTS ON THE OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH**, (*Seeley.*) is now publishing by those who feel that to spread the knowledge of the sacredness and blessedness of this holy day, is the only means of contending efficiently with the fearful tide of Sabbath desecration that now rolls over the land. We commend the tracts to the attention of our readers.

THE PROTESTANT.

THE harvest month is past. The golden corn that waved so beautifully over our fields a few weeks ago, is safely stored in our garners. The season, ever one of joyful excitement, has this year been celebrated with more than wonted gladness. 'Praise God!' has burst from lips too long sealed in heartless indifference. Yes; let us praise Him "who crowneth the year with his goodness, and whose paths drop fatness; we sought Him, and He heard us, and delivered us from all our fears; therefore will we praise Him as long as we live; and while we have any being, will we sing praise unto our God."

We were a rebellious and stiff-necked people, and in righteous anger God sent upon us the terrors of famine; then we humbled ourselves, and as a nation sought him with prayer and fasting: we remembered that God was our rock, and the high God our Redeemer. And, oh! how gracious was He at the voice of our cry; He looked not at the imperfection of our repentance, He turned away His eyes from the iniquity that yet remained among us. He rewarded us not according to our merits, but according to the riches of his own mercy. That none might fail to see his hand, He has granted us no common harvest, but has showered upon us such abundance, that already corn has fallen to little more than half its former price: a profusion of vegetables have brought plenty to the cottages of the poor; the wood of young trees has

borne fruit before its time, and old trees, long barren, have burst into fruitfulness. If ever a nation was called publicly to return thanks to a prayer-hearing God, it is England after this year's harvest. When we are summoned to this joyful duty, as there is every reason to hope we shall be, by the voice of our rulers, let our hearts be found ready to answer to the call. In heaven every breath is praise; each joy—and there every moment is joy—awakens afresh the voice of thanksgiving; but it is not so upon earth. Here the best and holiest of men have to stir up their hearts to the duty, which, to angels, is so natural and spontaneous. Even David has to plead with his own spirit, and say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name: Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits." Let us thus stir up our souls in remembrance of the mercies of the past harvest. Let us recollect the scenes of woe and starvation, which harrowed our feelings last winter; our utter powerlessness to avert still worse calamities in the winter before us—our many sins, which so richly merited farther chastisement—and then, in contrast to all, the joy, the plenty which now surround us.

Yes; let the thanksgiving-day be a joyful day: let us prepare for it in holy meditation: let us pray that He, who has so largely blessed our fields and gardens, would have mercy upon the church, his enclosed garden, send a gracious rain to refresh his inheritance, and make the thanksgiving-day indeed a foretaste of the everlasting praises of heaven. The beasts of the field will rejoice in the plenty prepared for them by Him, who feeds the young ravens, and filleth everything living with plenteousness; but surely our joy should be higher, and of a different nature to theirs: the

bread we eat should not only satisfy our hunger, and give new vigour to our bodily frame ; it should, especially this year, be a pledge of a Father's love, a remembrance of forgiven sin and answered prayer.

But this joyful duty is not the only one to which the thanksgiving-day will call us. The touching parable of the prodigal ceases with his restoration to his father's favour : but who, that in imagination pursues the tale, does not think of the pardoned child as striving, by every filial attention, to obliterate the memory of his past ingratitude ; as delighting in the abundance of his Father's house, contrasted with the husks on which he had fed ; rejoicing in full confidence of his Father's love, yet chastened and subdued by the remembrance of his past folly. How we should revolt from the picture, were we told of his once more abusing his father's confidence, and spending his goods in riotous living ! How little hope we should have of a second return and a second pardon ! Our nation was the prodigal son ; a heavenly Father pardoned it, when he heard the cry, " I will arise and go to my Father, and say, I have sinned." But if, as a nation, we forsake God again, He may have yet sorer judgments in store. Twice were calamities turned away from Israel, the locusts and the burning fire, at the prayer of Amos ; but the people went on in rebellion, and then the Lord was seen with the plumb-line : they were measured and fell short, and the awful voice is heard, " I will not again pass by them any more."

There is too much reason to fear, that when the dread of famine is removed, and when the thanksgiving-day is over, men will feel a proper debt of gratitude has been paid, all danger is past, and everything may proceed as it did before. Oh ! it is not for this the Lord smites

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a people ; the danger is not so much in the chastisement, as in the sin which has provoked the chastisement ; till the sin is put away, the danger cannot be over. Let the thanksgiving-day, then, be a day of holy resolutions. It is not in our power to control national sins—to stop the torrent of drunkenness, infidelity, sabbath-breaking, and idolatry, which desecrate our land ; but we may each do something to resist it. Let us be found diligently working, each in her appointed sphere, and that sphere may widen beyond our expectations. There are, however, sins which swell the national account, which we may control : let us, on the thanksgiving-day, seek to strengthen ourselves for the conflict with our own besetting sins. Let all the holy joy and praise of that day strengthen us, (for the joy of the Lord is our strength,) in the struggle with daily sin, that we may show forth God's praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives ; and, should those lives be prolonged for many years, may we look back upon this day as a day of spiritual revival, a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

“ Give, and it shall be given unto you :” a remarkable spirit of liberality was poured out last winter ; vast sums were sent out from England to meet the distress in Ireland, and the Lord has sent England a bountiful harvest : we may, without any self-exaltation, rejoice in the fulfilment of his gracious promise. We may also learn a suitable method of observing the thanksgiving-day. How can we better prove our gratitude for the bounty of God to us, than by showing bounty ourselves to those who are in need. Thank-offerings, as well as songs of praise, were appointed under the Jewish law. When Nehemiah and Ezra invited the people to a day of joy and praise, they bid them not only eat the fat and

drink the sweet, but send portions unto them for whom nothing was prepared. Let us hope that the poor will not be shut out by our covetousness from the joys of this holy day, but that they will be allowed, without losing their daily pittance, to join in the services of the sanctuary, while, in some places, it may be possible to allow them to share in the abundance of their employers. If the day be not marked by festivity for the poor, let us set apart a thank-offering, according to the means God has given us, for some holy purpose. If there be one more than another, which seems to have a strong claim upon us at this time, it is the spread of the gospel in Ireland. It was in Ireland the severity of the judgment was felt; it was, as many of God's people have thought, national endowments of Popery in Ireland, which helped to provoke it. The effect of the fearful scourge has been to open the minds of many of the Irish people to receive the truth: everything invites us to show our gratitude by earnest endeavours for the spiritual good of Ireland. Let it not be said this is mingling religious contentions with the songs, that should rise with one voice from the hearts of a united people. It should be a day of universal love; all minor differences should be merged in common praise to the God of harvest: but this very feeling of love must lead us to desire to give to those who are rejoicing in the bountiful supply of bread for the body, that bread of life, for want of which their souls are famishing. If it were any opinions of our own we desired to spread, it would indeed be unsuitable to intrude them upon the joys of the thanksgiving day; but, the Gospel, the glad tidings of great joy, can be no unsuitable boon to bestow upon Ireland on such a day. The way is open in a remarkable manner: there is an unusual willing-

ness among the people to hear scriptural teaching. Be ready then, English Christians, to meet their wants with prompt and effectual aid, and let Ireland be much on your hearts, when you praise Him who has so greatly alleviated the miseries of her famishing children.*

Britain is as a city set upon a hill ; every national event here attracts the attention of surrounding kingdoms. France has already wondered at the religious character of our election-contests. Let Britain now set an example, to the nations, of holy gratitude. A whole people, praising the Lord for his mercy, will be a glorious sight in these days of reproach and infidelity ; a sight in which angels will rejoice, as the music of their heavenly harps mingles with Britain's songs of praise.

We have been praying during the whole spring, "Increase the fruits of the earth by thy heavenly benediction, and grant that we, receiving thy bountiful liberality, may use the same to thy glory, the relief of those that are needy, and our own comfort." God has heard the first part of our prayer : he has granted us seasonable relief, and turned great scarcity and dearth into plenty and cheapness. A special duty now lies upon us to use the gifts so freely bestowed, not only with joy and gratitude for our own comfort, but with devotedness and liberality for God's glory, and the relief of the destitute.

* A Tract on the subject of the Thanksgiving-Day has been prepared by the Rev. E. Bickersteth, which will be found a valuable help, should it be appointed, in preparing for its services.

THE
CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1847.

THE TREASURES OF WISDOM.

No. XIV.

It has been the frequent claim of worldly philosophy, to erect itself into a distinct empire of thought, entirely separate from religious truth, and from the authority of the word of God. The Apostle sets himself earnestly to beat down this pernicious error, these oppositions of science falsely so called, which began early to trouble and distract the churches of Christ. He bids the Colossians to beware lest any man should rob them of their simple faith, through philosophy and vain deceit, or persuade them to dis sever in their thoughts and practice any field of truth whatever from its dependence on the gospel, so that it should cease to minister to the glory of Christ their Lord. He who is the Word and Wisdom of God has been made flesh and dwelt among us. Once let this great doctrine be clearly seen, and it follows at once that all truth must centre in His person,

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and every field of human thought do homage to his authority. If it be true that without Him there was not made one single thing that is made, and that He upholdeth all things by the word of His power, then must Nature, like the wise men from the East, lay down all her varied treasures, her gold and frankincense and myrrh, at the feet of Emmanuel, and own Him to be indeed Lord of all. No wisdom can be traced in any field of natural science, which the Son of God does not claim for His just inheritance. All the wonders that astronomy has revealed in the heavens above, and the prodigies of change that geology may have detected in the earth beneath, with the minuter wonders of chemical science and the mysteries of vegetation and of the animal world, are only a drop from a boundless ocean, a scanty extract from those treasures of knowledge, which remain, still undiscovered and unrevealed, in the bosom of our holy and incarnate Lord.

This great truth has now been traced briefly in some of the main branches of natural philosophy, beginning with that wide and deep ocean of abstract science, which encompasses and sustains the whole universe, and leading on to those regions of animated life, which approach the nearest to our own nature, and its higher world of reason and intelligence. Every branch of physical inquiry assumes a new and deeper interest to the devout Christian, when it is thus seen to be linked inseparably with the person and glory of the Son of God ; and He who was crucified for our salvation is felt and acknowledged to be the true source of all that excites our wonder or delights our taste in the fields of nature, the hidden author of all that philosophy can detect or poetry can celebrate,—

The splendour of the grass, the glory of the flower.

But before we close these brief glimpses into a field of thought that is really inexhaustible, there are two further aspects, in which it may be profitable and interesting to contemplate the same truth. Hitherto the treasures of our Lord's wisdom, in the works of nature, have been traced in their direct and simple form, as they might have been seen by angels, when Creation stood in its early beauty. On the eve of that first Sabbath, when "God saw every thing that He had made, and behold it was very good," who can tell the boundless treasures of wisdom and knowledge, hidden beneath that fair landscape of creation, and reserved for the slow revelations of science, and for the discovery of the rational and intelligent creatures of God throughout long ages to come! Some of these treasures were doubtless visible, even in that hour, to the blessed angels, when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. But sin very quickly obscured them from view, and seemed, in a great measure, to bury them hopelessly under a heap of ruins. That stream which once gladdened Paradise, as it sparkled in the sunshine, had now, like the Jordan, to conceal itself from careless eyes, and travel under ground in darkness; until after long ages it appeared once more, emerging into light by that sea of Tiberias, where the Son of God revealed his glory as the true Lord of nature, the long-promised Redeemer of mankind.

But if the creation, while yet unfallen, was enriched with such countless treasures of Divine wisdom, which all had their source in the bosom of our Lord, the Fall served only to increase them with still further treasures, and to manifest the same hidden wisdom in new and more surprizing forms. Here the word of God opens to us a wide field of holy meditation, while we contem-

plate the part which Nature has been made to bear, in helping forward the great work of redeeming love.

“The creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him who subjected the same in hope.” These few words contain a vast and unsearchable truth. They are like a key, to unlock many mysteries, that would else be inexplicable by all the reason of man ; and reveal to us the primary law of Providence, ever since the Fall, in the constitution and government of this lower universe.

The leading idea of the passage is as simple as it is sublime. It implies that the whole of nature is a Divine mirror, wherein man may read his true moral state, and thus be awakened, first to repentance and prayer, and then to hope and full deliverance. The very nature of sin is to make the creature turn its back upon the Creator, as when Adam hid himself among the trees of the garden from the voice and presence of the Lord. And if man had been a pure, unembodied spirit, it may be doubtful whether any cure or remedy for this awful moral apostasy could have been found. But he was linked by creation with a material universe, and stood above it, higher in dignity, and nearer to the common Maker of all, by the gift of reason, and that image of God which was his very birthright. When he turned his back upon the God who had made him, and favoured him so highly, and perversely looked downward to find his happiness beneath him, and chose the trees of Paradise for his portion, the love and wisdom of God interposed once more, and found a remedy. All creation was turned into a mirror in which man might now read his own fall, and the bitter fruits of ungodliness ; and, seeing the hatefulness of sin reflected in the world beneath him, turn his eye upward once more, to seek

for pardon and grace from the God whom he had forsaken. He had rebelled against God, and he was now to witness the rebellion of the lower creatures against his own delegated dominion. He had let in vanity into his own spirit, when he had ceased to love the Lord with all his heart, and soul, and mind, and strength ; and now the same vanity was to rule over the lower creation, and he was to witness on every side the waste and degradation of natural powers, and a sudden blight on the fruitfulness of the earth and on the glory of the skies. His heart had ceased to yield the pleasant fruits of righteousness, and needed the patient toil of long ages of mercy, before any first fruits of gratitude and obedience could be gathered out of a stubborn and sinful race ; and now the ground was cursed for his sake, and thorns and thistles, springing up on every side, were to mock him with the lively image of his own guilt and spiritual barrenness. The creature was made subject to vanity, not for its own sake, as though a God of love could delight to shade and obscure the beauty of His own works, but for the sake of man ; of man, whose perverseness had broken off creation from its dependence on its Lord, and let in the dark powers of evil to cover it with desolation. And yet this painful servitude was to be only for a time, till man had gained the needful lesson, and the vanity of the creature had forced back his sluggish heart, like the prodigal, and he had renounced the husks of the swine for the better provision of his Father's house. It was made subject to vanity, but only in hope. It was that man, beholding the sentence upon his own sin, might learn the bitterness of departing from God ; and seeing it so graciously tempered, and mingled with so much mercy, and the promise of a Saviour, might learn also to return to the God of love, and amidst his sor-

rows, indulge the hope of pardon and deliverance. And when at length the work of grace should be completed, and the church of the first-born, ransomed from all the ruin of the fall, should be revealed in the beauty of the resurrection, this hope is to be more largely realized. The lower creation, having then fulfilled its purpose, to reflect back as in a mirror, before the eyes of men, the wretched fruits of their own sin, will itself be redeemed at length from the service of vanity, and will share, according to its own measure, in the recovered liberty and glory of the children of God.

Such is the deeper law which now reigns in the course of Divine Providence, and reveals itself in a thousand forms to the thoughtful spirit. In times of ease and prosperity it may be overlooked and forgotten, and a cold and proud philosophy may cast it aside with disdain; but its reality is ever recognized in all true poetry, that appeals to the deepest feelings of the heart. The solemn fact, that creation is subject to vanity through the sin of man, and images to his spirit its own actual fall from peace and holiness, finds an echo in every part of the works of nature, and speaks to mankind, as with the voice of a spirit from the tombs, in the dark night of affliction and sorrow. It is then that the mourner catches an echo to his sighs in the winds of autumn, and the criminal a sentence on his guilty conscience in the lightning and the storm; while everything bears witness to him, in such hours of remorse and anguish, that sin has brought a fearful blight over this once perfect, and still fair and beautiful creation.

Nature, besides her original stores, is now filled with deeper treasures of the wisdom of our Lord, while He uses all outward things to minister to the work of re-

demption, and makes them subject to vanity, in various forms, that man may learn his own state, and the evil and misery of forsaking the Lord, the only fountain of living waters. The first marks of this great change were after the fall, when the curse began to alight on the other creatures of God. Our great poet has described this effect with his usual power and beauty ; and, though his fancy may have supplied the details, we can hardly doubt that the picture is substantially true, and no mere invention of a fertile imagination.

The sun
Had first his precept so to move, so shine
As might affect the earth with cold and heat
Scarce tolerable, and from the north to call
Decrepit winter, from the south to bring
Solstitial summer's heat. To the blank moon
Her office they prescribed ; to the winds they set
Their corners, when with bluster to confound
Sea, air and shore, the thunder when to roll
With terror through the dark aerial ball. . .
Beast now with beast gave war, and fowl with fowl
And fish with fish : to graze the herb all leaving,
Devoured each other, nor stood much in awe
Of man, but fled him, or with countenance grim
Glared on him passing.

How various are the aspects in which the curse on the ground alone is presented to us in the Scriptures, as an image and lesson of moral truth. Is the sin of Judah described to us? It is compared to a noble vine, brought out of Egypt, but now turned into the degenerate plant of a strange vine, and yielding only wild and poisonous berries. Is national hardness of heart to be punished? The heavens are made as iron, and the earth as brass, to image, by its obduracy and barrenness, the guilt of its inhabitants. Is the perversion of justice denounced? It is still by figures drawn from the same source, and illustrating the same analogy. "Ye have turned judgment into gall, and the fruit of righteous-

ness into hemlock." A solemn inquiry is made, whether men have wisdom to discern this connexion between the judicial sterility of the land, and the spiritual barrenness and obduracy of its inhabitants. "Who is the wise man, that may understand this, for what the land perisheth and is burned up like a wilderness, that no man passeth through? And the Lord saith, Because they have forsaken my law which I set before them, and have not obeyed my voice, neither walked therein." And, when the moral blindness is removed, then also the natural curse is predicted as to pass away. "And it shall come to pass in that day, I will hear, saith the Lord, I will hear the heavens, and they shall hear the earth; and the earth shall hear the corn and the wine and the oil, and they shall hear Jezreel. And I will sow her unto me in the earth." "And I will restore you the years which the locust hath eaten, the canker-worm and the caterpillar and the palmer-worm, my great army that I sent among you. And ye shall eat in plenty and be satisfied, and praise the name of the Lord your God, that hath dealt wondrously with you, and my people shall never be ashamed." From the early curse pronounced on Cain, and which extorted the weary complaint of Lamech before the flood, and onward through the sacred history, until the withering of the fig-tree was followed speedily by the moral and political desolation of Jerusalem, the same law of Providence may be seen in continual operation. A fruitful land is turned into barrenness, for the wickedness of them that dwell therein, and nature is made a perpetual mirror, alike to reveal the free bounty of our God, and to image before our eyes the fearful evils that reign and triumph in the hearts of sinful men.

How deep and various is the wisdom implied in this

law of moral discipline, which all nature fulfils under the guidance of our Lord ! What treasures of knowledge were required for these different and opposite ends of the Divine government, so that the fruitfulness of the soil may illustrate the free bounty of God, and its sterility may teach a wholesome lesson to the stubborn wickedness of men. "By watering he wearieth the thick cloud, and he scattereth the bright cloud ; and it is turned about by his counsels, that they may do whatsoever he commandeth them upon the face of the world in the earth. He causeth it to come, whether for correction, or for his land, or for mercy." Three varied forms of holy love have thus to be harmonized in the daily course of the elements, as they minister to the abundance or barrenness of the earth's harvests,—the free bounty of God, who delights in the beauty of his land for its own sake, and for the sake of man ; the severe discipline of impenitent sinners ; and the returning emotions of compassion to weary prodigals, when they plead once more for the mercy of their heavenly Father.

If we turn from the earth, the immediate object of the first sentence, to the air and other elements, the same truth is equally conspicuous. Storms and tempests are like the signs and parables of a fallen creation. They proclaim with a loud voice the anger of God against sin, and the mighty power with which He can punish the transgressor. The voice of the Lord, in these convulsions of nature, is mighty in operation ; the voice of the Lord is a glorious voice. It is a message of terror to the guilty conscience, a revelation of the wrath of God from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men. And hence, when the most upright and perfect of mortals was to be stripped of all pride, and convinced of his own sin before God ; when his

self-confidence was to be changed into humility and self-abhorrence, how does the Son of God manifest his presence, and begin the solemn pleading of infinite holiness? "Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said, Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge? . . . Hast thou an arm like God, and canst thou thunder with a voice like him? Deck thyself now with majesty and excellency, and array thyself with glory and beauty. Cast abroad the rage of thy wrath, and behold every one that is proud, and abase him." There is an awful grandeur in the storm and the lightning, which must ever speak loudly to the conscience of man, and no discoveries of science, or abstract reasonings, can entirely remove the instinctive feeling, that God is terrible in his majesty, and His holiness dreadful to the fallen sinner. The gates of Paradise might always whisper of peace, its skies might reveal always a presence of love; but it is not so with the world, where the God of glory thundereth, and where His voice is heard in the tempest and the storm, like the voice of many waters. Here nature speaks plainly a double message, of grace and holy severity; and her perpetual and innumerable indications of the Creator's love are mingled with loud voices, that proclaim His anger against sinners, and the fearful portents of coming judgment.

In the animal creation a similar lesson meets our view. The law of Paradise assigned them the green herb for meat. A restraint, it seems, was placed on their carnivorous instincts, that nature might present, on every side, an image of the peace and love which reigned inwardly in the heart of man. But the entrance of sin put an end at once to this original harmony of creation. All the fierce instincts of the beasts of prey.

were set loose, and carnage and slaughter defiled that lovely garden, which had heard no sound but the pleasant song of the bird, the rippling of the brooks, or sweet anthems of praise to the Most High. "To graze the herb all leaving, devoured each other." Philosophy may speculate as it will on the law of general consequences ; but once let us picture to ourselves a savage lion or tiger, couching in secret, and then springing fiercely on its terrified and feeble prey, feasting on its victim, and greedily draining its life-blood, heedless of its shrieks or moans of anguish, and deeper truths will speak to the heart, and silence all those cold and icy speculations. Yes, here is a type of unchained and triumphant evil, a sad memorial of the fall, a visible emblem of those powers of darkness that lurk in secret for a still nobler prey, and delight to wreak their fiendish malice on the souls of men. No one, surely, could live in a country, where these beasts of the forest range in their fierce independence, and every village has its tales of woe to record, its almost nightly victims mangled by these destroyers, and not feel the awful reality of the power of evil, which seems thus to fill the outward world with tokens of its secret presence, and with perpetual images and memorials of wasting destruction, violence and death.

Thus every part of nature around us, through the sin of man, is subject to vanity, and bears frequent and mournful traces of the moral ruin into which he is sunk and fallen. It is a mirror, to reflect before our careless eyes, not only the goodness of the Creator, but also the degradation and guiltiness of man, his creature. The full harmony has two different parts in its choral music ; and while one of them celebrates the bounty of the Lord with high songs of praise, the other speaks,

in deep under-tones, of sin and wrath, and fear and terror, and coming judgment.

How deep and wonderful, then, are the treasures of wisdom in our blessed Lord, when we view Him as upholding this frame of nature, and causing it daily to minister to His designs of mercy in the redemption of fallen sinners ! The whole of this lower universe, with its various and complicated laws of physical change, its countless atoms and moving spheres, its winds and meteors, its storms and tempests, and clear and quiet sunshine, its varieties of animal and vegetable life, in their countless forms, is made by Him like a treasury of means of grace, where man may learn his own weakness and the majesty and goodness of the Creator, where he may see his own guiltiness, and learn to tremble in the presence of his Judge. To fulfil the double purpose, what wisdom is required ! Who, but the All-wise, can tell, when the plentiful harvest should speak a message of his free bounty, and when the blight and sore famine should utter a warning of vengeance on persevering iniquity ! Who else could weigh the opposite results of each variety of Providence ; and either, to encourage the faith and quicken the gratitude of His children, cover the skies with calm beauty, and bid the moonlight flood the fields and palaces with the loveliness of a fairy dream ; or else, to alarm the consciences of stubborn and obstinate rebels, bring forth the mighty winds from His treasures, and call for the storms and hurricane, the dark tempests, and the fierce lightnings, that they may go, and cry unto Him—Here we are ! To sustain the deep harmony and beauty of creation, in itself, is no easy task, and needs an Omnipotent arm and the eye of Omniscience. But still deeper is that wisdom, which knows how to maintain a secret

harmony in the midst of all the ravage and miseries of the fall ; how to make creation, by its very derangement, help in the work of its own recovery. Taught by Him, the very dissonance of instincts and passions and growing elements loosed from their primary law of harmonious love, and doomed for a time to the service of vanity, lends a deeper pathos to the dirge of the fall ; while it serves to enrich the song of redeeming mercy with a fuller stream of adoring praise. Every seeming and real discord is thus resolved by Divine art, and forms the key to a richer and nobler harmony.

Such is the truth which meets us every where, with a simple and impressive grandeur, in the life and miracles of our blessed Lord. There we have a bright specimen before our senses, of that unspeakable wisdom, which makes the miseries of the fall reveal more clearly the riches of Divine goodness and love. Has the earth been cursed with comparative sterility and barrenness by the guilt of mankind ? The Redeemer appears, and in the barren wilderness, a few loaves are multiplied into an ample and abundant feast, and water is turned at once into wine, at the bidding of the Lord. Do storms and tempests, and the roar of the angry waves, proclaim the terrors of judgment, and the threatenings of wrath against the guilty sinner ? He rises from his pillow, and speaks those words of power, "Peace, be still ;" and at once all the fury of nature is hushed into silence.

The storm is laid, the waves retire
Obedient to Thy will ;
The sea that roared at Thy command,
At Thy command is still !

Are sickness, disease, and death, the still deeper signs of our misery, the painful memorials of ruin and

moral desolation ? He turns them all into so many varied illustrations of His own love, and lessons of those deeper miseries of the soul which He is able and willing to remove. The palsy and the leprosy, the racking fever, and demoniac madness, the blind eye, the deaf ear, the withered hand, the mute and speechless tongue, and all the forms of sickness and sorrow, nay, even death itself are made so many trophies of his Divine power, so many parables to instruct us in the hidden wants of the immortal spirit, and to prepare us to welcome, with thirsty hearts, the refreshing influence of heavenly love, the hope of the gospel, and the blessed promise of life eternal.

Thus in Christ our Lord are truly hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. Not only the powers and harmonies of Creation, as it stood in its original beauty, but the very changes which have seemed to obscure its loveliness, and fill it with gloom and terror, with fear and darkness, are made by Him to minister to His high designs of mercy. Its very discords are made to produce a deeper harmony. The barren desert, the thorn and thistle of the neglected wilderness, the storm and lightning, the blighted harvest, the wasting desolation of sickness and pestilence, the thousand forms in which the creature proves itself subject to vanity, are overruled by His matchless wisdom, so as to humble the sinner, to arouse his conscience, and awake his dull spirit, and call forth his slumbering affections, till he learns the folly of his long and weary wandering, and turns back, as a repenting prodigal, to find a home once more in his Father's house.

T. R. B.

THE JESUITS

AS TEACHERS AND MISSIONARIES.

ONE of the most common answers to any accusations preferred, however justly, against the Order of Jesuits, is an appeal to the great services which they have rendered to mankind as instructors of youth, and to the glorious success of their missions among the heathen. It would indeed be strange, if men, trained by the constitutions, and bred up in the morality of this society, should have been eminently successful in the two sacred functions of teachers and missionaries ; offices which of all others demand real spiritual life : it becomes therefore necessary to examine the pretensions both of their schools and missions.

The character of the education afforded by the Jesuits is ably described by Villers in his Treatise on the Reformation. He shows how the Roman Church, finding it impossible to stifle the eager desire for knowledge, which had taken possession of men's minds, strove to direct this desire into channels profitable rather than dangerous to the Church, to inspire a taste for classical learning, profane history, and mathematics, which should extinguish the desire of investigating matters of religion. 'The philosophy taught in their schools was calculated to excite aversion and disgust. It was no other than the scholastic system revived and corrected by them, applied to present circumstances, and the controversy with the Reformers. With regard to the study

of religion, it was confined to the books of theology, composed for the purpose by the members of the society, to the Casuists, and the Jesuitical Moralists. From all this it follows, (and this consideration appears to me the key to the very contradictory judgments passed on the plans of the Jesuits in the cultivation of the sciences,) that this Society performed immense services to certain parts of literature which it improved, but that on the other hand, it retained designedly, certain other important parts in the dark, or so obstructed the avenues to them with thorns, that nobody was tempted to enter. Thus considered generally, the instruction given in their schools, very brilliant in one respect, yet very dark in another, was a system partial, incomplete, and which set the mind in a wrong direction. But as on the one side all was clearness and illumination, and on the other all mystery and obscurity, the eyes of men were naturally directed to the illuminated side, and disdained to dwell on the other, which they acquired the habit of considering as altogether insignificant.

‘To model science according to the interests of the Pontifical power, and render even science ignorant in all things in which it was requisite that she should be ignorant: to produce some things in the clearest light, and to retain others in the thickest darkness: to fertilize the kingdoms of the memory and the imagination, by rendering that of thought and reason barren; to form minds submissive, without being ignorant of any thing but what could affect their submission; like those highly valued slaves of the great men of antiquity, who were grammarians, rhetoricians, poets, fine dancers, and musicians, and knew every thing except how to become free: I cannot fear that I shall be contradicted by any impartial man, in stating, that such was the system of

instruction pursued by the Jesuits. It was ingenious, and inimitably adapted to the end they had in view. It was calculated to form illustrious and elegant authors, learned men, orators, good Roman Catholics, Jesuits, if you please, but not men, in the full acceptation of that term. He who became a man under their management, became so independently of that management, and in spite of it.'—See Villers's *Essay on the Spirit and Influence of the Reformation of Luther*, translated by Mill. p. 379.

It is true, that there were times and places, as in Protestant Germany, in which it was important that the Jesuits should be recognized as the most able instructors of youth, but it also sometimes proved to be for the interests of the Society, that youth confided to them should make but slow progress, that they might retain them longer under their influence. Let us see how these brilliant instructors acted in such cases. Turn to Poland, and hear the judgment of Broscius, a zealous Romanist, so eminent for learning, as to be styled a walking Encyclopedia. 'The Jesuits,' he says, 'teach children the grammar of Alvar, which is very difficult to understand and learn, and much time is spent at it. This they do for many reasons: 1st. That by keeping the child a long time in the school, they may receive as long as possible the above-mentioned presents, (he had proved in another part of his work, that the Jesuits received in gifts from the parents of the children, whom they pretended to educate gratis, much more than they would have done had there been a regular payment,). 2nd. That by keeping children for a long time in the school they may become well acquainted with their minds. 3rd. That they may train the boy according to their own plans and for their own pur-

poses. 4th. That in case the friends of the boy wish to take him from them, they may have a pretence to keep him, saying, 'Give him time at least to learn grammar, which is the foundation of every other knowledge.' 5th. They want to keep boys at school till the age of manhood, that they may engage for their order, those who show talent, or who expect large inheritances. But when an individual possesses no talents, nor has expectations, they will not retain him. And what can he do? Knowing nothing, and being unfit for any useful occupation, he must request the fathers to take care of him, who will provide him with an inferior office in the household of some benefactor of theirs, that they may make use of him afterwards as a tool for their views and purposes.'—Experience fully justified the accusations of Broscius, and literature rapidly declined, when education in Poland was placed under the care of the Jesuits.

The King of Portugal declares by his edict, June 28, 1759, that the great object of the Jesuits in rendering themselves Directors of the Education of Youth in his kingdom, was, to throw obstacles in the progress of their studies; in order that, having long brought up their pupils in ignorance, they might always retain them in a state of subjection and dependence, which was as unjust as it was pernicious.

In 1728, the king, Victor Amadeus, in Sardinia, was obliged to close their colleges. In 1759, the Archbishop of Vienna was compelled to memorialize the Pope on the deplorable state of Education, when it was confided to them;—even outward decency being neglected by them.

At the end of the 17th century, one Serapa, a Jesuit, at Rome, taught his scholars, both in writing and

orally, that the art of stealing, and the art of blaspheming God, are virtues ; that these virtues are only prohibited by accidental circumstances, and not on their own account ; that it is not to be doubted that such arts are intellectual virtues, since they afford rules and precepts, which are well calculated for the certain and infallible attainments of our ends.*

Another Jesuit, at Nantes, named Mamachi, dictated to his scholars, in the College of Rouen, the following subject for verses : ‘Fortunate crimes make heroes : when crime succeeds, it ceases to be crime. A character, whom the nation would call a highwayman, would be esteemed an Alexander, if fortune had favoured him : fortune decides at her will upon innocence and crime.’

So much for Jesuit education : what parent would not shudder at the thought of a Jesuit tutor ? Yet, such is the laxity of modern liberalism, that so small a bait as a superior French pronunciation would induce many British Protestants to send their children to Romish seminaries, exposing them to they know not what artful influences. The viler abominations of the Jesuits will, of course, in such cases, be withdrawn ; the interest of the Society, the ruling motive of everything, would demand it ; but every subtle influence will be used to draw the unsuspecting victims into that bark, of which such men are acknowledged to be the skilful and experienced rowers.†

Now, let us turn to the Jesuit missions ; and here, indeed, an astonishing spectacle presents itself—a nation

* See the Latin text of Serapa, at the end of the work produced by Arnauld, against a letter of the Jesuit Vandripont, in 1692.

† See Lecture vi, of M. Quinet’s Lectures on the Jesuits, for an exposure, in this author’s peculiarly vivid style, of the artful policy of Jesuit education.

is born in a day—we hear of nations baptized by thousands—emperors are converted to the faith—and the authority of the Jesuit Fathers is acknowledged through the distant kingdoms of China and Japan. How small in contrast appear the results of Protestant missions, where the conversion of a few natives, the gathering of a little church, is regarded as a joyful reward for the missionary's long life of labour. How is this to be explained? Have we still to learn the true secret of missionary success? Thank God! our missionaries have still to learn the secret of Jesuit success, they are still simple enough to preach Christ and Him crucified; and, as the proud heart of man revolts against the humbling doctrine, they only gather in, here and there, those whose hearts the Lord has touched. The Jesuits found a shorter road to conversion: they soon made the offence of the cross to cease, and troubled their disciples no farther on the theme of a crucified Saviour. Francis Xavier, their first missionary to India, who had something at least of the zeal of a true apostle, had preached the Gospel, and made converts among the lower castes, but his successors were more politic; they courted the Brahmins, and to obviate their prejudices declared themselves Brahmins from the West, of a higher order than any in India, descended in a direct line from the God Brahma.* To carry on this wicked deception, alias pious fraud, it was necessary to adopt the Brahmins' mode of living, their costume, and even their idolatrous ceremonies. In a word, they were accused of the most culpable indulgence in tolerating and winking at all kinds of idolatrous superstitions among their proselytes, and with having themselves rather become converts to the idolatrous worship of the Hindoos, by conforming to many

* The Jesuits, their Principles and Acts, p. 140. Prot. Assoc.

of their practices and superstitions, than making Indians converts to the Christian religion. Their imposture even extended to the forgery of a fifth Veda, which they pretended was revealed to the chief Brahmin of the Pagoda of Cherengham, by the same authority as the other four. They imitated the style of the other Vedas so exactly, that it was received for many years as an authentic work, and translated into French by M. Voltaire ; but the forgery was discovered by Mr. Ellis, a gentleman of the Civil Service at Madras. The Popes, urged on by the reiterated complaints of other missionaries, made repeated attempts to stop these idolatrous proceedings. It would be too long to follow the tortuous history of the open opposition of these obedient sons of the church ; it is a tale worthy only of Jesuits, of letters nullified by secret counter-letters, of falsehoods sworn upon the blessed sacrament, and cruel persecution carried on against the Papal envoys. When, at length, they were compelled to yield to Benedict XIV, ‘ What the Jesuits had foreseen, happened ;’ (that is, from their submission to the Pope,) a great number of proselytes preferring renouncing their new religion, to abandoning their practices. A stop was put to conversions ; and the Christian religion began to become odious to the Hindoos on account of its intolerance. The Hindoos soon found, that those missionaries whom their colour, their talents, and qualities, had induced them to regard as such extraordinary beings, as men coming from another world, were, in fact, nothing else but disguised *Fringy* (Europeans) ; and that their country, their religion, and original education, were the same with those of the vile, the contemptible *Fringy*, who had of late invaded their country. This event proved the last blow to the interests of the Christian religion,

No more conversions were made : apostacy became almost general in several quarters ; and Christianity became more and more an object of contempt and aversion, in proportion as the European manners became better known to the Hindoos.*

In Japan, by special privilege from the Pope, they were for many years the only Christian missionaries : they boast that at one time they could number nearly half the population of Japan as their proselytes, and having thus sole possession of the field, they were enabled to carry on a most lucrative trade ; but their conduct was such that they finally accomplished the annihilation of Christianity itself in that vast empire. No one was received there, unless he would (for the purpose of showing that he was no Christian) cast the crucifix upon the ground, trample it under foot, and spit upon it. The commercial interests of the Jesuits, however, required they should be there. What then was to be done ? ‘ The Jesuits, resolving not to quit their held, nor renounce the commerce which they have so long carried on in that empire, pass over there constantly, cast the crucifix to the ground on their arrival, spit upon it, and trample on it ; but pretend that in this profanation they only offer an affront to the material of which the crucifix is made, without withdrawing themselves in any degree from the respect which is due to Him whom it represents.’ This is from the testimony of M. Martin, governor of Pondicherry, who declares he had resolved not to believe it, till he should have witnesses of the fact. He found them on the spot, and all the Europeans who had been some time in India, whether French or Dutch, confirmed it to him.

* Abbé Dubois’ Letters, p. 11. This Abbé was for many years a Jesuit missionary in Mysore.

We might follow the Jesuits to their Chinese missions, where they permitted the idolatrous practices of Confucius, and indulged themselves in licentiousness which brought them under the punishments of the heathen governors ; to Malabar, where they blessed the cow's dung which the natives held sacred, and permitted the women to wear the image of their God *Pilear*, provided a crucifix was cut on it, so as not to be discernible ; or to Chio, where they permitted the inhabitants, who stood in awe of the Mahometans, to go to the mosques, provided only they took care to direct their thoughts in private to Jesus Christ. But we have perhaps given enough of details ; we will conclude with M. Quinet's coup d'œil of the general history of these missions :

‘ Follow those vast enterprizes on the coasts of Malabar, in China, and above all in Japan. Read and study these events in the writers of the Order, and compare the design with the success. The history of those missions is in itself very uniform : first an easy success ; the chief of the country, the emperor, is gained over, seduced, and courted ; a part of the population follow the example of the chief, then at a given moment the chief perceives, or fancies that he perceives, an imposture ; thence follows a reaction so much more violent as the confidence had been at first implicit ; the population falling away at the same time as their chief ; persecution exterminating those who were truly converted ; the mission scouted, leaving scarcely any vestige : the Gospel compromised, shipwrecked upon a cursed shore which remains for ever deserted ;—such is the summary of all those histories, and yet who could ever read them without admiration ? What ability ! What genius in resources ! What skill in details ! How many proofs of noble courage ! and how badly

they know me, if they think I have no heart for such things ! What heroism among private individuals ! What obedience among the inferiors ! and what combinations among the superiors ! It is impossible to carry further, patience, fervour, and resolution.

‘ Well, what is more surprising than all that, is, that so many labours, so many proofs of associated devotion, ended in producing nothing ! How can this have happened ? Because, though individuals were devoted ; the maxims of the body were bad. Who ever saw the like of this ? This Society at bottom deserves rather pity than anger ! Who ever worked more, yet who ever reaped less ? It has sown upon the sand ; and for having mixed up the Gospel with intrigue, it has undergone the strangest chastisement in the world ; and this punishment consists in ever working and never reaping. What it raises with one hand in the name of the Gospel, it overthrows with the other in the name of policy. That Society alone has received the terrible doom, that it produces martyrs, and that the blood of its martyrs produces only brambles.’

THE SPIRITUAL OBSERVANCE OF THE LORD'S DAY.

BY THE REV. EDWARD BICKERSTETH,
RECTOR OF WATTON, HERTS.

As we have considered those things which we are called on to lay aside on the Lord's day, let us now consider those duties which we are specially called on to practice. The Sabbath, though a day of rest, is not one of indolence, but of blessed and holy diligence. It is an emblem of that future rest during which, it is said, "his servants shall serve him; they rest not day or night." The duties of this day are eminently spiritual; they are such as of ourselves we are quite unable to perform, except as we are filled with the Holy Spirit of God. If we are duly alive to this, our great concern will be to *walk, not after the flesh, but after the Spirit*. We shall seek His help as our chief means of a due observance of any spiritual duty. In the expressive language of Scripture, *they that are after the Spirit do mind the things of the Spirit, and the minding of the Spirit is life and peace*. This is the most important of all baptisms,—to be baptized by Christ with the Holy Ghost,—to be filled with the Spirit. This made Barnabas such a blessing. *He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith*. Now we may all obtain larger and larger measures of this heavenly gift. All that any have yet received should encourage them to look for more. As the first droppings of the clouds on the parched land

precede the full shower, so there are yet larger supplies of this all-gracious Comforter, who helps our infirmities, and through whose presence our bodies become the Temple of the Holy Ghost, dedicated and devoted to God.

1. *Aim at making family and social conversation on this day specially cheerful and edifying.* It is a festival : a day of holy joy and happiness. We will rejoice and be glad in it. *Is any merry, let him sing psalms. Rejoice in the Lord always.* Family singing of psalms and hymns well becomes this day. There is no need of gloom, or severity on this day. Indeed where the joyful sound is known, and, being justified by faith, the peace of God dwells in the heart, we cannot but rejoice. *The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous.* What a happy family is the Christian's family on the Lord's Day ! He is relieved from the burden of daily toil, and free from the interruption of worldly feasting and company ; he finds the real and highest enjoyment with those nearest and dearest to him at home, in the delightful communion of the family circle. How short, how happy the day is, how gladly its return is welcomed, and what a secret strength it gives for every duty. When the heart is fixed for God and full of his truth and love, the lips delight to speak of Him and for Him. Thus when the two disciples went to Emmaus on the Lord's Day, (though not yet appointed as the Christian Sabbath) their conversation was all about Christ, their minds being filled with the great things which had just taken place, and presently Christ himself drew near, and their hearts burned within them. If our conversation on the Lord's Day be spiritual and edifying, and turned, as much as may be, to that counterpart of the Sabbath on earth, the

eternal Sabbath in the mansions above, we may have, even here, foretastes of our eternal rest to come.

2. OUR MEALS ON THIS DAY SHOULD BE SIMPLE AND PLAIN. It is not required to make this a day of fasting ; but to make it a day of mere feasting, or to make the meals occupy the chief part of the time at home, is wholly unsuitable to its highest and best objects. It is desirable that the wives of the poorer classes, and the servants of the richer, should have no needless trouble in preparing our food, or in connection with our table. The baker or other tradesman should not have his Sabbath rest disturbed for our indulgence. By prudence and forethought in most places, not one of the family whose health or age allow of attendance, need be hindered from due attendance on public worship. Especially should a violation of the day, far too common, be watched against and avoided ; the making it a day for giving and attending dinner-parties. This is just to prefer the world to God : to refuse to give time to our friends on the week-day, and to rob God of his time on the Sabbath. How many poor servants groan under the distractions of bustle and company and feasting on the Lord's Day ; a practice which brings double guilt on their masters.

3. OUR PUBLIC DEVOTIONS SHOULD BE REGULAR AND SERIOUS, EARNEST AND CONSTANT. To be at the house of God before the service begins, to be there regularly and constantly every Sabbath, to be there twice on the Sabbath, this is the general practice of the most valuable members of our congregations. In most parishes in larger places, there are now three services in the day, and in such parishes ordinarily the parishioners may attend twice in the day. Thus Anna *departed not from the temple*, but *served God with fastings and prayers*

night and day. Yet there may be a formal, self-righteous attendance, which may puff up and harden. The great thing is not merely to be present, but to offer a *pure offering* acceptably by Christ Jesus ; to have the sacrifice of a broken and contrite spirit, and to attend on the Lord without distraction. *God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.* This should be our constant aim ; for this we should struggle through the services, and as we fail in this, should be deeply humbled under the iniquities of our holy things. In this we should learn the reality of Isaiah's confession, that *all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags*, and be led more simply and entirely to look to our interceding High Priest for acceptance. Let us earnestly then strive to enter his courts with thanksgiving ; to seek a calm and fixed mind, and a holy fervour of spirit ; to go heartily along with the whole service ; desiring with the prayers, grieving in the confessions, grateful in the praise, sympathising in the intercessions, mixing faith with the Word we hear, and uniting in spirit in the sacraments, rejoicing in the admission of each fresh member by baptism, and feeding on Christ in our heart by faith at the Holy Communion. For all this we specially need to attend to that full direction, *Ye beloved, building up yourselves in your most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost, keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life.*

4. FAMILY INSTRUCTION IS ALSO A VERY IMPORTANT DUTY OF THIS DAY. How many thousands and tens of thousands of children and servants owe their religion under God to the sabbath-catechising, scripture-reading, religious instruction, and simple and fervent prayers of a pious mother or father, mistress or master.

It is a golden opportunity for children and servants ; and half an hour or an hour redeemed between or after the public services for this duty is the most precious seed-time that we perhaps ever have, for doing good to those nearest and dearest to us. From the beginning, the word of God has made this duty clear. Abraham had special honour for this, (Gen. xviii. 19,) and God thus explicitly commands it to Israel, *These words which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.* Texts and collects, or short prayers, hymns and catechisms, treasured up in the minds of the young, and repeated to their parents on this day, have enriched many a mind with seeds of blessing for future life. This good and venerable family custom, this habit of our Protestant forefathers, will not, it is hoped, die out of practice, but be revered and extended in our time.

5. THE EMPLOYMENT OF RETIRED MOMENTS SHOULD BE DEVOTIONAL AND SCRIPTURAL. Our religious reading should be of a more practical and devotional character. Critical or controversial works, books of a metaphysical or intellectual cast, may be valuable on other days, but they nourish not the holy feelings we wish to cultivate on the Sabbath. The Bible is always specially precious on this day, and happily there is no want of devotional works calculated equally to edify and instruct, to quicken every devout and holy and heavenly affection, and to direct and assist us in the daily course of the Christian life. Time should also be taken for meditation and calm reflection on our situation, our duties, our defects, our mercies, and our hopes ; on the

character and glories of the one God,—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit : on death and judgment, heaven and hell and eternity. It is a day also for self-examination, with a direct view to humiliation and repentance, gratitude and newness of life. The season thus diligently redeemed for God, becomes the very best seed-time for a harvest of future peace, holiness, and happiness.

6. **WORKS OF CHARITY AGAIN BECOME THE SABBATH-DAY.** This accords with the special instruction of our Lord ; it is lawful to do well on the Sabbath Day ; it is lawful to heal on the Sabbath Day. Thus, to visit the sick and the poor, to read the Bible to those who cannot or would not read it themselves ; to do acts of mercy and compassion to those needing our help ; to be teachers of the young in Sunday schools, and care for the souls of those in obscure hamlets and villages, or neglected streets and courts in our great cities, is the duty and the privilege of all who know and love the truth, and can command leisure for it. Many a one who loves Christ, and is confined closely to the desk and the shop during the week, has risen on the Sabbath to the self-denial and the privileges of a faithful missionary, and has been honoured of God in turning many to righteousness, while he has been obtaining showers of blessing for his own soul. *For he that watereth shall himself also be watered.* May every reader, whose situation allows him to attain such usefulness, gladly thus employ himself for God. In the work of Christ every one may be fully employed, and the hearty zeal of the weakest, as well as of the strongest, is needed for the full triumph of his blessed kingdom.

7. **THE MAGNIFYING OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST** is another part of the blessedness of this day duly observed. Unto all that believe, Jesus is precious ; *the*

chief among ten thousand: He is their all in all. In the prophecies of the Old Testament, we are assured in the last book, *From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same, my name shall be great among the Gentiles, and in every place incense shall be offered unto my name, and a pure offering; for my name shall be great among the heathen, saith the Lord of Hosts.* The prayers of David, the sweet Psalmist of Israel, end with the fervent aspiration, *Blessed be his glorious name for ever, and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen and Amen.* One of the glowing and splendid features of the highest glory of the saints in the everlasting kingdom, as given in the last book of the New Testament, is, *They shall see his face, and his name shall be in their foreheads.* Thus everywhere is this precious name set before us as ointment poured forth, full of fragrance and refreshment to the children of God. It is the glory of our Sabbath to be the Lord's Day. In it we are specially called to commemorate his glorious resurrection, with all the inestimable blessings that flow from it. It is the first fruits of a harvest of bliss and glory, of which millions will partake in the swiftly coming day of Christ. Let us, then, with our whole heart on this day, enter into its sacred joy of glorifying the Saviour. Let us exhort each other, *O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.* As Jesus is magnified in our thoughts and affections, in our conversation and instruction, in our hymns and praises on this day, we do really rise to its full blessedness. Then we come nearest to that scene of glory, where they say, *with one voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing. And every creature which is in heaven and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in*

the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.

Such are some directions which may assist the reader in rightly employing the precious hours of the Sabbath. Only begin : only try and see if the Sabbath thus spent be not a day full of interest, and full of profit.

Let us now, lastly, notice THE BLESSEDNESS OF SUCH AN EMPLOYMENT OF THE SABBATH-DAY. And truly, this command kept, abundantly verifies the promise, *In keeping of his commandments there is great reward.*

1. IT GIVES SOLID PEACE OF MIND. Persons who strive to make the Sabbath a day of pleasure, do not find real satisfaction ; they miss the very thing they sought. Persons who give the day to business, besides the slavish toil they go through, do not find it answer in the long run for profit. Their end is unhappy. We have seen it again and again. I have seen families returning from wasting a sabbath in parties and tea-gardens, the pictures of disappointment, weariness, and vexation ; vexed with themselves, and uncomfortable as it regards all around them. But, on the other hand, *great peace have they which love thy law, and nothing shall offend them.* To have the calm peace which arises from the approval of our conscience, and the sense of the acceptance and approval of our Heavenly Father, is indeed a sweet recompense for any self-sacrifice and self-denial, in going through the duties which have been pointed out to the reader. *Oh, taste and see that the Lord is good, blessed is the man that trusteth in Him.* Letting our requests be made known unto God by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, is the way to that peace of God which passeth all understanding, and keeps the heart and mind through Christ Jesus.

2. It obtains A DIRECT BLESSING FROM THE LORD ON OUR OWN SOULS. He himself has pronounced it. He has made it a sign to assure us that he is our Lord, and will sanctify us, *Verily my sabbaths ye shall keep, for it is a sign between me and you throughout your generations, that ye may know that I am the Lord that doth sanctify you.* Exod. xxxi. 13. Nor was this confined, even under the Jewish dispensation, to Israel: we read in the same Chapter, not only, *Blessed is the man that keepeth the sabbath from polluting it*; but, *Also the sons of the stranger that join themselves to the Lord, to serve him, and to love the name of the Lord, to be his servants, every one that keepeth the sabbath from polluting it, and taketh hold of my covenant, even them will I bring to my holy mountain, and make them joyful in my house of prayer.* Isa. lviii. 2, 6. Indeed, we may be assured, that, as God, from the beginning, blessed and sanctified the Sabbath-day, so he has to those obeying his command, made it full of sanctifying power and blessing, and millions of happy Christians have found, by their joyful experience in keeping holy the Sabbath, that *they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength.* They have had every spiritual grace quickened and refreshed, and can say with the Psalmist, *He restoreth my soul.*

3. IT DIFFUSES A LARGE BLESSING ON ALL AROUND US. The example of every one, however humble, is influential on all within his circle. As an evil infects others, and soon spreads pollution, so, blessed be God! a good example has great weight, and that to a larger extent than is at first manifest. Even those who mock at what they call the precise scrupulosity of the strict sabbath-keeper at the time, are, in their inward conscience, often thinking the more highly of him, and approving a course which they have not the Christian courage

to follow. By and bye, also, when the fruit of such a course begins to appear, they will say, *We will go with you, for we have heard God is with you.* A family brought up in the strict observance of the Sabbath, generally turns out well ; and, on the other hand, religious professors, who yet see much company on the sabbath, soon deteriorate, and their children often go off to the world. What day can be more suitable for fulfilling the command, to make known to our children the praises of the Lord, and his strength, and his wonderful works that he hath done, to which is annexed the promise, that *the generation to come shall set their hope in God, and not forget his works, but keep his commandments.* Psa. lxxviii. 4—7. Diffusive blessings follow then the due observance of this day.

4. NATIONAL JUDGMENTS FOLLOW VIOLATIONS OF THE SABBATH, AND NATIONAL BLESSEDNESS IS DIRECTLY CONNECTED WITH KEEPING THE SABBATH HOLY. In the present state of Great Britain, it is a most solemn and awakening fact, that through Railways and steam-vessels, there has been a prodigious increase of sabbath profanation by needless travelling. It has been proved by, in this respect, that national self-condemning book, Bradshaw's Railway Guide, that Sabbath trains through the land are more than half as many as week-day trains. Above 800 trains are weekly insulting the Lord of the Sabbath, and proclaiming in the face of the sun, that tens of thousands of English Christians, in despite of the Christian example of Scotland, prefer their profit or their pleasure to obeying the plain command of God Almighty, and disbelieve equally his threatenings and his promises. Thus, every shareholder in every railway, who does not openly protest against this, and strive to remedy it, is involved in the guilt of

thousands of travellers, and of all engaged in this unholy traffic. This was the crowning sin of Israel: *My sabbaths they greatly polluted ;—then I said I would pour out my fury upon them.* Jeremiah was to proclaim to Judah and Jerusalem the way of duty and safety, in these words: *Take heed to yourselves, and bear no burden on the sabbath-day, nor bring it in by the gates of Jerusalem, neither carry forth a burden out of your houses on the sabbath-day, neither do ye any work, but hallow ye the sabbath-day as I commanded your fathers, but they obeyed not.* Still, God promised, if they would hearken, the throne of Israel should be safe, and the city remain for ever, but added the solemn warning, *If ye will not hearken unto me, nor hallow the sabbath-day, and not to bear a burden, even entering in at the gates of Jerusalem on the sabbath-day, then will I kindle a fire in the gates thereof, and it shall devour the palaces of Jerusalem, and shall not be quenched.* After our rejection of a Sabbath-bill by the Legislature, and our increased Sabbath violation, we are specially exposed to this threatening, and in the increase of very calamitous fires since, have seen something of its fulfilment. Among the sins of the last days of Jerusalem, this is recounted ; *Thou hast despised mine holy things, and hast profaned my sabbaths.* There is, then, great national danger from neglect of the Sabbath. Oh, that God's word was but believed by British Christians ! It is disregarded and slighted, and so our sins become aggravated till there is no remedy. But would we repent, would we call the sabbath a delight, holy of the Lord, honourable, and honour him, immediately national blessings follow : *I will cause thee to ride on the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.*

5. REAL HELP IS GAINED FOR ALL WEEK-DAY

DUTIES, BOTH PHYSICALLY AND SPIRITUALLY. A remarkable testimony was given by an able physician, Dr. Farre, before a Committee of the House of Commons, of the necessity and advantage of one day's rest in seven from our ordinary employment, with reference to bodily health and mental powers, apart from all religious considerations. No human being can stand incessant toil and labour without rest, change and relaxation. The suicides of some of our leading Statesmen and Lawyers has been attributed to their not giving the Sabbath to those sacred duties, which would have relieved and refreshed their minds from the wearing toil of their ordinary work.* A Sabbath given to God procures bodily and spiritual strength. Sir Matthew Hale, 200 years since, testified this to his children ; ' I have found by a strict and diligent observation, that a due observance of this day has ever had joined to it, a blessing on the rest of my time ; and that the week that has been so begun, has been blessed and prosperous to me ; and on the other side, when I have been negligent of the duties of this day, the rest of the week has been unsuccessful and unhappy to my own secular employments.' And if it be so in earthly things, it is yet more so in spi-

* Mr. Wilberforce, speaking of Lord Londonderry's destroying himself in 1822—says, " The strong impression of my mind is, that it is the effect of the non-observance of the Sunday, both as abstracting from politics, and from the constant recurrence of the same reflections, and as correcting the false view of worldly things and bringing them down to their true diminitiveness. . . . It is very curious to hear the newspapers speaking of incessant application to business, forgetting that by the weekly admission of a day of rest, which our Maker has graciously enjoined, our faculties would be preserved from the effects of this constant strain. I am strongly impressed by the recollection of the endeavour to prevail on the lawyers to give up Sunday consultations, in which poor Romilly [who destroyed himself in 1818] would not concur. If he had suffered his mind to enjoy such occasional remissions, it is highly probable the strings would never have snapped as they did from over-tension."

ritual things. The divine life is feeble when the Sabbath is carelessly spent, the divine life is prosperous when the Sabbath is strictly observed. The soul is again and again revived, strengthened and invigorated by Sabbath duties and privileges, for the daily, arduous, and self-denying duties of the Christian life.

6. THIS OBSERVANCE OF THE EARTHLY SABBATH PREPARES US FOR THE HEAVENLY AND ETERNAL SABBATH ABOVE. The Sabbath is not only a shadow of good things to come, a type of the future rest and some foretaste of its employments and joys, it directly assists us in preparation for the happy enjoyment of them for ever. Remarkable are the words of St. Paul to the Hebrews, *There remaineth a rest*, a keeping of the Sabbath, *to the people of God* : as if he would thus join together Sabbath observance here, with eternal rest hereafter, one a symbol, a stepping-stone, and a preparation for the other. Certain it is, the children of God delight in this holy day, and have been noted for remembering to keep it holy. The conscientious and constant observer of the Lord's Day, in the Church of Christ on earth, is the least likely to fall short of the Heavenly rest. Availing himself of one of the most important means of grace which God gives, he is in the way for receiving those supplies of grace, which make us meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. O Christians, cultivate then a Sabbath spirit on earth ; try to rise on the wings of faith and love in a due observance of the Sabbath, to those heavenly joys which are above, where Christ sitteth at God's right hand, looking forward to the happy time, *when Christ who is our life shall appear, and we also shall appear with him in glory*. It may be an effort and struggle at first, it may be a self-denial and sacrifice at the beginning, but it will become

your rest and relaxation, your richest joy and consolation.

I do not feel it necessary to enter at large into the OBJECTIONS that men make to this duty. They have often been considered and fully answered. They all proceed not from faith, but from sight and sense ; they would all set the flesh before the spirit, and man before God : or the second table above the first, while the Lord of the Sabbath says plainly, *the first of all the commandments is, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart ;* placing duty to God first, and duty to man second.

I deny not the very great cost of fulfilling this command, in the case of many servants, clerks, office-bearers, and persons now in situations which require a constant breach of God's law, and which if they retain, they are disabled from keeping holy the Sabbath. It may be like a martyrdom. Families may be dependent on them. Long habits may have made it familiar to them. It may seem like total ruin. Count the cost well. But then remember, a pure conscience is worth every sacrifice ; the martyrdoms of faith are the way to its most blessed triumphs. Never did Latimer and Bradford, Cranmer and Ridley, do so much for the Gospel, and so much for their eternal blessedness, as when they gave their bodies to the flames. *If we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him.* Be assured also that God is mighty enough, and faithful enough, rich enough, and kind enough, to make the faith that would sacrifice even an Isaac in obedience to his plain command, fruitful in blessings in this life, as well as the world to come, infinitely beyond any that you could have had in the path of disobedience. Let me then earnestly exhort every reader, cost what it may, to begin at once a strict and conscientious observance of all the hours of the Sabbath ;

sanctifying the whole day to God. You must have seen in the numerous passages of Scripture already quoted, how much God's heart is set on this subject. How repeated are his testimonies upon it. He knows how important this is to our salvation. He foresees all the ruin which the violation of the day brings on each soul, each family, each neighbourhood, and each kingdom, and, full of wisdom and love, he repeats admonitions in every age of the Church. His first book begins in one of its early chapters, with an account of the sanctifying the day for all mankind. The law, the prophets, the Evangelists and the Apostles repeat the admonitions ; or shew the continued observance of one day in seven ; and the closing book of Scripture again in its first chapter, stamps it with its most endearing title *the Lord's Day*. If you neglect it, the whole voice of Scripture condemns you, and remember the solemn warning of your Redeemer : *He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my words, hath one that judgeth him : the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him at the last day*. Consider then every thing that would lead you to live in the neglect of the Sabbath, as Satan's snare to entrap that he may destroy your soul.

And let those readers who are aiming at obedience to this command, be encouraged to persevere. We are going in the way all the children of God before us have trodden. Our great Head and Leader, when on earth regularly observed the Sabbath. We read ; *He came to Nazareth where he had been brought up, and as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day*. The Apostles seem from the beginning to have observed the first day of the week for assembling together. On the very next Sunday after that on which the Lord arose, they were gathered together, (John xx. 26.) The prim-

itive Christians did so. *Upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them.* (Acts xx. 7.) This made it easy for all the Church, whether of Galatia or of Corinth, to make their charitable contributions on the first day of the week. (1 Cor. xvi. 2.) This then is the pathway they have gone to meet their Saviour on earth, and to share his glory above. *Go thy way forth then, Christian Reader, by the footsteps of the flock.* Be watchful against all temptations, which will continually arise for the trial of your faith, and love, and patience ; and in this and all other respects, *be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world ; holding forth the word of life.*

AN ENCOURAGEMENT TO PARENTS

TO BRING BEFORE THEIR CHILDREN THE DOCTRINE
OF THE PRE-MILLENNIAL ADVENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TOKEN OF LOVE TO LITTLE
CHILDREN," &c.

WHAT is there more gratifying to the mind of a true Christian, than the sight of parents and children travelling in the same road, and seeking their happiness from the same Divine source, reciprocally blessing, and being blessed—the opening mind, and the newly-awakened energies, drawing from the parent mind food, support, and guidance, and the parents in return living their youth over again in the enjoyment and comfort which their children afford? This is no ideal picture; the reality may be found in every well-ordered family, where mutual confidence and mutual dependence are cherished and maintained; and, deeply is it to be regretted, that there should be any exception to this delightful state of things: for, we may be sure, that every such exception is a direct departure from the loving design of Him, who "setteth the solitary in families." The responsibilities attached to the parental character are most momentous; it is impossible for us to estimate them too highly: Time and Eternity, with all the usefulness connected with the one, and all the happiness to be realized in the other, are interwoven with them, and sad indeed is the result, when these responsibilities

are lost sight of, or treated with indifference. But, neither are they, on the other hand, to be met by a cold, stern, or repulsive manner towards our children, or we shall assuredly drive them to repose that confidence in strangers which is our own legitimate right, and which we cannot estrange from us without absolute loss—loss of authority—loss of influence—loss of usefulness.

SYMPATHY is the great charm to the youthful mind ; and, if parents are wanting in this, their children will seek to others for its display. Sympathy they must have, if the character is to be drawn out and studied. And, if it is not drawn out and fully understood, how is it to be strengthened, improved, and led ? No one naturally ought to be so well able to direct the mind of youth as parents, who, in most cases, have had, from the earliest years of infancy, the daily privilege to watch its early buddings, and study its individual characteristics. And yet, alas ! how many parents are in total ignorance as to the secret workings of their children's minds. There may be, and in many cases ARE, serious doubts as to the very *essentials* of our holy religion ; yea, the minds of some may be actually wrapping themselves in the icy folds of a heartless scepticism ; some may be embracing with avidity the prevalent errors of the day ; and others on the very threshold of Rome, or already in their hearts locked in her foul embrace ; while the language of these parents, when the painful discovery is made, (made in many instances too late,) must be, "*Behold we knew it not.*" (Prov. xxii. 12.)

And whence this blameable ignorance ? Does it not arise from that want of sympathy, which we have before asserted children must find, ere they can lay open their hearts to those set over them ? Oh, how many

parents have had most bitter cause to regret this ignorance concerning the hidden man ! How many promising young persons have turned their backs on Protestantism with all its life-giving ordinances, whose Rome-ward tendency might have been counteracted, had parents been careful to inspire and retain their confidence by a judicious blending of sympathy and authority. Oh ! when will parents generally awake to the deep importance of being the FRIENDS as well as governors of their children ? When will they learn to rule FIRMLY, and yet TENDERLY ?

Be assured, Christian parents, that following the course we have ventured to recommend, will not detract one iota from your authority, while it will secure to you a larger measure of devoted attachment and filial reverence ; and, at the same time, greatly increase your influence over them, and your usefulness to them. Those who have tried the experiment can bear sweet testimony to its usefulness in every respect. Instead of their authority diminishing, it has become almost absolute ; and, instead of being less revered, they are "counted worthy of double honour."

Many of these highly-privileged parents are, at this moment, present to my mind ; and, doubtless, the number could be augmented from the circle of every one's acquaintance, while, alas ! many of the opposite class may, in the same circles, be found. Would that the former number increased more rapidly, our hearts would not then be so often pained by the boasted conversions to Popery ; for, I do verily believe, that we have more frequently to blame our own positive neglect of parental duty, than the labours of Tractarian or Romanizing teachers !

On the all-important point of training our children,

we may accommodate Nelson's dying words, 'England expects that every' *parent* 'will do his duty.' The benefit of this faithful and rigid discharge of duty would soon be felt in our schools and universities, as well as at our own fire-sides.

When children are taught in early life to take their difficulties and doubts to their parents, and find those parents ready to clear up the one, and solve the other, and to elicit by judicious questions the true state of their minds—at the same time to share in their joys and sorrows, we may, I think, pretty certainly predict, that when emerging from youth to maturity, they will not give that confidence to others which is the parent's just right. Oh no! The individual who has been his FRIEND in childhood and youth, will not be treated with cold reserve in riper years. The character that has been trained to confide, acquires a simplicity and transparency, which we shall look for in vain in those who have been educated without sympathy. To inspire independence, and elicit confidence, is the grand secret of parental discipline.

CHRISTIAN Parents, we are living in eventful times! The rising generation may be actors in the last great conflict with the powers of darkness. Are we pressing upon their attention the sublime truths of God's holy word in their entirety, keeping back nothing, misrepresenting nothing? Are we examining with them as their opening minds are able to bear it, the word of prophecy as well as the word of promise? Do we, in our intercourse with them, point with sufficient distinctness to the future, embracing all its solemn grandeur and mighty issues, with the certain victory that must attend him who in righteousness doth judge and make war, and the inevitable utter ruin that must overtake and

overwhelm the wilfully ignorant, as well as the finally impenitent? Shall we be silent on these themes with those so dear to us?

I know some entertain the opinion that every thing of a controversial nature ought to be kept from young persons, and only the grand principles on which Christians are agreed, brought before them. But surely in the present day, this would neither be displaying the wisdom of the serpent nor the harmlessness of the dove. There is no subject connected with religion, that has not called forth controversy and excited opposition. Ever since the fall, Satan has used man as his tool to bring some point or other of Christian doctrine into disrepute, arranging each point, with admirable nicety, so as to suit the state of men's minds in particular, and society in general. Sometimes the contest is on that vital point,—justification by faith,—sometimes election — sometimes Church Government, — sometimes the Christian Ministry,—with various others too numerous to mention, each being in one sense alike gratifying to him, inasmuch as controversy of every kind, hinders professing Christians from looking constantly, simply, and unitedly to Him who is the only true source of unity, and by whom alone all the scattered and divided companies of the vast army can be gathered in one holy bond of loving brotherhood.

Believing then that these things are so, are we *wise* in keeping back from our children subjects of such pressing importance as those connected with the pre-millennial advent, on the customary plea of their controversial tendency; especially when we know young persons generally take a lively and deep interest in them? Assuredly not!—Besides, it may be made a highly practical subject to them as well as to ourselves; several instances

lately of its real usefulness to the young, have come under my own notice.

A little girl only twelve years of age, in writing to her Mamma a month since, of the workings of her mind said, 'When you and J— were talking with such apparent interest on the Second Advent, I trembled, and felt quite miserable, for I said to myself, Suppose that day should overtake me as a thief in the night, and I should not be prepared !'

This fear, dear readers, led her earnestly to desire to give her whole heart to Jesus. To use her own simple words ; 'Oh Mamma, I do want to give my whole heart to Jesus while I am but a *child*. I do want to love him, and to be blessed of him *now*, that I may hear him say at the last great day, "Come thou, blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from before the foundation of the world." And sweetly does the constraining love of Jesus now influence this dear child's heart. Similar instances might be mentioned, where conversation on this glorious theme has not been less interesting or useful. The particulars of one may perhaps interest the young readers of this Magazine, and at the same time tend to encourage *parents* to sow beside all waters, and, as winter advances, spend some of its pleasant evenings, in investigating with their children the prophetic word.

Ellen R. was in her seventeenth year when this notice of her commences. She had been carefully trained by truly godly parents, who delighted in her joyous light-heartedness and beautiful simplicity, and transparency of character. But these beauties of the natural man were not their only source of joy.—They had seen for months that her enquiring mind had taken a deeply spiritual turn, till at length she had publicly

acknowledged her desire to fight under the Lord's banner, against the world, the flesh, and the devil. Many had been the assaults of the great enemy against this youthful prodigal, in her return to her Father's house, but grace, free grace triumphed, and she was enabled to say from the heart, 'Vain world adieu, no longer I seek my happiness from thee,—no longer I follow a sound, no longer a phantom pursue ! *Christ and his cross* henceforth shall be my desire, my boast, my joy.' Perhaps many of our fair readers may exclaim ; 'Noble resolution !' But say, my dear young friends will you all adopt the same for yourselves ? Will you determine that the world shall not be your portion ? Will you pray that you may be able to say with Ellen R., "God forbid that I should glory, *save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ ?*"

During the summer months Ellen and her parents had been much from home, or engaged with visitors at their own lovely and picturesque residence ; so that their family privacy had been much broken in upon, and in consequence their usual intelligent and scriptural conversation had suffered interruption. The society of her parents was prized by Ellen above all price ; it was therefore with no little delight she heard the *pros* and *cons* between her father and mother as to the acceptance of an invitation for the evening terminate—as far as her Mamma and herself were concerned—in a decided negative. When alone with her mamma she exclaimed—

'How very pleased I am, mamma, that you did not accept the invitation to spend the evening at Lady L's. While you and papa were discussing the matter, I sat trembling between hope and fear ; for although at her house we should have been sure to have met with *Chris-*

tian friends, yet, I shall enjoy a quiet evening with you a great deal more, especially after so many interruptions of late, of visiting and company.'

Mrs. R. 'I most entirely agree with you, love, that a quiet evening is of all things desirable, when we can secure it without departing from the apostle's injunction,—“Be courteous.” You know, my Ellen, that we owe duties to our friends as well as to ourselves, which we cannot neglect without laying ourselves open to the charge of selfishness and want of sociability, which it is the bounden duty of every Christian to avoid.'

Ellen. 'Oh, yes, mamma, I understand you, and hope I have no wish really to neglect those friends God hath given us; but there is something so very nice in the thought of having you a whole evening to myself, that I cannot but rejoice whenever, or however it happens. Only fancy, mamma dear, the comfort of being able to draw one's chairs and work-table to the fire and feel *alone*!—that I can ask questions and you answer them for three long hours without fear of interruption!'

Mrs. R. 'Well, my dear Ellen, if you have bargained for three hours' questions and answers, you must certainly have some special subject of interest to employ us with—Pray what is it?'

Ellen. 'Ah! mamma, I think you can guess, for you know in what I am so particularly interested.'

Mrs. R. 'I know many subjects in which I hope and believe you are interested: there is botany, astronomy, and history; your Sabbath-school children; and though last, not least, your poor women's class in the village.'

Ellen. 'Yes, mamma, 'tis true these are each deeply interesting to me, for each in their turn have afforded me much real pleasure, but it is not either one of these

to the discussion of which I do very earnestly desire to devote this evening, but that one on which papa and yourself are so frequently conversing,—I need not tell you that I mean the Pre-millennial Advent. I have, I hope, gained something from the various conversations I have listened to between you and him, and our friends at B——; but I have been longing for the opportunity of being alone with you, to propose my own questions, and hear your own replies and observations uninterruptedly.'

Mrs. R. 'I rejoice, dearest Ellen, to hear you confirm by your own words what I have long since thought—that the Second Advent *was* occupying that place in your thoughts, which its importance demands. It is a subject fraught with deep interest, but one I would by no means force on the attention of any young person; yet, I am always delighted when they show a desire to inquire into it. You may therefore be sure, my loved girl, that nothing will give me greater pleasure than to study God's word with you, and as far as I am able, explain difficulties, should any present themselves to your mind, on this glorious topic. But let us remember that the major portion of our difficulties are the result of little faith: our unceasing prayer should therefore be, "Lord, increase our faith."'

Ellen. 'Do you think then, mamma, that want of faith leads so many persons to question the truth of what is called the Pre-millennial Advent?'

Mrs. R. 'I cannot but feel, my child, that in a great measure it proceeds from want of faith; but there is also another cause,—and that is the prejudice of early education, which in many minds is most powerful. Indeed there is nothing more difficult to overcome on any subject—be it what it may—than prejudice; and

to persons of naturally contracted minds, the power to rise above it is great in the extreme : in some cases it is perhaps impossible, unless the mind be first enlightened and expanded. There is no new development of science, but has to contend with this hydra monster, and only those who have stood forward as the champions of intellectual progression can at all estimate the amount of hindrance it has thrown in the way. We may therefore be sure that it has not failed to play its part against the advance of divine knowledge, especially that connected with the *prophetic* word. Accordingly we find many true Christians turn away altogether from the investigation of prophecy—and why ? simply because they have been taught from their childhood, that the study is dangerous, and that it leads to many extravagant notions and fanciful interpretations, so that they really feel a kind of sacred horror against the bare thought of inquiring into it. But, my child, we have no right to entertain a prejudice against any part of God's word. All scripture is given for our instruction and edification ; and all the prophetic books were included in the sacred canon, when our Master, Jesus, said, " Search the Scriptures." It is therefore our duty to study every part with prayerful attention, breathing in all humility the devout aspiration, " Lord, what I know not, teach thou me."

Ellen. ' I cannot understand, mamma, how God's own believing people can neglect or read superficially any part of his most holy Word.'

Mrs. R. ' Ah ! dear Ellen, the very best of us are but imperfect creatures, and daily and hourly need to use David's prayer—" Teach me good judgment and knowledge." But now, here comes tea, after which I promise to hold myself in readiness for your questions.'

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE VIEW OF LANCASTER CASTLE AND
CHURCH, ON THE JUDGE'S ENTRANCE DAY.

SOFTLY upon the Castle walls
The parting light of evening falls ;
England's broad flag of pride and power,
Waves from the lofty central tower ;
Majestic—as in days of old,
When warrior knight, and yeoman bold,
A chivalrous and devoted band,
Waited their prince's high command—
Yet many a spring hath come and gone,
Since the third Edward's gallant son
On these embattled ramparts stood,
And gazed upon yon tranquil flood,—
Oh, many a change hath passed, but still,
O'er silvery bay and cloud-capped hill,
And o'er the Lune's broad chequered stream
The sun yet sheds his gladdening beam.

It hath endured still, still the same,
While generations went and came,
The same—though Lancaster's proud lord
Hath long since sheathed his blood-stained sword,
And called before a mightier throne,
Than earthly potentate may own,
For power and talents richly given
Hath rendered his account to heaven.

Wide, ample was his fair domain—
 Yon mountain range—that fertile plain
 The dark woods skirting yonder sea
 Were John of Gaunt's rich barony.
 But wild ambition asked for more—
 Yet prouder names his kindred bore,
 For kingly heritage he sighed,
 And through his fair Castilian bride,
 (The cruel Pedro's orphan child)
 He sought, by lust of power beguiled,
 To win the crown of gallant Spain,
 Sought long and anxiously in vain.

Hark—for from yonder wooded vale a trumpet's martial note,
 Like music's imitative chords, seems on the breeze to float,
 'Tis fancy—no—'tis louder still, and nearer—and again
 There breaks upon my listening ear that spirit-stirring strain.

Oh, doth some hardy foeman seek the Castle's lordly hall
 Or doth some ally and sworn friend answer the war-
 der's call ?

Doth some brave knight from Palestine's far distant
 battle-field,

Returning with unsullied fame and blood-stained lance
 and shield,

Claim from the lady of his heart the victor's fitting
 prize,

Or read approval—dearer far—in her rejoicing eyes ?—
 Nay—those proud days of chivalry are gone—for ever
 past,

Then wherefore sounds from yonder steep the trumpet's
 pealing blast ?

Alas—those ancient towers where dwelt the fair, the
 brave, the free,
 Where amid feats of arms was reared the heir of
 royalty,*
 Are now a prison, 'mid whose dim and fearful solitude,
 The sons of guilt o'er bygone scenes of crime and hor-
 ror brood.

The clarion's sounding note is heard within the
 prisoner's cell,
 Mournful it falls upon his ear as doth a funeral knell.
 It tells him that the Judge is nigh—the Judge he dreads
 to meet,
 In fancy even now he sees the solemn judgment-seat,
 In fancy hears himself arraigned for some atrocious deed,
 Alone—without a single friend his failing cause to
 plead—
 In fancy hears the sentence passed, and conscience
 silenced long,
 Speaks fearlessly and boldly now in accents wild and
 strong—
 "Give back the treasure thou hast robbed—give back
 the slain one's breath,
 Thou can'st not—tremble then, thou wretch—the wage
 of sin is death."

Quickly the day is waning now to twilights pensive hour,
 The sunbeam's glowing ray hath passed from turret
 and from tower,
 Yet like a bridge of gold it spans the broad and tranquil
 Lune,
 While in the far blue distant east riseth the gentle
 moon—

* Henry the Fourth, John of Gaunt's son.

How beautiful!—oh, who could deem hearts full of sin
 and care,
 And woe, and grief were beating here 'mid scenes so
 calm and fair!

Away, we leave thy terraced walk, thou prison stern
 and proud,
 Away—for in thy dungeon cells the strong one's might
 hath bowed,
 And the bright line of health hath passed from many a
 pallid face,
 Away from thee, thou castled home of sorrow and dis-
 grace.

We turn where yet another tower points upwards to
 the skies,
 And deeply solemn are the thoughts which in our minds
 arise—
 For he who soon must sit as Judge in yonder crowded
 hall,
 Will first, within this sacred house, before the Highest fall.

'Tis not, thou holy peaceful house, thou Temple of our
 God,
 'Tis not that kings and mighty ones thy sounding aisles
 have trod,
 'Tis not that many a tablet fair adorns thine ancient
 walls,
 Nor that through many a storied pane the fading sun-
 light falls.
 It is not this—not *this* which makes thine hallowed
 precincts seem
 More lovely than the fairy home of childhood's glowing
 dream,

More noble than those dark old towers which their long
 shadows cast,
 Grim vestiges of feudal times—dread relics of the past.

It is that here hath sounded forth “glad tidings of
 great joy,”
 News of a blessedness which knows no change and no
 alloy,
 News echoing through the vaulted roof of Christ,
 heaven’s mighty Lord,
 Of Christ the sinner’s righteousness—his end and his
 reward.

It is the name of Jesus gives such glory to this place,
 ’Tis that He hath been present here in power, and love,
 and grace,
 Here—listening to the orphan’s prayer and to the
 widow’s sigh,
 Here—every burden to unloose—and every tear to dry.

Not *every* tear—with gratitude his people well may
 weep,
 Not *every* tear—while those we love in yonder grave-
 yard sleep ;
 Not *every* tear—till we have passed death’s cold and
 surging flood,
 Not till our robes are pure and white, cleansed in his
 precious blood.

But every tear of sad remorse, and doubt, and dread,
 and woe,
 His gentle hand unseen hath wiped—hath smoothed
 each troubled brow,

When, standing in these crowded courts, our praises
 rose on high,
 Or kneeling we addressed to Him our solemn litany.

Proud castle—crumble if thou wilt beneath Time's iron
 hand,
 A mightier Lord than thou hast owned shall rule o'er
 sea and land,
 War's fierce array and crime unknown—we shall not
 need thee more,
 For our Immanuel—Prince of Peace—shall reign from
 shore to shore.

But thou—oh, sacred fabric, stand, till faith is lost in
 sight,
 Echo till then the joyful words of life, and truth, and
 light,
 Echo till then a Saviour's name—His invitation give,
 "Come unto me and be ye saved, hear and your souls
 shall live."

Echo—till piercing through yon walls and yon stern
 iron gate,
 The prisoner hears, and joys to know it is not yet too
 late,
 Echo—till those faint trumpet-notes are lost amid the
 roar,
 Of the seventh angel's sounding blast, when time shall
 be no more.

J. T.

CHAPTERS ON SCRIPTURE GEOGRAPHY.

No. IX.

RAAMAH AND HIS SONS—SHEBA AND DEDAN.

RAAMAH, in the Septuagint, is written Regmah. Like the other sons of Cush, Arabia seems to have been the earliest home of Raamah. A city, near the head of the Persian Gulf, called Regmah, is said to have been founded by him; and, lower down, we find another Arabian town, called *Reamah*, whose swarthy inhabitants consider themselves his descendants. But, though Arabia was the earliest seat of Raamah's territory, it was not the one which has immortalized his name. India, in its remotest times, appears to have been peopled by the descendants of Madai, the son of Japhet, the Sanskrit speaking people of Iran. Their worship seems to have been a pure one: they adored Bramah, the self-existent Spirit, revealed in a Trinity, expected the Incarnation of the second person in their Trinity, and kept the institutes of Noah, or, as they called him, Menu.* Of course, of these 'ancient things,' we can speak but vaguely, seeing them as we do through the mists of idolatry, tradition, and distance. But, there seems no doubt, that, at a very early period, these descendants of Japheth were invaded by the restless posterity of Ham. Their first conqueror was Raamah, or

* It is remarkable that the Arabians at this day distinguish Noah by the name of Nuh.

Ram, the son of Cush ; and, according to Sir William Jones (*Asiatic Researches*, Vol. I.) his capital was Oude, where he united in his own person, the office of Prophet and King. He has since become the favourite hero of that vast Peninsula ; his name is incorporated in the appellations of many of their cities, his praises are sung in their poems, and his worship was brought to Europe under the name of the Indian, or bearded Bacchus (literally Bar-Cush, the son of Cush) whose orgies were so dreadful, that the Romans were compelled to put a stop to them by a decree of the Senate. Raamah seems to have been a close imitator of his kinsman Nimrod, for he is usually represented as seated on a tiger's skin, to intimate his love of the chase : his stature is said to have been gigantic, and his warlike exploits wonderful. Whether Nimrod himself accompanied Raamah to India, is a doubtful point. He is evidently the Giant Bali, or Bel, the object of so much heathen romance, who is said to have been slain by Vishnou by the bursting of a pyramid ; an evident allusion to the tower of Babel. The promise of a deliverer from sin and sorrow was the *great promise* of the early world. Distorted into avatars, virgin-born heroes, children of the sun, &c., it still looms grandly in the distance of all ancient mythology. That Nimrod claimed to be that wonderful deliverer, seems evident, from the names and titles he assumed. The first syllable of his name, Nin, means, *the Son*, par excellence ; Nineveh, means the Son's habitation : his other name, Bel, is the secular title, Lord. (Faber's *Eight Dissertations*) Early, (and as it is the fashion to call it) fabulous history, represents Ninus as conquering India ; and, I see no reason to disbelieve the account, especially as Mr. Layard has very recently discovered an obelisk among

the remains of Nineveh, said to record the invasion of India by Ninus. Be this as it may, the *settled conquest* of this important country belongs to Raamah, as also, doubtless, the degrading idolatry common to all the descendants of Ham. This conquest also solves the difficulty of the apparently discrepant faith of the Hindoos, pure patriarchal theology on the one hand, and the grossest, most revolting idolatry on the other. This solution appears to me a more satisfactory one than the ingenious theory of Mr. Maurice, in his late interesting work on the Religions of the Heathen World, in which he seems to resolve Indian idolatry into the longing of the human mind after some more tangible doctrines, than those afforded by early Brahminical teaching. The idolatrous worship of the children of Ham was ever the same, wherever they settled.* Caverns, dark groves, and inaccessible temples, were always the congenial scenes in which the doctrines of darkness were unfolded—pyramidal buildings always parts of their system. Holy Scripture abounds with allusions to the horrid worship of the Canaanites, also descendants of Ham; and, we may apply its descriptions with perfect truth to the idolatry of India. Raamah extended his conquests to Ceylon, which, even at that early age, was inhabited, and his contests with giants in Lanki, as that island is called, are the subjects of some of the heroic poetry of India.

Raamah had two sons, who are called in Scripture Sheba and Dedan. Much difficulty arises in fixing the localities of the ancient Patriarchs, from the great simi-

* When in the course of the French war in Egypt, an Indian army in British pay landed there, and, ascending up the country, came before the old monuments of Upper Egypt, the soldiers prostrated themselves on the ground, believing that they had once more found the deities of their native land. The Egyptians were also descendants of Ham.

larity of many of their names ; and to none is the remark more applicable than to Sheba. Cush, Ham, Joktan, and Jokshan, all had sons bearing this name. Probably the two latter called their children after predecessors whose names had been rendered illustrious, or perhaps the children of Abraham conquered the descendants of Cush, settled in Arabia, and the conquerors took the names of the founders of the tribe,—a circumstance apparently not uncommon in the history of the Jewish settlements in Canaan. The only guides which we possess to point out to us, which of the different Shebas is intended in Scripture, is the connexion in which the name stands. When Sheba is associated with Edom, Moab and other tribes of *northern* Arabia, one of the Shemite chiefs must be intended ; but when the name occurs in conjunction with Raamah, and the connexion is a mercantile one, *that* Sheba must be a Hamite Patriarch. Thus in Ezek. xxvii. 22, merchants of Raamah and Sheba are spoken of, who traded in the markets of Tyre with spices, precious stones, and gold. So with Dedan who brought to Tyre (v. 15,) bones of ivory and ebony : these, doubtless, were the descendants of Raamah, who traded with India and Ceylon, and brought to the great mart of ancient commerce the productions of those countries. Mr. Forster in his *Historical Geography of Arabia*, has assumed that the queen of Sheba was a princess of the house of Joktan ; but as the Abbyssinians on the African side of the Red Sea, alike claim her as their queen, I must believe her to have been of the race of Ham, and see in this celebrated seeker after knowledge, who came with her gold and spices to Jerusalem, a gleam of light for the descendants of Cush :* an omen of the time when they of Saba and

* Mr. Forster supposes that the merchants trading to Ophir, brought

of Sheba shall bring gifts of greater value than gold and spices, the tribute of a broken spirit to Messiah, and hear the heavenly wisdom of Him who is greater than Solomon.

Dedan is supposed by most modern commentators to be Aden, our Eastern Gibraltar, as it has well been called,—a place yearly rising in importance, and perhaps destined to take a signal part in future history : for we read in Ezek. xxxviii. 13, that Sheba and Dedan co-operate with the young lions of Tarshish in an attempt to check the progress of Gog. In looking over the vast eastern dependencies of Britain, no Christian can suppose that they were given to us without a special object. May the trust be fulfilled by our beloved country ! In Hindoo mythology the age in which we live is styled the Caliyug, an æra of progressive misery and all-prevailing woe. It commenced, according to their historians, 1000 years before the Christian æra, and is to last 4000 years. It is to be closed by the last Avatar of Vishnu, when he comes triumphant, riding as a conqueror upon a white horse ! May it be the blessed privilege of England to show to the poor Hindoos the great remedy for their woe, and then when He whom they thus ignorantly worship shall indeed come with the armies of heaven, thousands of India's swarthy sons shall rise to bless the day when their country was committed to the fostering care of this distant Isle of the West.

X. Y. Z.

the fame of Solomon to the ears of the Queen of Sheba, and this supposition accords with the Scripture history of the transaction.

SEDUCTION OF PROTESTANT CHILDREN.

To the Editor of the Record.

‘SIR,—I think it is a service I am rendering to the Christian parents of Great Britain who send their children, particularly daughters, to be educated in Roman Catholic schools, to inform them of the following facts :

‘ In Paris there is a system of Jesuitical Propaganda at work, for converting to Romanism the English females, who have been sent to the boarding-schools of this city. The usual modes of Romish proceedings are pursued, namely, ridicule, flattery, and subterfuge. It is by the attractions of forms, luxury, and the arts, that their young minds are tempted ; and where these do not succeed, Protestantism is turned into all sorts of ridicule. I know some young persons who were proof against all such machinations, and yet who were made to believe that in Paris there were no Protestant clergymen or churches ; where there exist at least a dozen places of worship, French or English. I cannot enter into details, but confine myself to citing two facts : one, very recent, where three English persons in feeble health and of credulous minds, have been made Roman Catholics, whilst staying at a school ; and, another, some two or three years since ; twelve English girls were about to turn Romanists, when fortunately an English clergyman being apprized of it, came forward and rescued them from the danger.

‘How can parents be so indifferent about their children, as not to make inquiries among Protestant clergymen, whether there are not any Protestant schools to be found in this extensive capital of corruption! Let me inform them that the addresses of these clergymen are to be had at the Protestant library kept by M. Delay, No. 2, Rue Tronchet.

‘I implore all editors of English newspapers, who at all value religious truth, to publish this letter in their columns, and to give to it as much publicity as possible, and in case I should hereafter learn any facts of the same character I will communicate them to you, and also give you the names of the proselyters.

‘Pray accept the assurance of my Christian esteem.

‘N. ROUSSEL.’

57, Rue Vaugirard, Paris, July 1, 1847.

This letter, which ought to awaken the anxious caution of every Protestant parent sending their daughters abroad for education, appeared in the Record some weeks ago. It is a subject in which some readers of our Magazine may have a personal interest, not for their own children, for we do not think our pages circulate much amongst those who would think a good French pronunciation or a cheap education, sufficient reasons for exposing their children to the fearful perils of contact with Popery, but possibly for the children of near and dear friends. We therefore wrote to M. Roussel, requesting any farther particulars he might think well to publish with regard to the cases of seduction which have already come under his notice, and also the names of any sound Protestant establishments for education, which he could recommend to those parents, whose circumstances render it desirable to send

their children abroad. He kindly answered our letter at once, but his reply was delayed by the way, and was not in time for last month's number. He declines giving farther information respecting those establishments, which have abused the indolent confidence of English parents ; thinking, that the fear of future exposure in England held over them will be more efficacious than revelations of the past. With regard to our second inquiry, M. Roussel adds, ' I know personally four Protestant houses, where young ladies are received to be instructed and trained up in a Christian manner. Here is the list :—

' At Paris, Madame Deloffre, 15, Rue la Fayette.

' L'Institution Morave, address Dr. Jahr, 30, Rue Blanche.

' At Marseilles, Mesdames Juventin, Maitresses de Pension.

' At Orthès, Madame Reclus.

' I can recommend these four houses as truly Christian. There are, doubtless, other excellent establishments, but the heads of them not being known to me, I forbear to seek their names, without wishing, in the least, to imply, that they are inferior to those which I happen to know.'

We do earnestly press this subject on the attention of Christian parents. If any instance had occurred of English children being exposed to physical cruelty, or moral corruption in France, how general would be the outcry raised in England ; but, Popish seductions are slurred over as a matter of little moment, because parents do not see the imminent peril to which the souls of their children are exposed. They view a seduction to Popery rather as a change of name—an annoyance, indeed, which they had not calculated on as the result of a

foreign education, but no vital evil. They care not for the dishonour done to the Saviour by their own children, each time they call on the Virgin or the saints, as if he were unwilling to hear them ; they care not that their children are turned away from Christ, the only way of a sinner's salvation, to refuges of lies, penances, indulgences, and absolution from the hands of a sinner like themselves ; they know nothing of the moral dangers to which the confessional may expose their inexperienced youth. They are themselves only Protestants in name, and can, therefore, forgive their children for assuming the name of Roman Catholics. The heads of these Roman Catholic schools may have committed a gross breach of trust, in tampering with the faith of their pupils ; but, surely the greatest blame rests with parents, who could willingly expose their children to such danger.

We cannot conclude this notice of M. Roussel's letter, without again bringing before our readers his works for children, so admirably adapted for English schoolrooms. The tales in '*La Jeunesse Morale et Religieuse*,' are as clever as they are Christian ; and parents may well rejoice to have such a substitute for Voltaire, Madame de Genlis, and the other questionable books which are so often put into the hands of children during their French studies. Besides those we mentioned in a former Number, there are three thin octavo volumes, entitled, '*Scènes Bibliques*,' with sixty steel engravings, corresponding to them. All M. Roussel's works may be procured of Partridge and Oakey, London.

KATHLEEN OF MORA.—No. II.

"The field is wasted, the land mourneth. . . . The seed is rotten under their clods, the garner is laid desolate, the barns are broken down, for the corn is withered."—*JOEL*.

THE beauty of moonlight reposed upon the bay of Mora, and clothed rocks and mountains in shadowy beams ; but the still silence of night was not there. The red beacon-blaze of the bonfires was still mirrored in the calm waters near the promontory ; and, though midnight had long passed, joyous tones of music still mingled with sounds of laughter and merriment. Even the mute of Dunfeeny had caught the festive spirit of the scene to which he had wandered, and created much amusement by his arch imitations of the movements of the dancers.

Suddenly the general glee was checked by the appearance of the dark-browed Morony, standing upon a high rock close to the assembly. He had been roused into partial sobriety by the application of sea-water, and now stood up to vent the dark passions of his heart on those who had amused themselves at his expense. Waving his torch around his head, he demanded silence ; and, at length, his extravagant gestures, and the kind of awe in which he was held by the people, induced the musicians to pause, when he exclaimed, ' Children of Erris and Tyrawley, hear me ; here on the maring that parts yer baronies, I see the black shade of the year that's before ye. Sons of the misty mountains, soon will the staff

of Erin fail ye. Daughters of Glenullen, death is over you, like the strong eagle swooping over the tendther lamb. The foot of Croagh-na-mallen will be black with unburied dead. From Dunfeeny to Broadhaven, and round to Achill, half-living men will crawl down the rocks to gather the salt sea-weed, and earn a long slow death by the bitter cranagh. Ye sowed rotten seed, and ye think the earth will give back a good return : the naturals themselves might laugh at ye for the thought. I told ye so as ye sowed, an' ye laughed at ould Morony ; but, I bide my time, I bide my time. Ye sowed rottenness, and ye'll dig rottenness ; and then, ye'll lie down and strew the green fields wid yer bones. Many's the light foot that's dancin' here to-night, will wandher far and wide for the bit to keep life, and wont find it ; many's the eye that's bright as moonshine on the bay this blessed minute, will be shut in darkness, and covered in clay before the year's over : many's the heart that's now bating high and strong, will wither and pine, till it rests under the green sod. Ye laughed at me to-night, but it 'ill be my turn to laugh *then*. Drink on, boys, drink on ; I beg yer pardons for stoppin' ye, dance away, dance while ye can ; there's many of ye will be cowl'd and stiff when St. John's moon looks down on ye again.'

Morony paused, and flung his torch into the sea ; the pitch hissed and glimmered for a moment, and then disappeared. 'Look there, boys,' continued the famine-seer ; 'look there : so will the blaze of your joy go out in salt tears and darkness ; so will ye drop from this beautiful world ! Dance on, now, dance while ye can !'

With a fiendish look of exultation at the startled crowd, Morony withdrew. Shrewd and observant as he was, his predictions were usually the result of cal-

culations on probabilities : whenever these occurred, he blazoned forth his skill ; whenever they failed, he assigned some cause for the failure, or postponed the time of fulfilment, that his words might be forgotten. Thus, the natural superiority of his uncultivated mind enabled him to maintain an ascendancy, as fortune-teller, over the simple peasants, among whom he dwelt. In the present case, his anticipations of evil were shared by many. The sanguine and thoughtless crowd, it is true, shunned the idea of disappointment, which should involve general ruin ; but, the farming gentry dreaded the probability of a blighted crop being raised from blighted seed, and Morony's prognostications were only the cunningly-devised echo of opinions, which had often fallen from wiser lips than his own.

His departure left a momentary silence over the dancers : ' Do you think that truth is with him ? ' whispered Sidney Durkin to her nearest neighbour.

' Not a know I know,' replied Kathleen ; ' but if his *foira* (prophecies) were for good, we'd drink them in like new milk, an' they'd be as welcome as the summer ; and why would we misbelieve him now, only we don't like to believe that black days are afore us.'

' Amn't I the happy man this blessed night,' cried Martin Barret, ' amn't I the happy man to think my field got plenty of the holy water to keep off the bad luck. Any way, I'll make all sure ; I'll go to Father Luke tomorrow, till he puts his blessin' on another barrel for me.'

' An' so will I, and so will I,' echoed round the circle.

' An' I'll the same, boys,' said Pat Leonard ; ' but we'll lave the holy wather till tomorrow, and look after the *isky-na-vatha* (water of life) to-night. Come,

yer hearts are trod down to the ground with his heavy words. I'll give ye a song to rise them :—

“ What's potteen to me ?
Its' my father an' mother,
My sister an' brother,
My Sunday coat, for I have no other.”

‘ It's bad fun listenin' to songs about potteen, when we're come short of the rale thing itsel,' cried Neal the fishermen. ‘ It's myself that has the good stock of it, strong and mild, rale mountain dew. Patcheen, avie, take the boat, and bring it here. Be quick, boy, don't let the grass grow undher yer feet.’

The young fisherman disappeared down the cliffs, and unmoored his light skiff. As he rowed across the bay, he mused on the words of the famine seer, but as he drew near St. Michan's cave, he was startled by the noise of loud shouts, re-echoed by the rocky roof. At first, the idea of water-kelpies, or other supernatural beings, occurred to his simple mind, but second thoughts suggested that some of ‘ the boys’ had preceded him, and were helping themselves to his father's property. He hastened on, and soon the plash of his oars in the water became the sweetest music that ever gladdened the ears of Brian.

Standing on the highest ledge of rock that he could find, he could scarcely support the still inanimate form of his sister above the water ; and, in a very few minutes, the rising tide would have swept them both away, had not the fisherman providentially arrived. Little Patrick was much surprised at the rencontre ; but, from his knowledge of the coast, and of the spring-tides, he instantly comprehended the nature of the accident, and assisted Brian to place Mary in the boat. He then proceeded to a narrow recess in the rock, which had been

unobserved by the brother and sister, where old Neil had concealed the spirits above high water-mark, and securing his prize, returned with it to his father ; while Brian's heart overflowed with gratitude at his providential escape.

Old Neil's speculation was less profitable than it would have been in former years, because many of the dancers were now disciples of Father Mathew ; however, his customers were still sufficiently numerous to remunerate his nightly distillations on the rocky island.

The unwearied dancers continued their amusements until the red light of the dawning day kindled over the sea, and admonished them to disperse over coast and valley to their respective homes.

The road leading to Father Luke's house was thronged with passengers throughout St. John's day. The denunciations of the famine-seer had awakened all from their dreams of prosperity, and every villager was in motion, procuring quantities of holy water to sprinkle over the potatoe fields, and avert the coming evil. The process was not peculiar to the wilds of Mayo : throughout Ireland, more especially in the south and west, the priests followed the lucrative practice of blessing water as a charm against failure of crops, just as in the years 1843—5, they had blessed salt as a preservative against the diseases then present amongst the cattle. In both cases, some ignorant *nominal* Protestants shared the superstitions of the majority around them, and had recourse to priestly remedies. In one parish, Moyboulge, county Meath, 10,000 puncheons of water were blessed by Father M——y in the months from September to November, 1845.

When Father Luke had attended to all his parishioners, he granted the fishermen's request, and, seated in

Neil's boat, at the head of a little flotilla composed of all the boats in the neighbourhood, he proceeded to the middle of the bay, to bestow his blessing on its waters, and thereby ensure a good fishery. After landing his reverence again on the shore, the crews dispersed with sanguine hearts to spend the night fishing. Their exertions were crowned with success, and they returned laded with a large quantity of pilchards, mackerels, (caught by head-lines bated with sand-eels,) herrings, and other fish. According to custom, an auction was held upon the shore, which was crowded with peasants.

'Well, it's good interest we get on any money we pay for the blessin' of the clargy,' cried old Neil. Well, Morony, where's the famine you were speaking of, if the land fail us itsel', has'nt the wather plenty of food as fine as ever was caught?'

'It has,' replied Morony, 'an' bravely ye'll seek it when the sthrong winds of winther are ploughin' up the dark wathers, it's bravely your curragh will ride on the waves, when they're one minit as high as Croagh-na-mallen, and the next down far below Glenullen. It's bravely the arm worn by hunger, and pinched by cowld will pull agen winter's sthrong blast. No, no, there may be *gallioques* of fish beyant the bay, but on the shore will be men wake as children, and the raging sea between.'

'I'd rather meet two magpies any day than you, you croaking old sinner; my own fetch, if I met it, wouldn't betoken worse luck. Don't mind him, boys, buy up my fish. Here Andy Moran, Moira is thinkin' ye ought to make her a present to bring her father, it's soon ye'll be buying her ring for her, and here's a loch of herrings going chape, going, going, gone. Arrah, Thady, won't ye buy the fine say throu; it's as speckled as yoursel'

since the small-pox spoiled yer beauty ; you ought to buy it for the sake of the kindred that's betune you.' And so Neil rattled on, realizing a small sum of money, even at the trifling price at which he disposed of his commodities.

These peasants soon discovered that they had irrigated their fields with holy water, but in vain. On the 27th of July a blight passed over the neighbourhood of Glenullen, and by the 4th of August, there were very few potatoe-fields from Belmullet to Ballina which had escaped the fatal disease. With shuddering anticipations of the future, the poor sufferers beheld all their expected harvest converted into long ranges of black and withered stalks. Every method that could be suggested for saving the crop was adopted. Some dug up the half-grown roots, and packed them in air-tight pits, others piled them in loose heaps, through which the air had free access ; but in both processes all perished by gradual decay. Others despairing of being able to check the disease, left the greater part of their crop in the ground, and in such fields, many roots were found in the following year, small indeed in size as when the blight arrested their growth, yet fit for food. Then a new kind of potatoe-mill was invented, and by passing through sieves and boulders, the half-decayed roots were reduced to an insipid but wholesome flour. For some time too, the cattle lived upon the half-black, unsound potatoes, which emitted a sickening odour, almost intolerable. Disgusting as such food was, many poor creatures forced themselves to partake of it, from inability to procure other aliment, but it afflicted them with diseases, while cattle eat it with impunity ; and then " men's hearts failed them for fear, and for looking for those things which were coming on the earth." Inevi-

table famine flung its dark shadow before the path of even the most careless observer, and as each day brought the ghostly enemy more near, the extent of the calamity became more apparent, over-sweeping as it did, the resources of a nation.

‘It is impossible,’ said the Times ; and it only made audible the general opinion ; ‘it is impossible that a nation so prone to revolt should await with patience the dreadful sufferings which must shortly overwhelm it. There must be insurrections, public property will be wholly insecure, the populace maddened by hunger will rush forward, and take possession of flocks and herds, and attack the shops of victuallers ; bloodshed and riots must ensue, while interested demagogues will take advantage of a crisis so auspicious to their hopes, and foment the irritation of the sufferers into open rebellion.’

Such anticipations induced Government to send over considerable augmentation of the military force in Ireland. Many provincial towns which had been long strangers to the scarlet uniform, now received detachments of infantry regiments, while the usual stations were strengthened by additional troops. Dragoons, snatched from the brilliant festivities of London and Brighton, to keep an inglorious and hateful guard over a famishing peasantry, often wished that the Emerald Island could be placed under water for twenty-four hours ; a summary method of cutting the Gordian knot, and solving the difficult question, What is to become of the poor ? Military discomfort was also much increased by orders being issued, that no officer should obtain leave of absence under any pretext whatsoever, as outbreaks were daily expected in every direction.

Nor were these fears without some foundation : bread-

shops and flour-stores were attacked in some of the larger towns, and as mischievous idlers abound in every city, many of these perambulated the vicinity of Dublin and Kingstown, demanding money or bread ; but the annoyance which they produced was soon checked by additional patrols of mounted police.

Meantime, the only real sufferers, as yet, were the labouring classes of the South and West, who had subsisted wholly on the produce of their potatoe-fields, and now found their provision for the year perishing before their eyes, while even those who were fortunate to obtain labour, could not possibly support their families on the small pittance (six-pence a day,) which was then the winter wages of farm-labourers. For a time turnips and cabbage formed the principal articles of food ; but soon even these began to fail.

All Saints' Eve approached, but none of the villagers of Mora thought of practising the usual games of the Holy Eve. No maidens held broken mirrors in the moonlight, to discover how many years should elapse before marriage ; no youth gathered yarrow in fasting and silence, and with various ceremonies, in order that the land of dreams should discover the name of his future spouse. No apparel was washed at midnight in running streams, nor feasts laid out for the spectral apparition of a future partner for life.

On that mirthless Holy Eve, a young girl wearily bent her steps towards one of the neatest, white-washed cabins in Mora. Her slow step bespoke extreme fatigue, her drooping figure gave evidence of mental dejection, and few in that languid form could have recognized the bright-eyed, merry Kathleen.

As she entered her father's house, the children sprang to meet her. ' What did you get, Kathleen, dear,' they enquired, ' what did you get for us ?'

‘ I got what I could, the blessin’ of the Holy Virgin be on it. The meal is so dear now, I couldn’t get even two quarts for father’s day’s wages, ar’ what would that be among us all, so I axed the miller for a fine lock of meal-dust and we can mix the few turnips we have with it. It’s bad food for Christian people, but shure, it will keep away the gnawing hunger.’

‘ Well, for us to have that same, Kathleen, dear,’ said her mother, ‘ if the Lord only spares us to each other through the black days before us, we shall do well.’

‘ The Lord save us,’ said Kathleen, ‘ but I thought the sight would lave my eyes this mornin’. I was about two miles from Ballycastle, and what should I see but poor Biddy Tomash of our village. You know, mother, she had only the one small meal a day this fortnight back, and if she had that same every day, she’d have lived, but she hadn’t. An’ there she was lyin’ cowl’d and stiff on the road-side, as I passed by ; an’ she had sold her cloak and shawl to buy the bit, an’ had nothin’ but ould rags on. There’s going to be what they call a coroner’s inquest on her, to-morrow.’

The family were silent: the same fate seemed to await themselves. Kathleen began to prepare their wretched meal, putting a quart of mill-dust to every pint of oatmeal, and adding a few turnips. The youngest children were the only persons in the house who had partaken of nourishment on that day, and all sat down with pleasure to the unwholesome and unsavoury meal.

‘ Sure, it’s betther nor the black pratees any way,’ said the cheerful Kathleen. ‘ It has no smell that would make you turn from it.’

As she spoke, the widow Leonard entered the cabin

with the usual salutation, 'God save all here.' She exhibited no trace of that animation which had always cheered her labours with song: her brow was now clouded with care.

'And how are the times goin' wid you, Kathleen, dear?' she enquired.

'They're not so bad but they might be worse,' replied Kate, 'we have enough to keep off the hunger yet, praise be to God for the same.'

'It's not long I'll have that,' said the widow, 'I took leave of my cow last fair-day, and 'twill not be long before we eat the price of her,—and what 'ill become of us then?—I don't so much think of myself, but what will become of my Norah and Peter?'

S. O'MOORE.

THE HERDMAN OF TEKOA.

No. II.

Who can fail, in reading the Prophets, to be struck with the dignity and authority of their language! They might be men of low degree, even as Amos was a herdsman and a gatherer of sycamore-fruit, yet they tremble not when they stand before kings, and shrink not to rebuke the vices of the great. This was no haughty presumption on their part. God, as he said to Jeremiah, "had set them over the nations, and over the kingdoms, to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down, and to build, and to plant." They only realized their true position when they stood before earthly princes as ambassadors and representatives of the King of kings. Their high commission is not in like measure given us, but we are called on to partake of their spirit. If instead of fixing our eye exclusively on our own littleness, on our relative position in the eyes of others, we were to look upwards, and view our relation to the great King, and the duties which that relation imposes upon us,—what firmness and dignity would take the place of our too often vacillating and undecided conduct!

Let us now turn again to the controversy carried on between Amos and the people of Israel. The shield on which the Israelites strove to blunt every arrow of warning, was their fancied privilege as the chosen

people of God. This refuge of lies, the prophet, in the name of God, proceeds to wrest from them. "Hear the word that the Lord hath spoken against you, O children of Israel, against the whole family which I brought up from the land of Egypt.

"You only have I known,
Of all the families of the earth ;
Therefore will I punish you,
For all your iniquities."

Here was the boast, that they, and they only, of all the families of the earth were known of God ; the inference they drew from it was, that God would not punish them ; but here He tells them that for this reason he would punish them for all their iniquities. Other nations had sinned against their Creator and bountiful preserver, but Israel had exceeded them all in sinning against a God who had taken them into fellowship with himself ; who called Abraham his friend ; who condescended to know them as a man knows his friend. They had sinned against grace which chose them, rather than nations greater and mightier than they, even before all the families of the earth ; therefore their sin was very heinous, and could not be passed over. This verse is a solemn warning to the backsliding Christian. Perhaps unconsciously to himself, the freeness of Divine mercy has lulled him to sleep ; he feels he is safe in Christ, and has grown careless and indifferent. Oh let him remember that sin in him after so much mercy, is tenfold sin, and that God will not fail to visit it. That He who came to save his people *from* their sins will save none *in* them, and that it behoves those who have "fled for refuge to the hope set before them, to work out their own salvation with fear and trembling."

"Can two walk together

Except they be agreed ?
Will a lion roar in the forest
When he hath no prey ?
Will a young lion cry out of his den
If he have taken nothing ?
Can a bird fall in a snare upon the earth
Where no gin is for him ?
Shall one take up a snare from the earth
And have taken nothing at all ?
Shall a trumpet be blown in the city
And the people not be afraid ?
Shall there be evil in a city
And the Lord hath not done it ?
Surely the Lord God will do nothing,
But he revealeth his secret unto his servants the
prophets.
The lion hath roared—who will not fear ?
The Lord God hath spoken—who can but prophesy ?”

The word of God aims to enlighten and not to stifle man's reason ; it therefore not unfrequently teaches by questions in which man's own judgment is appealed to. “ I speak as to wise men, judge ye what I say.” It is thus that Amos teaches the Israelites. You say you are the chosen people of God, and you count on his presence as your protection, but tell me how can two walk together unless they be agreed ?—how can you walk with God while you break all his statutes ? You say all these threatenings are vain and idle, but tell me do the lion or the young lion roar for nought ?—much more is not the awful roar of God's threatening heard without a sufficient cause. You say it was a chance which happened to you, when judgments came ; but, will a bird fall into a snare, where there is no gin ? The

Lord prepared the judgment, or you would never have fallen into it. You hope it will prove a transient cloud ; but, shall a snare be taken up, and one have taken nothing at all ? God will not turn away your punishment till he have executed all his purpose. How unreasonable is your conduct ;—if a trumpet, the signal of alarm, were blown in the city, would not the people fear ? but no warning suffices to arouse you. Shall there be evil in the city, and the Lord hath not done it ? You know all things are under his rule, and yet you determinately shut your eyes, and will not see his hand in the judgments which have befallen you. From questions, the prophet then proceeds to direct affirmation :

‘ Surely the Lord will do nothing, &c.’

There is a remarkable analogy between this passage and the vision of the trumpets in Revelation. When six of the trumpets had been blown, the angel, with his right foot upon the sea, and his left foot on the earth, cried with a loud voice, as when a lion roareth, and afterwards the message came again to the Apostle, “ Thou must prophecy before many peoples, and nations, and tongues, and kings.” It was a time too, when God separated himself from his professing people, and the court without the temple was not to be measured. This vision throws light on the apparently unconnected questions of Amos. A trumpet blown is, we see, a signal of God’s wrath, and of coming judgment. The loud voice, as of a lion roaring, was the warning given at the Reformation by the preaching of God’s servants, as Amos of old said, “ The lion hath roared, who can but hear ? the Lord God hath spoken, who can but prophecy ?”

Still farther to humble the pride of the Israelites, who boasted of their privileges as the chosen people,

God now calls the heathen, whom they despised, the Philistines from the palaces of Ashdod, and the Egyptians from those of Egypt ; and invites them to assemble upon the mountains of Samaria, and behold the tumults and the oppressions that were in Israel. They were refractory when God reproved them : he will make the very heathen their judges.

“ For they know not to do right, saith the Lord,

Who store up violence and robbery in their palaces.”

They called them stores of gold and silver, of corn and wine, of fine garments, and of precious ointments ; but, God gives them another name : they were purchased by oppression, and he calls them stores of violence and robbery. Oh, Christian brethren ! let us take heed in this matter to have a conscience void of offence ; let us be parties in no scheme whatsoever by which the poor are oppressed : if there be but one piece of gold or silver in our purse wrung from them by a hard bargain, that piece is stamped by God with the mark of robbery and violence, and his blessing will never go along with it. An adversary was to surround Israel ; had there been one loophole of escape, they would have placed their confidence in it ; therefore, the adversary would be round about, and they would be compassed on every side. They fancied, in their proud folly, that their strength, though given them only by God, would enable them to contend with his judgments ; therefore, he says, their strength shall be brought down.

“ Thus saith the Lord,

As the shepherd taketh out of the mouth of the lion

Two legs or a piece of an ear,

So shall the children of Israel be taken out

That dwell in Samaria in the corner of a bed,

And in Damascus in a couch.”

How graphic are the descriptions of the shepherd-prophet : let us dwell a little on the picture here set before us.

Samaria was the royal city ; Damascus had been conquered by Jeroboam, and was now within the territories of Israel. This city, whose name has run like a thread through the whole course of history, from the time when Abraham pitched his tent there to our own days, has always been renowned for the pleasantness of its situation, in a fertile and well-watered plain. In these cities the princes of Israel dwelt in sumptuous palaces, reposing at ease on couches, or in the corner of the divân, the place of honour. But, enemies were to break through ; and, as a fierce lion breaks into a fold, snatches his defenceless prey, and devours it, leaving the terrified shepherd only two legs, or a piece of an ear, so complete would be their overthrow, so entire their helplessness, so utter their degradation. The altars of Bethel, the occasion of their sin, would be visited, and what would become of their ease and splendour : oh, hearken, ye children of luxury ! whose great thought is, how to devise for yourselves fresh means of indulgence.

F. S.

(To be continued.)

Literary Notices.

RELIGION AND POETRY, BEING SELECTIONS, SPIRITUAL AND MORAL, FROM THE POETICAL WORKS OF THE REV. R. MONTGOMERY. (*Nisbet.*) Few poets have elicited such very differing opinions from their contemporaries as Mr. R. Montgomery ; and to one who has not read any of his works, it might appear almost incomprehensible, how a poet could appear as a genius of the highest order to some judges, and to others a mere scribbler of bombast. The themes he has treated are not such as to gain the applause of the world ; yet it would not be just to ascribe all the condemnation he has met with, to his character as a Christian poet. He has undoubted energy of thought, vigour of expression, and rhythmical power. His great want is simplicity of feeling, and delicacy of taste ; and here his offences are so flagrant, that they give occasion to those who hate his doctrine to make him a butt of abuse, and make those who love the cause he advocates tremble, lest it should suffer in his hands. Would that some friend could send him the allegorical present of a pruning-knife, and beg its unsparing use upon all violent metaphors and high-flown expressions. Many beautiful and poetical thoughts will be found in this selection. It is prefaced by an interesting critical

ROMANISM AT ROME. BY THE HON. J. W. PERCY. (*Seeley.*) A collection of inscriptions taken down accurately from different churches in Rome, containing an account of the relics preserved in them, and the indulgences granted them by the Holy See. It is a picture of Popery at head-quarters, against which no Romanist can object. Let it be compared with the religion of the New Testament, and we shall be able to judge whether Popery be indeed the pure gospel of Christ, or that great falling away predicted by St. Paul.

MISSIONARY LABOURS IN BRITISH CHINA. BY THE REV. J. H. BERNAU. (*Shaw.*) This is a history of no common interest. It first introduces us to the natural wonders of a tropical climate, where beasts, birds, trees, fruits, and flowers, are all strange to the European eye: we are then shown the poor Indian, with his superstitious ceremonies, his drunken orgies, his thirst for revenge. The trials and the blighted hopes of former missionaries, are then delineated; and finally, we are cheered with good tidings, that a blessing from the Lord has, at length, descended upon the weary land. The accounts of Mr. Bernau's little congregation of the Indians at Bartica-grove, are such as might put to shame many a christian congregation in highly-favoured England. It is a narrative full of touching incidents.

THE BENEFITS OF CHRIST'S DEATH. BY AGNIO PALEARIO. (*Tract Society.*) This is a reprint of an old translation of Paleario's work, which was originally written in Italian. He flourished in the sixteenth century, and was one of those whom the Lord led to a saving knowledge of the truth, even before the light of the Reformation shone upon the nations. That there were many such, who, amidst surrounding darkness, rejoiced in the light of life, we cannot doubt. Some

were the Lord's hidden ones ; and of them, no record has come down to us ; but Paleario boldly proclaimed the truth, and finally suffered martyrdom for his adherence to it. This little book unequivocally sets forth the great doctrine of justification by faith, not by our own works. It was very popular in Italy : 40,000 copies are said to have been printed in six years ; and, as our readers may imagine, it did not fail of obtaining a place in the ' Index Expurgatorius.' No Italian copy is at present known to be extant. These memorials of God's past dealings with Italy claim especial attention at a time, when so many fresh openings are appearing for preaching once more in the Peninsula, truths that were once so eagerly received there.

We take this opportunity of bringing before our readers an interesting Italian publication, lately set on foot, ' L'Eco di Savonarola.' Savonarola was an Italian precursor of the Reformation, who, like Paleario, suffered martyrdom. ' L'Eco,' published monthly, consisting of articles supplied chiefly by Italian converts from Popery, will, it is hoped, serve to bring Gospel truth home in their native language to the many Italians resident in England, as well as to those still remaining in Italy,—many of these latter amidst surrounding darkness !

THE PROTESTANT.

THE British Protestant has now a far more arduous task than he formerly had, for courage has emboldened his enemy to advance with rapid, though still cautious, steps. The Catholic Emancipation Bill only passed after a contest of many years duration ; but now, each year witnesses some fresh and insidious advance towards Rome. These measures too are called for in the name of some high and benevolent principle, in order that those who oppose them may stand convicted of contending against the cause of humanity. When Maynooth was to be endowed, the spirit of charity and conciliation was invoked, and an appeal was made to the generosity of a great nation, to induce it to bestow help with no niggard hand, but in a manner worthy of itself. And now, that the question is the renewal of diplomatic relations with Rome, England is appealed to as the universal champion of liberty, the protector of the weak. The character of the Pope, as a spiritual potentate, is kept in the background, when Protestants are appealed to, and he is brought before us as the liberal Prince of the States of the Church, who, supported by British countenance, might carry on those salutary reforms which Austrian tyranny threatens to crush. It is a tempting and plausible snare ; yet, before we fall into it, let us ask ourselves one or two questions.

1st. If universal succour to the oppressed be the glorious motto of England, why did Queen Pomare appeal so

vainly to Britain for aid against Popish tyranny? Here was a people, who had special claims upon us; for their civilization was, under God, the fruit of British missions; yet they were suffered to fall a prey to the grossest injustice, and the British Lion was not roused to the rescue. 2dly. Can the Prince of the States of the Church stand on the same footing as the other lesser powers of Europe. They claim no authority in Britain, but he asserts the right of deposing her Sovereign, whose claim he does not acknowledge. He has a kingdom within her kingdom—alas! of late it has been a growing one—and, in any case of clashing interests, his subjects are taught to consider it their bounden duty to obey his orders as paramount to all others. Is it politic to strengthen this foreign kingdom by publicly acknowledging its head? Is it Christian to link ourselves yet more closely with Antichrist? Is it reasonable, as the day of her judgment draws near, to press forward as her allies, that we may receive of her plagues?

We will say no more on the events of the last few weeks; for, we are anxious to bring before our readers a paper, sent by a correspondent, personally unknown to us, the vigour of whose style can scarcely fail to interest and impress them. On one point only, in the paper of Lamed, we would desire to say a word.

Since the present Parliament are now the rulers appointed over us by God, we felt, in reading the remarks of Lamed, as if we ought to wait and see what their public actions are, before it becomes a christian duty to protest against their character. It is not easy to fix the right line of conduct, between Christian submission and deference to authority on the one side, and Christian faithfulness on the other. In avoiding the one danger, we may fall into the other. We know our

zealous correspondent will forgive us for this word of caution, while we earnestly invite the attention of our readers to his powerful and reasonable appeal.

AN ELECTIONEERING LESSON.

I knew before, full well, that the Bible was true, but the recent elections have brought this fact home to my heart, with all the power of a new lesson.

The Bible is true. Yes ; for it describes the soul of man as dead to spiritual and eternal things, and the parliamentary elections have proved it to be so. To insure the return of a favoured candidate, did not each man, whether a voter or not, manifest most clearly that he was alive, by showing an abundance of energy ? Look back at the conduct of many men during the exciting period when they were talking of, thinking of, engaging in, little else but what related to the all-absorbing topic. Do they act thus with regard to the things of eternity ? Look at these same men, now that the excitement has passed away, and they have returned to their ordinary occupations ; do we find them saying, each one to himself, ‘ Well, I must remember, that I have a far more important contest to engage in ; a much higher result to strive for ; I must endeavour to secure for myself a seat in the kingdom of God ? ’ Alas ! if we judge of men’s inward feelings by their outward actions, such cases are rare indeed. Look at men engaged in one single act of their lives—the public worship of God. Is their deportment that of pardoned criminals assembled before their forgiving Judge, and in the presence of Him who obtained their pardon for them ? Does the interest depicted on their countenances indicate their situation ? Does it even equal that which they displayed before the hustings ? No : the listless

air, the drowsy eyes, the vacant gaze, plainly say the heart is not engaged. And even in cases, where, for decency's sake, a correct demeanour is maintained, how often is it merely lip and knee service, for the thoughts and affections are set on other things, but God ! And, oh ! how many, who were busy and interested about the elections, are rarely, if ever, seen within the walls of the sanctuary ; thereby tacitly acknowledging that religion has no interest, no charms for them. The contrast is painful ; we draw the curtain, and acknowledge man *is* spiritually dead, and ask the divinely-authorized question, " What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul ? " Even the little band who have been spiritually quickened, and raised from death to life, feel and mourn over their deadness to unseen realities, and continually cry,

' How heavily our spirits go, to reach eternal joys ! '

Heirs of immortality ! give diligence to make your calling and election sure.

The Bible is true. Yes : for it tells us that the children of this world are, in their generation, wiser than the children of light ; and the parliamentary elections have proved that they are so. To insure the return of a favoured candidate, did not men of each party rise up early, and late take rest, sparing no pains, grudging no trouble, spending strength, time, money, in the cause ; talking to, appealing to, arguing with their fellow-men ; and, when these means failed, did they not too often resort to the unlawful weapons of bribery and intimidation ?—and all for what purpose ? To produce a result which, in a few months may, in a few years must, be struggled for again. Ah ! does the Christian follow so good an example ? It may be, in a few cases, but they are very few. Too generally he prefers his own ease to his Mas-

ter's service—his own good name to his Master's glory—his own comfort to the salvation of his fellow-creatures. Hence, he sits still, when he ought to be doing,—is silent, when he ought to be speaking. And how seldom does he try to allure by bribery, or frighten by intimidation, though such weapons would be fit and proper in *his* hands! Heavenly riches—endless pleasures—a crown—a kingdom—may be held up by him to the admiring gaze of men, if they will but turn from their sins to God. He may threaten eternal death both to body and soul—an abode in the regions of never-ending and unmingled despair—to all who refuse to repent. Knowing the terrors of the Lord, he should persuade men, but does not. Let him now learn a lesson from the men of this world. The politician takes men with him to the booth; but the Christian goes alone to Christ, and says not, 'Come thou with me.' The politician is not ashamed of his badge; but the Christian too often is, and sometimes is even disposed to lay aside his armour, lest, by its bright shining, he should be known to be a soldier in the army of the living God. The politician desists not from his work, when he meets with a little hissing and hooting, but rather glories in it; but the Christian shrinks from the finger of scorn pointed at him, and draws back before the laugh of mockery raised against him; forgetting that it is an honour for the disciple to be as his Master. Yet, how incomparably greater is the object of the latter than of the former!—even to snatch souls as brands from the burning. A soul saved, is saved *for ever*; a soul lost, is lost *for ever*.

Servants of God! ye must work the works of Him that sent you, while it is day, for the night cometh wherein no man can work,

The Bible is true. Yes: for it teaches us that men have no fear of God before their eyes; and the parliamentary elections have proved that they have none. When Moses was advised by his father-in-law to look out men to rule the people under him, Jethro directed him to choose "such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness." Does the character of the majority of the newly-elected Members of Parliament answer to this description? Are not some the open and avowed deniers of the Divinity of our Lord? Are not some idolators, while they practically deny the Great God, even our Saviour, by placing a woman in authority over him? Are not some, Sabbath-breakers, swearers, profaners of the Name that is above every name, despisers of God's will, rejectors of his authority? Are not some ambitious, place-seeking men, quite forgetful of the responsibility they incur? Are not the outwardly religious comparatively few? Are not the men after God's own heart, the men of prayer and faith, the men of vital heart-religion, fewer still? If such be the component parts of an assembly chosen expressly to represent the nation, what must that nation be?

What folly did it appear to many to make religion a chief and prominent matter in a parliamentary contest, yea, even to bring it forward at all. Religion at the hustings was quite out of place; nay, it was such an unimportant matter, that it should not be brought to bear at all in the struggle, nor should any elector suffer himself to be influenced by religious considerations. Free trade, protection, navigation laws, game laws, taxes, &c., these were things of weighty moment, and big with important consequences to the nation. Compared with his opinion on these matters, it was a light thing whether a candidate believed in a God or not;

and if he believed, whether he worshipped him or not ; and if he worshipped him, whether it were according to the rites of Judaism, Socinianism, Popery, or Protestantism ; yea, I may add, it was counted a matter of no consequence whether he was a man of common morality or not. If he agreed with his constituents politically, it was a matter of indifference to the majority of them whether he would support blasphemous idolatries or discountenance them ; whether he would promote the observance of the Sabbath, or discourage it ; whether he would grant the people scriptural instruction, or deprive them of it ; and whether he would advise his Sovereign to break her coronation oath, or warn her of the consequences of doing so.

O England ! England ! thou art indeed gone away backward, thou hast departed from thy God. Yet return to him from whom thou hast greatly revolted ; for though thou hast destroyed thyself, yet in him is thy help found.

The Bible is true. Yes, for it instructs us that man is by nature totally unable to comprehend or to discern the things of the Spirit of God, and the recent elections have proved it. The practical belief then manifested that all religions are alike ; the avowed belief (for this was actually asserted) that it is *impossible* for man to find out “ the truth ;” the declaration that because all men are not agreed on the subject of religion, therefore a faith, which for three centuries has been professed by the English Church and State, must be departed from and discouraged, and a faith which for three centuries has been denounced by the English Church and State must be favored and encouraged, gross though the inconsistency be ;—all these things attest the truth of the Divine word, and evidence the

short-sightedness of man. O how different is the course which the humble Christian pursues ! With his Bible in his hand, and prayer in his heart, he searches into the will of God, and enquires into the mind of the Spirit : and he finds the promise true, " they that seek shall find." Yes, if we knock at wisdom's door it **shall** be opened, and her treasures unfolded to our view. God has said, " I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way in which thou shouldest go."

But equally was this truth manifested in the deplorable ignorance then displayed as to the true source and spring of national prosperity. If certain measures were carried, and certain men returned, it was thought by each party that all things would go right again, trade would flourish, commerce be extended, riches flow in, and happiness and honour follow in the train. But amid all, God was forgotten, no allowance was made for the bestowal or withdrawal of God's blessing, there was no reference to his will, and no remembrance of his power. They thought not of Him who sitteth in the heavens, laughing to scorn the counsels of the wise men of the earth, and having in derision the plans of the mighty ones of this world. They thought not of the Israelites, of their conduct towards God, of God's dealings with them, they took not warning by their history, though it was written for our admonition. No, they thought scorn of the help afforded them in God's word ;—the Bible had nothing to do with statesmen and rulers, the Bible was the book for the clergy ; their business was with foreign alliances, and treaties, and wars, and domestic government, and in such things alone they need concern themselves. Ah, they saw not the misery which their unbelief and ungodliness are bringing on their country, and the wrath which (if they

repent not) they are treasuring up for themselves ; for their eyes are thickly blinded by the prince of darkness. O my country ! dost thou not hear the lingering sounds of Judah's knell yet echoing in thy ears : " If thou wilt walk contrary unto me, I also will walk contrary to you, in anger and in fury, and I will punish you seven times for your sins ? " O that thy sons would learn the close connection between sin and sorrow, duty and prosperity. O that my voice could warn every Englishman, no longer to trust in men and measures, but in the living God ;—no longer to lean on an arm of flesh, but on the mighty strength of Jehovah ;—no longer to follow the counsels of Abithophel, when he has begun to fight against the Lord's Anointed. Think, O my countrymen ! what dreadful words those would be !—" England is joined to idols, let her alone." By the late famine, and by the present plenty, God has shewn us that he has not yet forsaken us. He still lingers about us ; his mercy hovers over us ; he is slow in taking vengeance ; he waits for our return. O let us return to our God, to our prosperity ; our duty ; let us cleave to the Lord, and put every idol away from the midst of us ; let us keep the commandments of the Lord, " Cease to do evil, and learn to do well ;—then shall our land yield her increase, and God, even our own God, shall give us his blessing."

LAMBD.

THE
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THE TREASURES OF WISDOM.

No. XV.

THERE is a strong tendency, in the present day, to magnify the discoveries of human science. And certainly it is not surprising that such feelings should prevail, even in the heart of the Christian, or that they should degenerate into vain boasting in the lips of worldly men. When we contrast its actual progress with its infancy in former ages, the busy activity of scientific research, with long intervals, in former time, of sluggish indolence, the difference may well be thought immense and wonderful. Yet, amidst the sounds of exultation, we must remember how vast a range is still before us, unknown and almost unexplored. To borrow the words of Newton, the greatest of modern discoverers, we are only children, gathering up a few pebbles on the shore of a wide ocean of truth. To be proud of our attainments would be one of the plainest signs of

continued ignorance and blindness ; for " if any man think that he knoweth anything, he knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know."

The true antidote for this dangerous and epidemical disease, the pride of science, consists in fixing the eye stedfastly on our risen Lord. We are sure that in His bosom there lie hidden all the treasures of natural, as well as spiritual knowledge, deeper and more vast, by infinite degrees, than modern science has ever explored. But He, who owns all these varied and infinite treasures, and whose birthright they are, is meek and lowly in heart. No thought of pride mingles with His clear and full insight into these mysteries of the universe. Our science, with all its vaunted triumphs, is only a drop from that ocean-fulness of truth which He treasures, like the waters of the natural ocean, in the hollow of His hand, and comprehends in the balances of His unsearchable wisdom. To look on it in this light is an effectual remedy for human self-conceit. All Natural Philosophy will thus receive a purifying influence, a lustration from the river of life, to cleanse away the moral pollution brought on it by the pride of scorers, and to render it a worthy offering for the golden incense-altar in heaven.

A few glimpses of these hidden treasures have now been gained from the various fields of human science. We have endeavoured to contemplate the wisdom of our Lord, as the Supreme and Perfect Geometer, and in every other domain of the works of nature, ending with the higher mysteries of animal life. We have seen that this wisdom becomes still more mysterious and unfathomable, when we consider the new purpose of the lower creation, since the fall of man, to supply images and memorials of corruption and decay ; and being thus

made subject to vanity through the sin of Adam, to minister to the great purpose of redeeming mercy. It remains, finally, to trace the same truth in the light of the coming redemption, and to see the deep wisdom of our Lord, as it will be displayed by all the lower creation, in the restitution of all things, when He that sitteth on the throne shall say—"Behold, I make all things new !"

Let us dwell, for a moment, on the case of a human sculptor, who designs to execute some beautiful work of art. A rude and shapeless block of marble is placed under his hands. Stroke after stroke of the chisel is spent upon it ; and, at length, some general outline of a human form becomes visible. Then the care of the artist is increased. Every stroke of the chisel is now aimed with exact foresight, and with a view to the precise effect which is to follow. The features, the drapery, gradually reveal themselves, answering the original idea of the artist, and the model of human beauty which he had conceived in his mind from the beginning. We admire the grace and beauty of the perfect figure ; but scarcely less, the wisdom which has guided ten thousand delicate touches of the sculptor's tool, so as to co-operate in producing such a noble triumph of skill, taste, and imitative or creative power. What a knowledge is implied of the nature of the material, the power of every tool, the effect of every stroke, the intellectual influence of every delicate shade in the contour and expression of the human countenance ! The marble seems almost to be alive with beauty ; but the soul which animates it is the soul of the artist, and not its own.

Let us rise still higher, and reflect once again on the birth-week of creation. How dark and gloomy the abyss of waters must have appeared, when the Divine

fiat was given. God said, "Let there be light, and there was light!" What created wisdom would have anticipated the form and outline of the finished creation from that rude waste of waters, where all was mixed in confusion and darkness? But the Spirit of God moved on the face of the deep. At every step of the whole change, the Divine Architect had in view the finished creation, as it revealed itself on the eve of the first Sabbath, when he beheld all that He had made; "and lo, it was very good." This Divine idea was present, in the work of each earlier day, and moulded every part of the whole system of the universe. The bed of the sea, the ridges of the land, were ordained with a reference to the future dwelling of the tribes of mankind. The clouds of the upper firmament were disposed, from the first, so as to secure the dews that might water Paradise, and nourish its lovely flowers into perfect beauty. The trees and plants of the third day were distributed by the Great Husbandman with a continual foresight of the final issue, whether in the beautiful variety of herb, tree, fruit, and flower, that adorned the hills and valleys of Eden, or in the thorns and thistles, prepared against the hour of sin and punishment. There was prospective wisdom in every change, and a full adaptation to hidden purposes, which the work gradually revealed, as it advanced towards perfection. And when once man was created, and planted in the garden of Paradise, every part of the whole work seemed at once to receive its interpretation, and the unity and perfection of design shone out brightly to view. Nothing was seen to be in vain, from the first beaming of the light and parting of the waters, to the last form of animal life that was fashioned before the birth of man.

Now this double analogy will apply, only on a wider

and nobler scale, to that new creation, which is revealed to us in the word of God, the glorious hope held out continually to a fallen universe. The creatures of God are now made subject to vanity, and hence it is only a very small part of the wisdom they really indicate, that can be seen in our present state, or until the curse is removed. All is merely the embryo of a more perfect birth, the dim shadow of a vision of Divine beauty that must shortly be revealed.

Ten thousand years of sorrow have well nigh
Fulfilled their tardy and disastrous course
Over a sinful world, and what remains
Of this tempestuous state of human things
Is merely as the working of a sea
Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest.
For He whose air the winds are, and the clouds
The dust that waits upon His sultry march
Shall visit earth in mercy, shall descend
Propitious in His chariot paved with love,
And what His storms have blasted and defaced
For man's revolt, shall with a smile repair.

The figures used in the word of God, to describe that future state of earthly blessedness, are of surpassing beauty. "The earth shall then bring forth her increase, and God, even our own God, shall give us His blessing. The Lord shall comfort Zion : He will comfort all her waste places. He will make her wilderness as Eden, and her desert as the garden of the Lord : joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody. Then shall the virgin rejoice in the dance, the young men and the old together, . . . and their soul shall be as a watered garden, and they shall not sorrow any more at all." Every image of beauty is combined in the descriptions of this promised restitution, in which the creatures shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

An assured hope of this future restitution will raise our minds to the fullest view of our Lord's hidden wisdom, in all the course of natural providence, and the ordinances of the material world. As every stroke of the sculptor's chisel prepares the extrication of the perfect statue, and as even the ripple of every wave in the depths of the primitive chaos was a step towards the finished creation, as it appeared in beauty on the first Sabbath ; so all the changes which science has explained, or observed without the power to explain them, through six thousand years, will be found to have prepared the way for the fulfilment of the promised glory. When once it arrives, the curse will be fully removed ; and every part of the lower world, released from that heavy burden, will rise up, as in the buoyancy of recovered youth, to obey the voice of the Redeemer, and proclaim the triumph of His wisdom and love.

The truths of mathematics claimed the first place in our inquiry. However great the progress in this branch of science, in that day its meaning will be far more plainly revealed. Our present discoveries may then appear like the feeble sports of infancy, compared with the depth and variety of those properties of number and space and force, which may then be laid open to the maturer reason of mankind. But they will then have learned also, from these truths, a still deeper lesson. Instead of groping in unbelief, and questioning all that lies beyond the range of their senses, they will see, in mathematical science, a mirror to reflect the higher certainties of the moral and spiritual world—truths which unite the Creator and the creature, virtue and happiness, the probation of this life, and the solemn destinies of the life to come. Nay more, these laws of natural science, which have girdled the visible universe

for ages, will serve to manifest the wisdom of that Supreme Geometer, who has made every region of space and every hour of time, every development of physical force, and all those higher laws of moral truth, of which these are only dim counterparts, co-operate in the glorious issue, on which a ransomed universe shall gaze with wonder and perpetual delight.

The lessons of astronomy, and the wisdom of Him who ordained its laws and changes, will then be manifested, more fully, in that kingdom of our Lord. The course of day and night, the rising and setting of the stars, the revolutions of the planets, the influences of the Pleiades, and all the mysterious powers of universal attraction, moulding the course of every atom in the sunbeam, as well as of worlds in space, will all be seen to have worked out the grand result which the eye of the Saviour contemplated from the beginning. "Then shall the light of the moon be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold, as the light of seven days, in the day when the Lord bindeth up the breach of his people, and healeth the stroke of their wound."

The stars in their courses will be seen to have fought with secret and silent efficacy, against all the enemies of the Lord. The heavens will be seen to have declared His glory, and to have seconded the message of the Gospel, with a perpetual testimony to the power, the glory, and the goodness of the Almighty. Our little world, shut in for long ages by myriads of brighter worlds that stud its firmament, and seem to gaze upon it with quiet wonder, will then be seen to have been ripening, under their ceaseless influence, for the promised consummation, the Sabbath of its rest. Whether as the registrars of time and seasons, the remembrancers

of the Divine greatness, the ministers of Divine bounty, or the awakeners of the conscience and heart of men to solemn reflection and devout humility, they will be seen to have fulfilled, in every age, one unbroken and unfailing counsel of mercy, which will then at length have triumphed over the obduracy and blindness of a fallen world.

We might trace the same thought, in connexion with every further branch of human science. It reveals brightly the wisdom of our Lord, when we view it simply in itself in the perfect knowledge of its actual laws, and their immediate adaptation to the present wants of the sensitive and rational creation, and the practical harmony of the lower universe. But it displays the same wisdom, or a still more wonderful light, when we consider its further connexion with the final issue, and behold it, with the eye of faith, as a step, arranged with unfailing and unsearchable skill, towards the accomplishment of the full redemption of the earth. When that day of glory shall dawn at length upon the Church of God, what countless mysteries of His own wisdom, our Lord will have to reveal to the astonished eye of His people ! He who said to his disciples,—“ Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost ; ” will be seen to have perfectly satisfied the spirit of His own commandment. No fragment of His providence, in former ages, will be found to have been lost. All will have concurred in the vast scheme of Divine mercy. Not in vain will the Lord have numbered the very hairs on the head of each of his children. Not in vain will one grain have been left in the depths of the ocean, or one flower have blushed in vain, and wasted its sweet odour on the air of the desert. That voice, once uttered to the disciples in all the simplicity of love, will be

found pregnant with all the depths of the most mysterious wisdom. 'Let nothing be lost,' will be the voice, uttered once more to the whole universe of God. And every creature will awake at its bidding, and make answer,—'Here I am, for thou didst call me.' Every thing will be seen to have worked out its own part in the mighty drama, so as to contribute, in some way or other, to the perfect consummation which God had promised. Eye has not seen its beauty ; the ear has never caught the sound of its Divine harmony ; the heart of man has never followed its depths of Divine joy and pleasure, reserved for the children of God. But this we know and are sure, that all the works of God, through past ages, will be found to have contributed their part to this mighty banquet of love. The immortal spirit will move backward, with the wings of memory, over past ages of time ; and trace every where, and in every field of nature, the footprints of a Saviour's foreseeing wisdom, of a Saviour's all-controlling love. Nothing shall be lost. From the flowers that bloomed in Paradise, and the thistles that sprang up amidst the first desolation of the fall, and the trees of the wood that rejoice, and the floods that clap their hands with exulting hope, at the signs of the Redeemer's appearing, all will minister to the great design, and yield some element of new depth to the counsels of Divine wisdom, of new joy and delight to the blessed heirs of immortality. Every one among the multitudes of the redeemed, will then look back, like the great Apostle, to review the whole course of these mysterious counsels, in the wide fields of natural philosophy, of all-seeing Providence, and redeeming grace, and will then utter its emotions in that ascription of heartfelt praise—
"O the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and

knowledge of God ! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out ! For who hath known the mind of the Lord, or who hath been His counsellor ? or who hath first given to Him, and it shall be recompensed to him again ? For of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things, to whom be glory for ever. Amen."

T. R. B.

THE JESUIT MONARCHY.

IF we examine the Institute of the Jesuits, we shall find it directly opposed to every national interest, and to all individual freedom : It is a scheme of consummate policy for erecting one vast tyrannical monarchy, spiritual in pretension, but intended to monopolize all power civil and divine. For this end, in its wider circuit, the Society of Jesuits can embrace persons of all classes, laymen and ecclesiastics, married, and single, men of all nations, and even of all religions. The following fact is recorded by M. de Vallory, the ambassador of France in Prussia, who received it himself from a person of the first distinction in that state. 'This Prussian nobleman one day invited his friend, an opulent trader of Hamburgh, who was a Lutheran, to become like himself a Freemason. The trader wished first to be informed upon the nature of Masonry. The Prussian assured him that nothing would take place which he would have occasion to regret, although it was necessary to engage by oath, for an inviolable secrecy with respect to whatever might be communicated. Upon this, the trader replied, that he could not become a Freemason, because he should be unavoidably under the necessity of communicating the secret ; that indeed it was only a single individual who was in question, but that he could keep no secret from him. Being strongly pressed as to who this person might be, who was not his confessor, for he was a Protestant, nor his

wife, for he was unmarried, he was at length compelled to acknowledge to his friend, that he was a Jesuit ; that he had taken the vow of obedience, and that he was obliged to keep no secret from the superior Jesuit of the district. The Prussian, in much astonishment, enquired how the character of a Jesuit could harmonise with the profession of a Protestant. 'That makes no difference,' said the trader, 'they agree perfectly well together.'—'But to what purpose are you a Jesuit ?' said the Prussian. 'It is of the greatest advantage to me,' replied the trader, 'because the circumstance of my being a Jesuit has been the means of my having a correspondence with all parts of the universe, which has forwarded my commercial pursuits.'*

It is easy to see of what use to the order this large class of outer-court Jesuits must be, diffused among all ranks and orders of society, able to render so many services which acknowledged Jesuits, professed ecclesiastics could not perform, yet bound by the same iron chain of obedience, and induced by motives the most various, to act the part of eyes and hands to the great ruling power at Rome. The Jesuits have counted among their number, Emperors, Kings, Bishops, and it is believed even Popes, by whom, as holders of strings in a puppet-show, they could move the destiny of the world. Thus in the seventeenth century, a General of the Jesuits had no difficulty in observing, that 'from his closet he governed not only Paris, but China ; and not only China, but the world, without any one knowing how it was done.'

To secure the unlimited power they coveted, it was clear that Jesuits must be exempt from all ordinary ju-

* History of the Jesuits, vol. ii. p. 190.

risdiction ; this privilege the Popes, deluded by their fourth vow of obedience, granted them. Their obedience was due to God and the pope alone.* It is thus one of their fundamental maxims, that ‘ the Society, its Houses, its Members, and its property, are independant, not only of all superiority, correction, and jurisdiction of ordinaries, but of every other person ; whether on the subject of crimes, contracts, or possessions, and this wherever the crimes may have been committed, the contracts made, or the property exist.† Another maxim is, that the General has the right of deciding on all affairs which concern the property of the society, or the agreements which may have been made ; to summon contesting parties before him ; to pronounce judicially upon the case, without legal forms, and that no power whatever shall reverse or oppose such decision.‡

A third maxim is, that the property of the Society owes no subsidy to kings, emperors, or other sovereigns, even for the defence of the country ; and that secular powers cannot demand taxes of the Jesuits, or oblige them to pay any.§

A fourth maxim, supported by one of their authorities is, that the Jesuits in their character of clerks, cease to be the subjects of any particular sovereign ; and that for this reason they may kill kings, and even their own king, without being guilty of high treason.||

With regard to their obedience to the Pope, it appears so unconditional, as to leave no escape, but it would be as easy to bind Leviathan, as the order of Jesuits ;—a few significant examples selected from a vast

* *Soli Domino, atque Romano Pontifici ejus in terris Vicario servire.*
Bull of Paul III. 1540. † *COMPENDIUM. Art. Exemptio.*

‡ Bull of Gregory XIII. 1582. § Bulls of 1549, 1561.

|| Aphorisms of Emmanuel Sa, a Portuguese Jesuit. *Verbo Clerici.*

number, will show the extent of their Papal obedience. Clement VIII, was very anxious for the reform of the Institute, both as respected its false doctrine and its despotic government. The doctrine of the Jesuit Molina was a source of considerable disquietude to him. In order to deter him from condemning their mischievous doctrines, they maintained the following proposition in Spain as a Thesis. 'It is not proved that such and such a Pope, for instance Clement VIII, is a lawful Pope.' The restless spirit of intrigue evinced by the Jesuits, and the disturbances which they excited in all parts, induced this Pope to declare that he was so exhausted and disgusted by their perverse conduct, that he feared he should lose his mind. Paul V., renewed the affair of the Jesuit Molina. The General in the name of the whole company, carried his effrontery so far, as to present a most offensive memorial to the Pope, the object of which was at once to insult and to intimidate him. 'If your holiness, (said he to him) put this affront upon the society, (namely, the condemnation of its pernicious doctrine,) I will not answer that ten thousand Jesuits will not take up their pens to attack your Bull by writings injurious to the Holy See.*' Urban VIII., issued strict prohibitions to the Jesuit Missionaries, not to engage in commerce, to which they were so far from submitting, that they obliged Clement IX, Clement X, and Clement XI, to renew the same laws, and with precisely the same success. Urban VIII. might as well have kept his Bull to himself. The Jesuits so long as they exist, will be merchants and traders in spite of him. But this Society, bound by no human laws, will at least yield submission to the law of God. Doubtless—but then it must be interpreted by Jesuit casuists, and in their hands there will be no dan-

ger of its interfering with the projects of the society. On the contrary it will give them the fullest liberty to break any oath they may have made, contrary to that all-governing principle, the greater benefit of the Society ; and to kill any man who shall have dared to calumniate it. But we must defer for the present the consideration of their morality, suffice it to say, it contributed not a little to the success of their ambitious projects, for it was of a character so extremely convenient to corrupt members of the higher classes, whose favour was necessary to the society, that these for the peace of their consciences, found nothing so effectual as to secure the service of a Jesuit confessor.

Wealth has been called the sinews of empire ; it was, therefore, clearly necessary that the order of Jesuits should be wealthy, how otherwise could they support armies, distribute large sums amongst the conclave of Cardinals—a system notoriously pursued by them—conciliate political powers, purchase friends, silence enemies, and influence suffrages. On the other hand, poverty has a moral influence, which might be turned to the best account, and must not be lost. To combine the advantages of the two, required all the subtlety of the Jesuit Institute ; nor is it easy in a short sketch to exhibit its chicanery. The Jesuits were divided into four classes ; the Novices, or first class, remaining, after they had finished their probation and taken the vows, as Jesuits indeterminate, till it should please the General to signify in which of the three following classes they should be placed. Their vows bound them to poverty ; but, by a mental reservation, only implied, that they should be willing to resign their inheritance when the General saw fit ; they might retain it, and even succeed to all the property of their relatives, until

they became coadjutors or professors of all four vows. This, of course, the General, in whose power alone it rested, took care they should not do, while they had any hopes of inheritance. With regard to the revenues of their estates, they are taught to dispose of nothing as their own absolute property, and only to act *as becomes the religious*, an expression not difficult to understand. The second class are the scholars. The colleges of the Society are ostensibly the proprietors of its enormous riches. The coadjutors and the professors of all the vows, who complete the third and fourth classes, must be poor, absolutely poor ; they may receive nothing for the religious services they perform ; they may enjoy no revenues ; they are bound individually and collectively to depend on God alone for subsistence, in full confidence that he will find means, notwithstanding this want of all resources to provide for them. They can appropriate no part of the revenues of the colleges to their own use. How touching and edifying this example of humility ! what pious Romanist can resist its influence ?—The colleges are differently circumstanced ; they are houses of learning, and require endowment—endowment on a liberal scale, the richest benefices, the largest legacies. But now comes the inquiry ; how do these poor professed Jesuits live, and live too so richly, for, they are never seen to beg ; and we shall not suspect that their supplies fall direct from heaven ? Oh, no ! this is not needful ; for, though the professed Jesuits can derive no assistance from the funds of the colleges, yet those funds may be applied to the wants of those of them who *may be* useful to the Colleges : that is, in point of fact, to one and all. Although they cannot receive any alms for their masses, confessions, preaching, or other duties ; yet, when they are given, they do receive them, upon

condition, that, in so doing, they shall exercise a mental reservation, by which they shall receive them as alms in general, and not as alms applicable to those services. So much for these imaginary paupers. The Society also takes good care that, when they despoil themselves, on entering their classes, of their possessions, it shall be in her favour ; the Constitutions enjoin the Jesuit to confer on this subject with one, two, or three persons, *who must be Jesuits*, unless the Superior should decide otherwise, and to execute blindly whatever they may judge most perfect, and most pleasing to God. Should any unexpected circumstance arise, by which a Jesuit would become heir to a property, after he has taken all the vows, the Constitutions provide for such a case : he cannot succeed as a Jesuit ; but, the General has full power to dismiss any Jesuit, and release him from all his vows : then, of course, he may succeed to the property, and afterwards return, enriched with spoil to the bosom of the Society.*

The missions of the Society, carried on in the richest countries in the world, and almost always the cover of an extensive commerce, pursued as we have seen in spite of all Papal prohibition, furnished a most abundant source of wealth. In their empire of Paraguay, under pretence of making the native Indians imitate the primitive church of Jerusalem in its vow of poverty, they enriched themselves by the incessant labours of from five to six hundred thousand of these religious slaves.

One thing only seems wanting to consolidate the gigantic power of this Order ; namely, that it should be

* See the cases of Grebert and Count Gain, given vol. ii. p. 23, in a 'History of the Jesuits, with a reply to Mr. Dallas's Defence to that Order,' a work which we have made constant use in preparing these papers.

concentrated under one head, that thus the most complete unity may be given to its counsels. This was accomplished by the despotic power entrusted to the General. Ignatius, in his letter addressed to his associates, 1553, on the subject of obedience, commands that 'every order of a Superior, without distinction, shall be regarded as a divine precept ; which shall be obeyed without any discussion, and with the same blind prostration of the whole will, as is required in believing whatever the Catholic faith teaches, and as Abraham evinced in sacrificing his son Isaac.' 'We consider, (observe the Constitutions,) that to enable the Superiors to have a thorough knowledge of our subjects, is an admirable method for their good government. The more certain and perfect is the information which they acquire, the better will be their administration. It is, therefore, of primary and indispensable importance, that the General should have a complete cognizance of the propensities and dispositions of those whom he governs, that he should know the vices to which they are prone, and the sins to which they may formerly have been, or may yet continue to be subjected : he will thus be in a condition to regulate them better—to spare them such labours as are beyond their powers ; and, above all, to take such measures, and issue such orders, as may best harmonize with the interests of the whole body. In general (it is added), the true way of cementing union, and securing the attachment of Inferiors, is to render them dependent on their Superiors in all things.' The Institute has completely realised this system of policy. The word of the General is absolute law : the administration of all the revenues is subject to his control : he can send a Jesuit to any part of the globe ; he can dismiss them from the Society, without assigning any cause ;

he can degrade them from the highest offices, or raise them at pleasure from the lowest. Nothing may be concealed from him ; every Jesuit is compelled to make a manifestation of his conscience to his Superior every six months, exposing its most secret recesses ; this is sent to the General at Rome. The coadjutors and professors make an annual manifestation to the General, or his delegate. Houses and colleges must write every week to the Provincial, both on the subject of individual members, and of the affairs of the Society in general, by which affairs is not only understood, what passes among the members of the Society, but also whatever relates to those who are not of the Society, upon subjects in which the Society has any interest. The detail must further be of such a nature, that the Provincial may be as well informed as if he had been himself present. The Provincial, on his part, must write as circumstantially to the General every month ; lest he be negligent, the Superiors of houses and colleges are to write to the General personally every three months. The General, in his turn, must write every two months to the Provincial, and every six months to the Superiors or Rectors. Thus much for the open system of communication ; besides this, there is a perpetual system of espionage, from which no grade of Jesuits escapes ; and every Jesuit, who has anything to communicate, may maintain a correspondence immediately with the General. ‘The members of our Society,’ say the Jesuits themselves, are ‘dispersed indeed over all parts of the world, but distance of place does not hinder the union of minds—our language may differ, but our opinions agree, and our mode of acting is the same. In this Society, the Greek and the Roman, the Portuguese and the Brazilian, the Irishman and the Sarmatian, the

Spaniard and the Frenchman, the Englishman and the Belgian, have but one soul—no division or altercation is known among us ; and, in the midst of such disparity and diversity, it may be pronounced that we are one.’*

Well might the King of Portugal complain in his manifesto, that after having spread maxims, calculated to dissolve the strongest bonds that could be formed for preserving the commerce and union of mankind, they had themselves established a society bound by the firmest ties of despotic authority. ‘The result has been,’ says the manifesto, ‘that while the Jesuits have been able to introduce discord and disorder into the ranks of their opponents, they have themselves been all subordination to superiors, and union among each other ; being held together by the co-operation of all their members under one great head, for the support of whose authority they are mutually pledged ; and proposing to themselves, as their principal end, the erection of their own Society, upon the ruin and destruction of every other.’ The following remarks from the Quarterly Review give so vivid a picture of the constitution of the Jesuits, that we must quote them at full length.

‘An Antichrist does not mean an enemy, different and opposed in all outward forms, but a mock and spurious image of the true Lord, professing to be Christ himself, veiled in a garb like his, calling himself Christ, and surrounded with the attributes of Christ ; and in this way denying Christ, and refusing to acknowledge his history and his power. And such a power cannot come except in the form of Christianity and with the name of a Church ; and such is the exclusive pretence of Popery, at the very time when it is violating by its

* *Imago Princ. Soc. Societatis*, p. 55.

exactions, the fundamental laws both of Christianity and of the Church.

‘ It is to be a single individual, not an individual apart from an organized society of men ; for such a being must be powerless, without aid and instruments to magnify the range of his reason and of his faculties, so as to embrace an empire ; but it must be a society thoroughly absorbed and concentrated in the hand of some one man, before whom all resistance is powerless, to whom all wills are subdued, who can see with a thousand eyes of dependent spies, as clearly and as certainly as with his own ; who can move the arms and limbs of marshalled hosts with the same precision as his own body ; who can hear a whisper at the extremity of the globe by means of his dispersed reporters, whom no tongue dares to malign, no heart to disobey, no obstacle to impede ; who has so organized his ministers and servants, setting spy against spy, and ruler over ruler, that no movement of independent power can arise without its being instantly crushed ; who knows the very thoughts of the hearts of all his followers ; who can send them as he will to the most distant regions, exacting from them an unmurmuring obedience ; fascinating them as by a spell to take delight and pride in their chains : and distributing to them their several functions with an unerring insight into their peculiarities of character and talent ; who moreover can so frame the minds of men to his own standard, and mould them to his will by the process of education, that his own image shall be every where reflected in them ; who stands alone in the plenitude of power, when all other authorities have been destroyed in the collision of popular turbulence ; and who, when the whole world has bowed down before him, and he has

trampled for a short space on the necks of kings, and bathed himself in the blood of saints, shall be cast down suddenly and awfully by the presence of Christ himself. And if an organization ever existed, or could ever be imagined by the mind, completely realizing such a fact, entirely absorbing a whole enormous community in the person of a single individual, and giving to him this temporary omnipotence, it is the fearful society which has arrogated to itself exclusively the name of CHRIST ; and which, having in the nineteenth century been resuscitated as the express servant and instrument of Popery, is its true organ and representative—THE CONSTITUTION OF THE JESUITS.’

KATHLEEN OF MORA.—No. III.

“ The harps of heaven hang o’er me,
 I see the jasper wall ;
 Jesus enthroned in glory,
 And God the Judge of all.”

THE withered leaves of autumn had begun to fall in Mora, and an unusual profusion of haws and berries indicated the severity of the coming winter. A midnight taper glimmered in a small window of one of the largest cottages in the village. Its light fell upon a couch of sickness, and illumined the sacred volume, wherein a persecuted convert was reading the sublime passage : “ When the silver cord shall be loosed, and the golden bowl broken, the pitcher broken at the fountain, and the wheel broken at the cistern ; then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit return to God who gave it.”

Brian had watched the falling leaves with sympathetic interest, for he felt that his mortal existence was waning to a close, even more rapidly than the declining year. The glowing anticipations of conscious genius, which had kindled in his mind during his visit to London, and the poetic visions which he had indulged while pacing the sea-shore or river-side, had all faded before the breath of sickness ; yet the peace which passeth all understanding beamed upon his countenance as he closed the sacred book, and he fell into a reverie. Soon would his golden bowl be broken, and silver cord loosed, but

the glories of his future home beamed in unclouded brightness before his mind ; the unveiled presence of the Saviour, the farewell to sin, the joys of unshadowed bliss, all formed a halo around death, the gate of heaven. The heart of the invalid was too full for silence, and he exclaimed, " Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly ; do not delay thy chariot wheels. O how can I sufficiently praise thee for making me an heir of the unspeakable blessings of redemption. Eternity will be too short to praise thee for the gift of eternal joy."

He mused long in happy silence, until a noise at the door of his small room startled him, and he hastily concealed his beloved book, lest it should be seized and consigned to flames ; his mother appeared and chided him for keeping such late hours. Brian was accustomed to harsher chiding. Almost every family which concentrates its means on supporting one of its members at Maynooth, becomes impoverished by the expense ; and as the iron hand of famine pressed upon the Durkins, they upbraided Brian, the unintentional cause of their poverty. He therefore perceived with joy that his adventure in St. Michan's cave had injured his always delicate health, and the time was drawing nigh when he might flee away and be at rest.

From the moment that he was confined to the house, it was agreed that his situation should be concealed ; and the continual departure of emigrants from Mora gave a semblance of truth to the fabrication which baffled all Mr. Seymour's inquiries for his humble friend. ' He's gone to America,' was the invariable reply ; and though the good clergyman thought it strange that he should have undertaken a long voyage in so delicate a state of health, yet he believed the only answer which accounted for his disappearance. Meantime Brian re-

mained within half a mile of the parsonage, and frequently requested his friends to send for Mr. Seymour, but in vain. Every method that ingenuity could devise to win him back to the creed of his ancestors was put into practice. Kindness was first tried, and his favourite sister was often sent to persuade him of his errors, but the passionate pleading of Mary was without effect. Vainly she represented the horrors of final separation from his family, and the eternal condemnation which awaits heretics. Father Luke soon found that Mary was more likely to imbibe her brother's heretical opinions than to uproot them ; and, to her great grief, she was sent away to the house of an uncle who resided near Belmullet. More rigorous measures were then adopted ; and, influenced by the belief that present physical sufferings might prevent future damnation, the parents were induced to persecute the dying son. They forcibly removed his Bible, but could not eradicate the precious words which were engraven on his heart, and cast a beam of sunshine round his pillow. They curtailed his necessary food, and often when he asked for the commonest refreshment for his sinking frame, he met a denial, 'unless he should consent to send for the priest.'

'I dare not,' was his invariable reply, 'I dare not, cannot trust in his wafer, nor in his anointment. I cannot act a falsehood on my death-bed.'

'Then you must fast, and it's well iv the fastin' might let you into purgatory ; though you'll be too black for that same. Oh wirra, wirra, that ever I should live to see this day.' And his mother would rock backwards and forwards in her grief, while he endured in silence the languor of faintness ; at length the feverish thirst of disease induced him to make another appeal for assistance.

‘Mother, dear mother, my lips are burning ; will you even give me a cup of cold water ?’

‘I will not, unless you let me send for father Luke.’

‘Father, *thy* will be done,’ murmured the invalid as he sank back to suffer in mute patience. His aunt entered the room after a scene of this kind. She was a frequent attendant at his bedside, and had often offered to take him to her own house, and tend him there ; but this his parents would not permit, because she had imbibed his doctrines. She had heard his mother’s last words, and was surprised to find the traces of physical suffering on his countenance illuminated by an expression of perfect peace.

‘What makes you look so happy, Brian, dear?’ she inquired.

‘I am thinking of the beautiful verse in Revelations,’ he replied : “They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and lead them beside living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.”’

‘God *shall* wipe away all tears from their eyes,’ repeated his aunt, as her own tears fell copiously on the coverlet of the patient sufferer. His mother soon afterwards left the room, and his aunt produced a vessel from under her cloak, from which she poured out a draught which she gave him ‘wid her heart’s blessin.’

Brian’s whole system was re-invigorated by the welcome refreshment. ‘My Saviour thirsted on the cross,’ he said, ‘with pains far greater than mine, but he had only vinegar to drink ; he gives me milk. Thanks be to God, for all his mercies to me a sinner.’

‘Thanks be to Him for sendin’ you to tache me the

truth,' said his aunt ; ' sure it's gropin' in darkness I'd be still, only for you.'

Brian's eye kindled with transparent light, he half arose from his humble couch as he exclaimed, ' It will spread, it will spread abroad ! My country shall yet hear the joyful sound ! We shall all go the same way yet.'

' God grant it, God grant it, and soon,' said his aunt, as she sat down to watch by him, and he sunk into a slumber as soft as the repose of an infant.

When his mother returned to the house, she spoke to him, but he did not answer : she called, he could not hear. The music of the golden harps before the throne was soon to burst on his enraptured ear, and no mortal sounds were henceforth to reach him. She drew near, he was still breathing, and a smile lingered on his countenance. She hastened to light a blessed candle, and placed it in his dying hand. He saw not its light, nor the noon-day brightness which was streaming through the window on his couch. The effulgence of heavenly glory was soon to burst upon his rejoicing spirit, and the things of earth had faded into invisibility. Had consciousness remained, he would probably, like another convert, have expended his last breath in extinguishing a blessed candle, with the words, ' Christ is my only light.'

Father Luke quickly obeyed a hasty summons, and arrived in time to anoint the passive brow of the dying youth ; at his mother's request an office was read to avert the evil consequences of heresy. When it was concluded, all present arose from their knees and gazed upon Brian. He had ceased to breathe, but so gently had the last sigh departed, that they knew it not for some minutes after his happy spirit had passed away.

Even while they gazed, he had become one of those who through much tribulation had entered the kingdom of God. He had been faithful unto death, and had received the crown of everlasting life. He had joined the rejoicing throng in their song of "Victory, Victory, through the blood of the Lamb!"

The last crowded funeral procession which the year '46 witnessed in Mora, was winding through the gateway of its ancient cemetery, when Mr. Seymour, riding past, inquired, 'Who was dead?'

'Brian Durkin, your reverence, the boy that came home from Maynooth last Christmas.'

'Brian Durkin! why, I thought he went to America a month ago?'

'Oh that was only a scheme lest yer reverince should see him. The neighbours all knew he never put his foot outside the door. Sure he came back to the ould Church at last, and died like a Christian, wid Father Luke's hand over him.'

Mr. Seymour rode home in silence, but soon afterwards he learned the whole truth from a new member of his congregation, Brian's aunt. She brought four or five of her children to church with her, and Father Luke immediately determined to force her back to Popery by the most stringent measures, lest heresy should spread further among his flock. Accordingly he announced that on the following Sunday he should publicly curse the new converts from the altar, if they did not immediately return to their former faith. To give an idea of the terrors of this threat, I shall transcribe one of the authorized curses as published in the *Romish Pontifical* and in *Martene de Antiquis Ecclesiæ*, vol. ii. p. 325.

"May God Omnipotent and all his saints curse them with the curse with which the devil and his angels are cursed. Let them be destroyed out of the land of the living. Let the vilest of deaths come upon them,

and let them descend alive into the pit. Let their seed be destroyed from the earth. By hunger, and thirst, and nakedness, and all distress, let them perish. May they have all misery and pestilence and torment. Let all that they have be cursed. Always and every where, let them be cursed. Daily and hourly let them be cursed. Cursed let them be, sleeping and waking. Hungering, and eating, and drinking, let them be cursed. Speaking and silent, let them be cursed. Within and without, let them be cursed. By land and by sea, let them be cursed. From the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, let them be cursed. Let their eyes become blind, let their ears become deaf, let their mouth become dumb, let their tongue cleave to their jaws, let not their hands handle, let not their feet walk, let all the members of their body be cursed. Cursed let them be standing, lying, from this time forth for ever; and thus let their candle be extinguished in the presence of God, at the day of judgment. Let their burial be with dogs and asses. Let hungry wolves devour their corpses. Let the devil and his angels be their companions for ever. Amen, amen; so let it be."

At the time Brian's aunt and cousins were cursed, I was absent from the county of Mayo, but it is so desirable that the slavish superstition that enwraps my people should be made known, in order that prayers and efforts may be made for their enlightenment, that I shall give the description of a similar scene from a true narrative published by my highly valued friend the Rev. Dr. Edgar, of Belfast.

"When the fatal Sabbath came, all was terror and alarm; one unfortunate young woman, who had been persecuted by her friends into submission, was brought forward as a penitent before the whole congregation. The priest made a long and silent harangue preparative to the deadly curse; in which he told them that having held forth in vain the warning of an excommunicated man, and having long delayed the execution of the sentence, (for which a letter from his bishop empowered him,) he was now compelled to proceed. During his address, he was excited, vociferous, and exhausted, and drank twice. Many of the congregation were in tears, and when he read the names of those to be cursed, two men besought him to delay, for another week, the terrible vengeance against one of the number, because his friends hoped that before another Sabbath he would do all that the priest required. The work of terror went on,—alarm and horror increased fearfully among the assembled crowd,—and when at length the priest of Antichrist repeated the names of the doomed, and ringing the bell, and extinguishing the light, pronounced his curse, and God's curse, on all who would work in the same field, eat at the same table, or hold any intercourse with the accursed teachers of the Irish Bible, the overburdened feelings of his affrighted people could

no longer be restrained, but burst forth in exclamation and crying. Those alone can have any proper idea of the scene who know the depth of Irish superstition, and the deadly fear of the priest which reigns in every Irish heart.

"As athletic men, with trembling voice and affrighted look, told me of the curse accompanying the extinguishing of the lights, Scott's terrific cursing scene rose before me in all its horrors; my imagination saw the grisly priest Brian quenching the burning cross in the bubbling blood, and heard from his hoarse and hollow voice,—

‘As dies in hissing gore the spark,
Quench thou his light, destruction dark.’

In one respect, however, there was no similarity between the scenes. The modern priest had no such response in the hearts of the people as old Brian, for though like that desperate fanatic he bade maids and matrons call down wretchedness, and shame, and woe, and infamy, on the name of his helpless victims, yet, when the burning words of his curse was hushed,

‘There rose (no) cry of females shrill,
Denouncing misery and ill,
Answering with imprecation dread,
Sunk be his home in embers red,
And cursed be the meanest shed
That ere shall hide the houseless head
We doom to want and woe.’

"No, no; the feelings of the people were far estranged from the cursing priest. In deep superstition, they trembled before him as an angry minister of the vengeance of God: and trained from infancy to dread the priest's anger, or smart under his slave-driving lash, men who would rush fearless to the canon's mouth, cowed and quailed in dust before him; but still, though they feared as Papists, they felt as men. Their prevailing feelings towards the poor teachers were those of sympathy and sorrow."

Brian's aunt did not meet with any sympathy after the curse had been pronounced against her; at market or fair she was alone in the crowd: on the road-side no passer-by gave her the customary salutation—"God speed you;" at home no Romanist crossed the threshold: everywhere shunned, she had one great consolation, she was not persecuted in her own house; her husband ceased to attend chapel, and her elder daughter did not interfere with her creed.

About eighteen miles from Mora there is a mansion which may be called Eenaghmore, and from its lady I

received a kind invitation a short time after the death of Brian Durkin. Exaggeration of distress during famine, and misapplication of charitable funds, are themes so often mooted in the public journals, that I feel it a duty to describe the scenes which I witnessed there ; and however facts may be connected by fiction in other parts of this story, every word related of the lady of Eenaghmore or myself, shall be unvarnished narrative of past realities. Thus the kind though unseen friends who made us the grateful agents of their benevolence shall be introduced to the recipients of their bounty, and become acquainted with those whose lives they have preserved.

One of the first persons whom I met after my arrival at Eenaghmore was the aunt of Brian Durkin. From her I learned the history of his illness, his persecution, even to the denial of food and water, and his prophetic anticipations of the progress of gospel truth ; and from Mr. Seymour's family I learned the deception which had been practised with regard to him. Brian's aunt lamented the ruin of her household by famine : she had possessed several cows and other farm treasures, but nearly all had been already disposed of, and their value expended in the purchase of food since the previous March last ; and the prospect before her for the coming winter, (with a family of eleven in number,) was gloomy in the extreme. At this time meal-convert volunteers were very numerous, and, as I had never before heard of Brian or his relatives, I did his aunt the injustice of believing her a meal-convert. Some months afterwards she shamed my incredulity, and manifested the reality of her conversion upon her fevered death-bed. Vainly her sisters sought to rest her hopes upon the last uncertainty ; she resolutely refused to see the priest, and sending

for Mr. Seymour, declared that she trusted not her salvation to oils and masses, but to Jesus the Almighty Saviour. Father —— prohibited his flock from rendering her any assistance in sickness or death ; and I shall not soon forget her daughter's emotion, as she told me that she and her sisters were obliged to assist their father to dig a grave, and carry their mother's corpse to interment. ' Father —— often cursed us since,' she continued ; ' one would think he thought it handsome to be always cursing, though he blames others when they swear.' Notwithstanding his enmity, four of Brian's young cousins still attend the Reformed Church, in obedience to their mother's dying request.

The famine had made rapid strides during the illness of Durkin, and words would fail to depict the misery of the famine-stricken beings who daily crowded to Eenaghmore for relief. I had heard of their sufferings, but shuddered to behold them. Every morning ghastly objects, (chiefly cottier tenants of absentees) with hollow cheeks, and eyes starting from their sunken sockets, dragged their tottering forms to the door, and crouched upon the gravelled sweep. Many of them were suffering not only from starvation, but also from disease produced by having prolonged existence on black, half-decayed potatoes, bran mill-dust, and other unwholesome food. Every morning, the lady of Eenaghmore stood for hours upon her hall-door steps, to receive her ghastly levee, while every servant in the house was employed in carrying up and distributing baskets of provisions, which she apportioned according to the number and need of each family. When all had been served, and even the last had thankfully retired, bearing food home to those who were unable to seek it, then, after a short interval of rest the lady set out to

visit the haunts of destitution, to ascertain the extent of her pensioners' distress. Well skilled in administering simple medicines, the sick had such faith in her prescriptions, that her very presence inspired hope ; while the famine-stricken blessed her for suitable nourishment, which strengthened the flickering principle of life in their emaciated frames. Every evening the culinary department of her house was occupied in baking, and other preparation of the cheapest food in large quantities for distribution on the following morning.

At this early stage of the calamity, we frequently observed that parents prolonged their children's existence at the expense of their own ; and among many instances, a young man who had roamed the country in search of work, but in vain, brought his famishing family to Ecnaghmore for relief. On receiving food, he occupied himself in supplying the wants of his ravenous family, though his own frame bore witness of the ravages of hunger. His observation, ' I do not mourn myself, but my children,' became impressed on our memories, because only one or two of the family survived the famine. Near him stood a slender, graceful girl. She was about fifteen years of age, yet since her mother's death two years before, she had had the care of a baby-sister, and four little brothers. ' My father is ill, Ma'am,' said she, ' I have come for medicine for him.' ' You seem to require medicine yourself, Mary ; what is the matter with you ?' inquired Emily of Ecnaghmore, as she observed the transparent skin and projecting bones of her once handsome face. The girl hesitated, and at length, bursting into tears, acknowledged that she had divided the last slender meal among her little brothers the day before, without tasting any of it herself. Already twenty-eight hours without food and without the

slightest prospect of obtaining any, she would have retired without making known her wants, had not Emily's inquiries elicited the truth. This amiable girl and all her young charges survived the famine, and recovered from fever. Several labouring men practised such self-denial, that when the dinner hour arrived, they strove to forget in sleep the natural cravings for food which they had relinquished to their families. At an inquest held about this time, in a town four miles from Eenaghmore, on the body of a man named Michael Moran, it appeared he had eaten nothing for a week, except some raw turnips. His little daughter in giving evidence exclaimed with tears, 'Father would be alive now, only he gave us every thing he could get to eat.'

The benevolent members of the local gentry had been distributing relief since October; but as rents had wholly disappeared, it was found impossible to continue such supplies without assistance. Early in December, therefore, appeals were made to the English, and nobly they responded to the call, and firmly in Irish hearts are interwoven the links of gratitude forged in the furnace of trial. Among those who received funds at the moment their own resources were exhausted, was Emily of Eenaghmore, and instead of being compelled to discontinue relief as we had feared, she found herself enabled to supply four hundred and thirty persons daily with cooked food; and so great was the mercy of Providence, that subsequently our supplies increased according as the ravages of famine increased in the neighbourhood.

The first time that I accompanied Emily on her visits to the poor, we entered a cabin from which a neighbour assured us the cries of starving children had resounded the whole night. We found a mother and eight young

children crouched upon the floor around a small fire, over which was suspended about three quarts of thin gruel, which was to be the sole daily meal of the ten persons present. The eldest son and daughter, who were about twelve and thirteen years old, were supporting and soothing two younger children, who were wailing with hunger, and unable to stand from the debility of their shrunken limbs. The shrivelled baby was wailing too ; and the eyes of all eagerly watched the boiling meal. Their father was absent in search of employment ; but when we approached the aged grandfather in the dim light which proceeded from the door and chimney, his appearance made us recoil in horror. His head resembled a skull covered with yellow skin ; the flesh seemed to have withered away from the face, —deep hollows marked where the cheeks had been,—the shrunken muscles contracted the livid lips from the teeth : we might have thought him a corpse, but for the intensity of suffering which glared from his discoloured eyes. The acme of human misery was expressed in that never-to-be-forgotten look. He tried to raise his tall skeleton frame, on our approach, but sank back : he tried to speak, but his voice was low and thick. The wants of the family were soon supplied, and thanks to their English benefactors, all the sufferers returned from the gates of the grave, and are all now living, excepting the aged grandfather, who rallied only for a few months.

The next house we entered was also destitute of chairs, tables or windows ; we found a sick mother with six very young children, a pair of them (twins,) unable to stand upon their claw-like limbs. They had been rejected applicants at the poor-house of Ballina, which was already full. They had no food, and the husband

could not obtain work. However they are now all living except one of the twins. I pass over other visits, for the worst was yet before us, and I must hasten on to the crisis of the famine, which did not take place for more than three months afterwards. Oatmeal, the only substitute for potatoes, was three-pence half-penny a quart already ; wages sixpence to one shilling a day for such labourers as could obtain work.

Meanwhile, every day increased the number of applicants for relief, as the inhabitants of the remoter wilds began to wander down in search of subsistence. They came at all hours, and as a harassed domestic observed, ‘ If it was light all night, they would never cease coming.’

About this time, when darkness brought an interval of evening rest, we read an article in the *Times*, asserting that there was no such thing as famine in Ireland, and that accounts of distress were wholly fictitious. By statistics of savings-banks, it attempted to prove the rapidly increasing prosperity of the county of Mayo, compared with former years, and quoting the remark of the Roman General,—‘ One such victory more, and we shall be undone,’ parodied the observation, ‘ one such famine more and Ireland will be rich among nations.’ Hatred can blind as well as love ; the deposits in savings-banks had been increased by persons about to emigrate, and by a few farmers who feared that hunger would break through stone walls. The labouring classes had no savings, and were perishing at the time, although Government employed 300,000 men in Ireland during this month, and the number was afterwards increased to the preservation of many lives.

A few days before Christmas, Dr. ——— came to visit some of the poor at Eenaghmore, he had been engaged

at three inquests that morning, one of which was on the corpse of a woman, named Bridget Joice. Traveling with her children in search of food, she had crept into an empty hut on the bog of Glanedagh and died of hunger. Six days and nights her corpse lay surrounded by her children ; they could no longer endure its odour, and had just strength enough to drag it out on the high road, where the Doctor had just beheld it.

Christmas arrived, oh that Connaught may never again keep such a day of mourning and woe. Death and famine were abroad. Every day inquests were held, often two or three were held on the same day, and by the same coroner. Corpses were found on road sides, in fields, or lying in cabins whence every particle of furniture had been removed and sold for food.

As if the Almighty had poured out every vial of His wrath, winter set in with a severity unknown in former years. The tottering famine-stricken wandered through hail and sleet, and if some, overpowered by weakness, sunk down, the snow became their winding-sheet.

For about six weeks ending at Christmas, a winter fishery is usually carried on at Mora, and this year it had proved a powerful resource against the ravages of famine. It was now continued under great disadvantages ; the fishermen had never been rich, because there was no market for their spoils, and the money which they annually expended in their boats and tackle, and in providing warm clothing for themselves, had this year been absorbed in the purchase of food, in consequence of the potatoe failure, so that they were ill-prepared to withstand the rough seas and stormy winds of winter.

The last day of the season had arrived. It was bit-

terly cold and the sleet had often fallen on the threadbare garments of the fishermen ; they had toiled many hours, unsuccessfully, and the brother of Kathleen proposed to return. ' Let us wait yet,' said old Neil, ' I cant face the childer without somethin in my hand,' — ' Sorra one of us should wait,' said young Patcheen, ' the mist is risin already ; we cant see the stags of Broadhaven.'

Old Neil looked up, the three great rocks of Broadhaven were indeed concealed in mists. It was now dangerous to remain so far out at sea, in so crazy a boat ; yet the last chance of the season was not easily to be relinquished, and entering the bay, they again cast their lines, and caught a few pollocks and haddocks. The chilling mist penetrated their ill-clad frames, but old Neil cheered them on, ' never heed the mist,' he exclaimed, ' dont we know every rock on the shore as well as each other's faces, sure we'd be in, in half an hour at any time. Let us bring a good store to the wives and childer.' While he spoke, the wind arose, and very soon old Neil was obliged to bale out the water, as the rising waves broke over the boat. The songs of the young men ceased, and they steered for shore, finding much difficulty in urging their little craft through the surges. Meantime the mist thickened, and the darkness of a December evening fell upon them.

The gathering darkness and long absence of the fishermen filled their wives and daughters with alarm for their safety. Lights were quickly set in the cottage windows, and some of the more robust women went out on the beach, and lighted a beacon near the landing-place. Neil's wife and Kathleen, with bog-wood torches in their hands were the most active in the party. The wind swept by them, and they fancied they heard the

returning shouts of their friends ; they listened again,—it was only the wind. The sleet fell thickly, blindingly ; but they only wrapped their frieze cloaks more closely around them, as they replenished the beacon-fire. They tried to peer through the gathering darkness, and Kathleen imagined that she discerned the whiteness of the sail, they all gazed upon the spot, and found it was only the white surf faintly visible in the torch light. They listened again, but only heard the surging sea, and the winds rushing over its leaping waves. The sleet threatened to extinguish the beacon ; they heaped on more fuel, until the bright sparks scattered far and wide, and the red flame rose steadily in despite of the falling shower.

S. O'MOORE.

SAFELY GARNERED.

I SAW where fields of golden grain waved 'neath a
August sun,
Already in some favored spots the harvest was begun,
And borne upon the whispering breeze came sounds of
mirth and glee,
From where the reapers bound their sheaves and toiled
rejoicingly.

One whom I loved was by my side—a beautiful fair girl,
Whose auburn hair, all unconfined by gold or costly
pearl,
Half hid her glowing cheek, but failed to shade her
sparkling eyes,
Which wore the deep cerulean blue of evening's cloud-
less skies.

We gazed in silence for a time on that far-spreading
vale,
Sheltered by lofty mountain heights from the stern
northern gale,
And opening in the sunny south far towards the distant
sea,
Whose waters undisturbed flowed on in silent majesty.

A momentary sadness stole o'er Gertrude's speaking
face,
As from that lovely scene we turned our footsteps to
retrace ;

And when she spoke, her voice scarce seemed so glad
as it had been,
When one short hour before she trod the lawn's smooth
mossy green.

'Twill all be safely garnered soon—that waving feathery
grain,
And all the flowers be faded too which I have loved to
train,
I do love the harvest time, and yet it makes me sigh,
Because I know that wintry days and dark are draw-
ing nigh.

Perhaps 'tis foolish—but sometimes the thought *will*
cross my mind,
That you may all be garnered first—I only left behind,
And earth would seem like yonder fields when all the
sheaves are gone,
When the glad reaper's song is hushed, his joyous
labour done.

And yet those fields e'en when arrayed in wintry garb
look bright,
When in far glancing rays is shed the sun's rejoicing
light,
And He who is the spirit's sun can make the loneliest
glad,
With *Him* as my all-present friend I could not long be
sad.

Edith, the time is not long past when I knew nought
of this,
The love of cherished ones around—their smiles were
all my bliss ;

Thou hast been absent many months, and it is sweet to
speak
Of the dear Saviour we both love—the home we *now*
both seek.

Thou knowest, Edith, how the years of my young life
flew on,
How in the present hour I lived, nor mourned for pleasures gone,
Because the future seemed as bright as yonder waveless sea
Reflecting back each mountain brow, and distant tower,
and tree.

And yet I often thought of death without a doubt or fear,
I had been told that I was safe, that Seraphs would be near,
That parted from those whom I deemed half angels here below,
'Twould only be to join heaven's host—eternal joys to know.

Yes, I was told that I was safe—that Baptism's solemn rite,
Possessed some high mysterious power to wash the sin-stained white,
Some power inherent in itself to new create the heart,
And to the all unconscious babe a new life to impart.

I do believe still, Edith, love, that if with earnest prayer,
The parents yield their treasured child to the Almighty's care,

And with firm faith His promise plead, oh, then, I do
believe,
That babes presented thus to Him, our Father will
receive.

But never can ' baptismal dews ' avail to cleanse from
sin,
Nought, save the Holy Spirit's power can purify within,
That Spirit ever, only given in answer to the prayer
Which, trusting in a Saviour's blood, claims in his love
a share.

I well remember when the leaves were budding first in
spring,
And hope, and joy, and beauty, seemed enrobing every
thing,
That I had wandered forth to gaze upon yon lovely
view—
And field, and bud, and flowret, lay all wet with morn-
ing dew.

At length I turned from earth to look up to the clear
blue sky,
The air seemed vocal with the sounds of nature's
melody,
And while I listened to the birds tuning their morning
lays,
And saw the bright things God had formed for his own
worthy praise ;

The sad conviction crossed my mind, that I, so richly
blessed,
Endued with reason, and with life, by partial friends
caressed,

In the Redeemer's name baptized, yet had not sought
his grace,
Had never yet begun to run the Christian's arduous race.

I never rested from that hour till, through a Saviour's
blood,
I felt that I was justified and reconciled to God,
I know that I am born again, each thought, each wish
seems changed,
No more I wander from my God so wilfully estranged.

And yet I often tremble, lest amid earth's many cares,
And the long years which I may spend beset with sins
and snares,
I should forgetful of my Lord, and faithless to Him
prove—
And never see his gladdening smile or reign with Him
above.

But, Edith, this is wrong, I know,—I am in Jesus'
hands,
My every danger He foreknows, my fears He under-
stands,
I *can* trust Him for death, oh, why not trust Him then
for life,
Soon the long years I dread so much will end in mortal
strife :—

And I be garnered, Edith, list the reapers' joyous song—
Oh, far more rapturous the joy of heaven's unnumbered
throng,
When a redeemed immortal one is added to their band,
With them around the Saviour's throne triumphantly
to stand.

Only a few sere yellow leaves remained upon the trees,
And sad and mournful voices seemed to mingle with
the breeze ;

The distant sea was crested high with white and sparkling foam,

When once again I trod the path from Gertrude's cottage home.

And where was Gertrude ? The last sheaf had scarce been gathered in,

Ere she was safely garnered too beyond the reach of sin,
Beyond the reach of storm and blight, beyond the reach
of woe,

Beyond the tyrant power of death, man's last, most dreaded foe.

Yes, she was safely garnered now—I did not, could not weep,

Why should we mourn for them who in a Saviour sleep,
I only lifted up my heart in gratitude and love,

To Him who gave her faith and hope—then called her
hence above.

Oh, Jesus, Saviour of a lost, and guilty ruined race,
The soul that trusts thy righteousness, shares thy renewing grace,

Is blest beyond what heart can think, or mortal tongue can tell,

For whether life or death betide, all, every thing is well.

J. T.

THE VALLEY OF SHECHEM.

WE all know that three of the Evangelists reckoned the hours of the day after the manner of the ancient Jews, Greeks, and Romans ; namely, by twelve unequal hours, varying according to the season of the year, from sunrise to sunset ; but some distinguish, that St. John reckoned them as, when he wrote, they did in the Proconsular Asia, and as we do now, from midnight to noon. "It was about the sixth hour ;" that is, the sixth after noon, the time that women went out to draw water, when Jesus of Nazareth sat beside Jacob's well : he sat alone, for his disciples were gone into the city to buy food.

Weary he seemed and was with his journey, for he is now thirty-four miles north of Jerusalem, from which he is retiring, after the Passover, in the first year of his public ministry, and has begun his first progress from Judea, through Samaria, into Galilee. The Samaritans are not, for the present, within his commission ; to them he is not personally sent : yet there was certainly some exception in favour of this part of Samaria ; was it for the beauty, or rather for the sanctity of the spot ?

Beautiful it was, and is. As you approach Shechem from Jerusalem, you enter a valley which extends above three miles in the direction north, north-west, but so narrow as in some parts not to exceed two, or

three hundred paces in width ; for two rocky precipices rise on either side, steep from the valley, to the height of eight hundred feet : and here and there a small ravine is sprinkled with fountains and olive-trees.

But how great was the sanctity of the spot ! When Abraham entered Canaan, still not knowing whither he went, his first encampment he pitched here, in the vale, or by the oak of Moreh. Here the Lord appeared to him, and then, for the first time, indicated that this was the land of promise ; here, therefore, he built his first altar to the Lord, and consecrated the land, at Shechem.

When Jacob his grandson returned from Padan-aram, he also pitched his tent, and erected his first altar to God, the God of Israel, here at Shechem. The ground on which he pitched he purchased of Hamor, the father of Shechem, yet not long to enjoy it, for here Dinah fell ; and, after the tragic event which ensued, and which the soul of the patriarch abhorred, at the command of God himself he removed thence, first burying the idols of his family there under the tree. As for the land which he had bought, that seems to have been taken possession of, for a time during his absence, by the Amorite ; but he afterwards recovered it (unless he spake it prophetically) " by his sword and by his bow : " for so he spake of it when in Egypt, and even dying, he remembered the lovely spot, and left it for an heritage to his beloved Joseph. This was that very Shechem, whither Joseph himself in his youth came seeking his brethren, who fed their flocks there ; and, in generations to come, his bones at length found rest, buried in Shechem here. That northern rock on your right hand is Mount Ebal ; the southern on your left, and somewhat the higher, is Mount Gerizim. Here it

was that Joshua, at the command of God by Moses, conducted that grand ceremonial of the whole nation, when an altar and a column inscribed with the law being reared upon Mount Ebal, all Israel, their elders, officers, and judges, with the women, the little ones, and the strangers that were among them, were stationed on either side of the ark, borne by the Levites ; half of the tribes over against Mount Gerizim, Simeon and Levi, Judah and Issachar, Joseph and Benjamin, to bless the people ; and half of them over against Mount Ebal, Reuben, Gad, and Asher, Zebulun, Dan, and Naphtali, to curse : then the Levites read the Law, with a loud voice, both the cursings and the blessings, and all the people answered and said, Amen ! Mount Gerizim to Mount Ebal alternately echoed back, Amen !

At the foot of Mount Gerizim, that Nabulus is Shechem, one of the six cities of refuge, where the accidental homicide, Israelite or stranger, might find an asylum from the blood-avenger, a voluntary exile until the death of the high-priest. On the top of Mount Gerizim, Jotham stood, when he uttered the most ancient, if not the most beautiful, parable on record. And here, in this valley it was that, in the great political crisis of the nation, the golden sceptre of Judah became as brass in the hand of Rehoboam.

The schismatic temple which, after the captivity, in the age of Alexander the Great, had been built on Mount Gerizim, to the exasperation of the national enmity, was now no more, though the Samaritans still worshipped toward the spot ; when He who was the substance of whatever was shadowed before by all for which Shechem had been famous—king, refuge, temple—there sat down ; the maker of heaven and earth, even as some way-worn, every-day traveller, there by the well-side.

Was he meditating on the curses of Mount Ebal to fall on himself, and the blessings of Mount Gerizim, which should come now speedily on Shechem, and not on Shechem only?

Really, though not ostensibly, He is come on purpose to seek some of his lost sheep mixed with another fold; and when she, for whom he sat waiting there, drawn by His own providence, arrived, was ever conversation so simply graceful, so divinely grand? He asks for a draught of water from Jacob's well; but it was more for exciting her thirst than assuaging his own, and, declining all discussion of the national enmity, he offers her the living and life-giving waters, for which the patriarch himself had waited. Next, to inflame her thirst by making her feel her own fever, he reveals to his astonished companion his knowledge of the secrets of her life; but without reproach, except perhaps what his voice, his eye might convey. If she desires to turn the conversation, he does not press it, but following her lead, diverts her mind from the patriarchs, directs it to the universal Father, and predicts both Mount Gerizim and Mount Sion equally deserted, and everywhere else a purer incense. Lastly, for she has not denied her sin, she has acknowledged him a prophet, now therefore He stands revealed to her, He is the Messiah himself! God manifested in the flesh could speak no otherwise.

The disciples are returned, and the woman is gone. If her salvation depended on the gift of only so much as a cup of cold water, she were but lost; for she has not given, but forgot it. Away she goes, heartfull, a woman the herald of Christ, and the apostle of her country. But the Saviour of the world, who came weary, has now also forgotten his thirst. When David so intensely desired to drink of the well at Bethlehem, much more

he desired to see her gate cleared of the Philistine ; and the Son of David knows neither hunger nor thirst so He may but fulfil the will, and finish the work of Him that sent him.

But once more look round upon this scene, where a sight more imposing indeed may have been, but never one so goodly was seen before now ; no, not when father Jacob himself at the head of all his sons, households, and flocks, encircled, on such another evening as this, the same well. Who is it now that sits by the well ! His adopted sons stand around him. And now what a crowd is here, thronging from the gate of Shechem. ‘ Follow me,’ cries the breathless woman. Was she herself perhaps one of the mixed blood ? Is it possible she may have descended from the lost,—I mean the unheard-of Dinah ? Was not this a soul weary in the ways of sin ? Methinks I see her in the very transition of some metamorphosis : so fast fade away the traces of former passion, so fast the first gushings flow from a changing heart. Yes, now she acknowledges that a greater than Jacob is here. Spake ever lips like those ? “ The well-spring of wisdom is a flowing brook ; ” and see how this Samaritan flock drink deep of the waters of life ; see how they all approach him bending, and entreat his stay.

The heathen people came into the holy land, led by the Divine providence, and came to be instructed there : they had also among them a mixture of the holy seed. Of a long time they had abjured idolatry : they were indeed but half-taught ; they had the Pentateuch only, but then they had no lying traditions ; they lacked indeed the prophets, but the prophet like Moses they had read of in the Pentateuch, and had heard of him, in their unavoidable intercourse with the Jews, by the

title of The Messiah. They have now heard his doctrine, so heavenly and self-evidenced, so worthy of God, so wanted by man : yet they have seen no miracle, but themselves : for in an hour, and by the word of a woman, they have begun to believe, and within two days they are perfectly assured, that this is the Saviour of the world, the Messiah. Not long after, all Samaria, the city and the villages, knew of a truth that salvation is of the Jews : and there was great joy there, the joy as of harvest, and the reaper overtook the sower. "I divide Shechem and mete out the valley of Succoth. Gilead is mine, Manasseh is mine. Ephraim is my helmet, Judah is my helper."

H. G.

DIALOGUE ON THE SECOND ADVENT.

‘THE first question I wish to ask, dear Mamma, occurred to me during our conversation on the effects of early prejudice, and it is this—if I may venture to ask it—What first led you to embrace the pre-millennial doctrine? because I think I have heard you say, your parents looked only for a spiritual reign and kingdom, and therefore you must have had early prejudice to strive against?’

Mrs. R. ‘You are quite welcome, dear Ellen, to propose this your first question, and I shall have much pleasure in replying to it. It is true, dear, I was rigidly educated in the figurative interpretation of the prophecies, and for some years I zealously adhered to this system. Affliction is a good school-master, though a severe one; and a time came when my mind was bowed down with bitter grief from one of those many bereaving providences, with which it pleases God to try us here below. The awful suddenness of the stroke seemed to stun me, and not even the tenderness of Christian sympathy could withdraw my mind from that settled sorrow which seemed to overthrow and enshroud me. A peculiar bitterness had come over me. My natural energy of character had forsaken me, and I felt totally unable to apply my mind to any thing. My physical strength also failed, and for some months I could only look forward to an early death. While the powers of mind and body were thus prostrate, I

could only at times grasp those promises which had been my support from childhood ; indeed I seemed to have lost the power of believing them, or pleading them. Oh how many times have I knelt at the throne of grace during those months of anguish, without being able to utter a word—save the language of bitter weeping. It was when things were at the very worst, and I was ready to give up in despair, that I mechanically took up a volume of Habershon's which a friend had laid on the drawing-room table. I opened it with the certainty that I should find nothing in it to interest me. Before I read the first page, I felt inclined to quarrel with the writer for interpreting Scripture so contrary to my views. However, these very feelings of indignation did me good—they roused me, and determining to adhere to my own opinions, I went again to my Bible on the subject—I read and re-read. The prophecies relating to the Messiah particularly arrested my attention. Every part I read appeared new to me. I seemed to discover as for the *first* time a strange and mysterious blending of humiliation and grandeur, poverty and riches, adoration and contempt, sorrow and joy, suffering and glory, centering in the true Messiah. I saw in one place he was spoken of as oppressed, in another as victorious and reigning. While I reasoned on these antagonist points, my old theory began to totter. I felt vexed, and alarmed, but still resolved to go on, and I could not help but acknowledge to myself that the characteristics *least* in unison with my ideas of Deity had been literally sustained : that is, we have had in very deed a suffering Messiah—cut off, but not for himself. Now, dare I rest here ? Can I say, It is true, Jehovah has performed to the very letter one part of the prophecies relating to Christ ; but I cannot under-

stand the complicated machinery that must be set in motion in order to give a literal accomplishment to the remainder, and therefore I must interpret those figuratively. To this reasoning my own heart would dictate but one reply, and it was this: I look back with adoring gratitude to a suffering Saviour, and henceforward will I expect a reigning Messiah! I felt I could no longer infringe on God's prerogative, and explain the Scriptures according to my contracted vision and finite comprehension, but remembering the eternity of Jehovah and his infinite capabilities of action, I resolved by his grace to bow reverently and submissively to his most holy word, believing that what he had done under circumstances peculiarly humiliating, he could do again amid circumstances of surpassing grandeur, and, that what was unworthy of him to do again, he had never done at all! On this firm ground I took my stand, and from this position I have never yet seen cause to move, but have had daily reason to bless God who led me there; and the most earnest wish of my heart is, that you, my loved child, should take your stand beside me, that we may watch together till the day of his Second Advent dawns, and the shadows of the present dispensation flee away.'

Ellen. 'Thank you, thank you, dear Mamma, for this most interesting reply to my question. Most heartily do I join in your concluding wish—to believe with you, to hope with you, to watch with you, has been for many months almost the only wish of which I have been conscious, and now that we are quite alone, I will tell you that not for months, but for years, your life has preached to my heart, and often, unknown to any one but God, has driven me to my Bible and prayer, to seek the same principles that I saw day by day were influencing you.'

Mrs. R. ‘My most precious child, none but a Christian mother can conceive the intense interest with which, for these eighteen months past, I have watched the change so visibly going on in your mind, and though I knew not the moving cause till now, yet knowing the Lord the Spirit was the great worker, I felt unshaken confidence that the work would not be left incomplete, but sooner or later I should see you “sitting at the feet of Jesus clothed and in your right mind :” in short, as you now appear—resolved to dedicate your time, your talents, your all to his service and glory!’

For some time the tears of both *Mrs. R.* and *Ellen* prevented a reply,—at length *Ellen* drawing nearer to her mamma, threw her head on her bosom, and softly whispered,—

‘Mamma, words cannot tell you how much I feel I owe you, nor how earnestly I desire to study the happiness of your future life. My daily, hourly prayer is, that I may not disgrace by word or act the profession I have made, nor settle down in cold indifference to the claims my Redeeming Lord has to my unworthy services. While I look to him on his cross for the pardon of my sin, I desire to look to him on his throne, and to let the certainty of his expected appearance, influence me continually, so that I may be found ready to meet him with kind acceptance.’

Mrs. R. listened with breathless attention, and *Ellen* continued :—

‘I feel, mamma, that I have no power or strength of my own, but I do trust I am looking to Jesus, simply and entirely as my *all-sufficient* Saviour ; and that at times, at least, I find his strength made perfect in my much weakness.—But this, dear mamma, is quite a digression from our original subject, and certainly one I

did not contemplate, but it has been passing sweet to me, and perhaps not less so to you.'

Mrs. R. 'We have indeed deviated from the main subject which was to occupy our attention this evening, but I trust the digression will long be remembered with feelings of hallowed joy by each, as affording another motive for more abundant praise to our Heavenly Father for his rich mercy towards us. For oh, my child, what joy can be compared to that which arises from the confidence that parents and children are one in Christ—"heirs together of the grace of life," "so that when Christ our life shall appear, we shall also appear with him in glory!"'

Ellen. 'Oh happy, happy thought—appear with him in glory!—our frail and corruptible bodies, fashioned like unto his glorious body! In answering my first question, mamma, you said, you now firmly looked for a reigning Messiah. Do you think he is to have a visible throne and kingdom, to be shared by his redeemed people?'

Mrs. R. 'I do indeed, my child, for how else can I understand Dan. vii. 22—27; Matt. xix. 28; Rev. iii. 21; v. 10; xx. 4.? The throne on which he is now seated he calls his *Father's throne*, (Rev. iii. 21.), but the PROMISED throne is totally distinct from this. Daniel tells us, the kingdom is not *in* heaven but under the whole heaven, the government of which is shared by the people, the saints of the Most High. Do not prophecies such as these clearly teach us that there is some throne to be set up, some kingdom to be established, at some future period of the world's history, the honours and privileges of which those who own Christ as their Lord and King now shall enjoy? It needs but little knowledge of history, to show beyond

fear of contradiction that the saints never have either *reigned* or *ruled*.—"Would to God," says St. Paul to the saints in his day, "that ye *did* reign, that we might reign with you."

Ellen. 'The 11th chapter of the Hebrews, mamma, is quite enough to prove, that at the setting up of the SPIRITUAL kingdom the SAINTS did *not* bear rule. "They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword. They wandered about in sheep-skins, and goat-skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented, &c."

Mrs. R. 'Yes, dear Ellen, and there is also another point of importance to be noticed.—The setting up of the spiritual kingdom was gradual.—It began with only twelve fishermen, without influence, without wealth, without power ; but by turning again to Daniel, chapter ii, we shall find that the promised kingdom is not to be established by any gradual spread of the Gospel. In fact the Gospel is only the good news of the future kingdom.—The fourth kingdom was a divided kingdom, partly strong, and partly broken or brittle, before the appearance of the stone, suddenly cut out of the mountain. Now, we know, both from profane and Sacred history, that at the commencement of the gospel kingdom the Roman empire was *not* divided nor weakened, but was the most powerful, extensive, and consolidated in the world. Nor is the agreement less unsound with regard to the visible power of the 'stone.' The gospel kingdom, instead of breaking down, and rooting out all other kingdoms, was oppressed and broken, (though not rooted out) by the ruling power. This lack of agreement between the type, and what has been looked upon by a certain class, as the antitype, affords to my mind irrefragable proof, that the introduction of the

Gospel was not the kingdom predicted, nor the first coming of our Lord the event symbolized by the wonder-working 'stone.'

Ellen. 'Well, mamma, though I have read Roman History so often, and with so much pleasure, yet these comparisons never occurred to my mind before, but how very much light does this kind of argument throw on this part of the prophetic word ! I am often surprised to see how very beautifully one part of the Sacred Scriptures seem to explain other parts.—the Bible and Testament shedding a reflex light on each other.

Mrs. R. 'It is indeed the case, my child ; hence the vast importance of comparing Scripture with Scripture, and this is the only sure way of understanding the Spirit's meaning in them. There is another text which gives and receives light by comparison with the "Stone," and its mighty exploits. You will find it in Matt. xxi. 44. At his first coming, the builders set Christ at nought : compare this with what St. Peter tells us concerning him, that "he was a stone of stumbling, and rock of offence" (1 Pet. ii. 8), which is an exact fulfilment of Isaiah's prophecy. chap. viii. 14. The house of Judah *fell on him*, and were as a nation broken to pieces ; but, at his next appearing, he will fall on them, and not on them only, but on all who shall set him at nought. If we suddenly loosen a stone from a mountain, without placing any confining power to influence it, we know what would be the result. It would roll with a velocity proportioned to its weight, bearing down all opposition, and destroying all impediment, until it had found its level. The symbol, therefore, which the Spirit uses, is well chosen to represent an all-conquering power, which no hostile efforts can withstand. And thus, without metaphor, we are assured Jesus, at his next appearing,

will act. He will go forth as a mighty man, clad with zeal, as with a cloak. Just read that sublime passage in Isaiah lxiii. to the sixth verse, and its fellow, Revelations xix. from the 11th to the 16th verse. You will then see how he will destroy his enemies, and set up his own most glorious kingdom. Let us sing with the poet—

“Come thou Desire of nations, quickly come,
Conqueror of death, break up the gloomy tomb!
Star of thine Israel, call the wanderers in,
Healer of nature's wounds, thy work begin,
Thou nearest kinsman, come avenge our wrongs
Our sorrows turn to joy, our sighs to songs.”

Ellen. ‘Oh, Mamma! how very beautiful and expressive those lines are; but, really, there is something very saddening in the thought of the Avenger's work—
“Come, avenge our wrongs.”’

Mrs. R. ‘Certainly, my dear Ellen, nature must shudder at the thought of so many perishing, who might have obtained mercy; and having seen so much meekness in the Son of Man, when coming as our Law-fulfiller and satisfyer, we can hardly realize the fact of his appearing in a vesture dipped in blood, treading the wine-press of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God; but *thus* the Scriptures represent him, and thus he will come, and that too before there will be any universal reception of divine truth.’

Ellen. ‘That is, mamma, before there will be any millennium?’

Mrs. R. ‘Yes, my love; for I look upon the present dispensation as altogether different from “the dispensation of the fulness of times,” when St. Paul asserts, all things are to be gathered together in One. The present is pre-eminently the dispensation of the Spirit, during the continuance of which the elect number, or the election

according to grace, are to be gathered from an ungodly world, as a kind of first-fruits of his creatures. On ascending with our nature to the Father's right hand, he gave commandment, that during the period of his appearing there, as our Intercessor, the Gospel, or good news of the future kingdom, and the means by which we attain a title to its felicities, should be proclaimed as a witness among all nations. When this is done, and the last soul, for whom he is now pleading, brought to receive him as his Saviour, He will come forth with a shout, louder than ten thousand thunders, to take vengeance on them who have despised his authority, trampled on his laws, and bade defiance to his power—gathering out of his kingdom all things that offend, all open sinners, all mere professors.'

Ellen. 'This is a very solemn thought, mamma, especially when we consider the suddenness and uncertainty, as to time, of his appearing.'

Mrs. R. 'It is, my child, a solemn thought; may you and I, and all we hold dear, be prepared to meet him. To his own disciples he will appear as their true Aaron, adorned in robes of dazzling glory and exquisite beauty, while with a voice more melodious than ever broke on mortal ear, he will say, "Come, ye blessed children of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."—"Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father."'

Ellen. 'Will all his people appear with Christ, mamma?'

Mrs. R. 'Doubtless, all his people.—"All that fear his name, both small and great," St. John tells us in the 18th verse of the eleventh chapter of Revelation; so that the righteous dead will be raised, and the living caught up to meet their Lord in the air; not, I imagine,

to be stationary, but as an escort to the King immortal on his return to earth, the same as when the summons is given of the approach to his capital of some mighty Prince, a number of persons are despatched to hail his return, and augment his retinue.'

Ellen. 'Oh, that is very clear, mamma. I have always felt at a loss to know whether Christ and his saints remained in the air. What a fearful sign it must be to the wicked, when they see the saints caught up from them. Two in the field together, the one taken, and the other left; two enjoying pleasing intercourse together, in a moment for a separation to be made, perhaps something like a separation of the two prophets of Israel!'

Mrs. R. 'Yes, dear, the rapture of the saints will indeed be a fearful sign to the godless, for like the shutting in of Noah in the ark, and the departure of Lot out of Sodom, it will be the signal for the final conflict—the pouring out of long restrained wrath. Every antichristian power will then be destroyed, and THE KINGDOM, the universal kingdom, compared to which every other is a mere shadow, set up! Oh, who can describe the tremendous realities of that scene—agony intense to the scoffer, who, hardened by infidelity, will be crying out to the very last, "Where is the promise of his coming?" Would that the subject was more pondered over than it is. It would arouse the careless, and animate and comfort the Christian on his care-worn way. It is because the latter has so lost sight of this grand object of hope, that he is so frequently cast down under present sorrows. Did he live in the vivid contemplation of these future glories, his present cares and sufferings would appear more insignificant than the bursting bubble on the rippling stream! He would feel himself like a traveler who had to face war and

weather for a time, yet, knowing that his exposure to the unfriendly elements is but of short duration, he wraps his cloak about him, and toils on without a murmur "though neither stars nor moon appear." The certainty that every step leaves him one the less, enlivens his dreary walk, and accelerates his motion. Occasionally he gains an elevated spot whence he eyes his not far distant home; then he is ready to sing for joy, for he knows that a sweet welcome awaits him—he slights the space that lies between—.

"His former toils are all forgot,
Because his journey's end is seen,"

Oh, dearest Ellen, may we constantly resemble the traveller, confessing ourselves to be only pilgrims and strangers here, and let us pray that many may be daily added to the number of Zion's pilgrims.'

Ellen. 'I often recal, dear mamma, those lines of Cowper's, which you once repeated to me, when I think of the comparative indifference displayed concerning these things by even British Christians—

"Knock at the gate of nations, rouse their fears,
Say, wrath is coming, and the storm appears,
But raise the loudest cry in British ears."

Mrs. R. 'Ah, dear child, it often pains me to my very heart to see this blind indifference. But it is time to lay aside our work, for I hear papa ringing the bell for family worship.'

Ellen. 'Well, dearest mamma, I have not asked so many questions as I intended, but I cannot tell you how much I feel obliged for all you have said. It *has* been a delightful evening to me; may I enjoy many such before the winter closes, and show that they are not lost upon me.'

Mrs. R. 'Amen to that wish, my beloved child. To improve by *every* means ought to be our constant aim.'

CHAPTERS ON SCRIPTURE GEOGRAPHY.

No. X.

MIZRAIM.

AMONG all the more immediate descendants of Noah, who were commissioned by God to people the earth, which was rescued from the diluvian waters, none can be more surely traced as far as locality is concerned, than Mizraim. The fertile land of Egypt still bears in the East his name ; and, from this country being also styled in Scripture the land of *Ham*, I conclude, it was the residence of his Father also. From its peculiarly dry climate, the monuments of ancient Egypt still stand before us, uninjured by time ; and histories of kings, coeval with the early patriarchs, are handed down to us in imperishable characters. The light thrown by modern science and investigation upon Egyptian history is certainly one of the most valuable acquirements of the present day. It has dissipated many of the dreams of the infidel, it has brought out into strong relief much of the early history of mankind, as recorded in Scripture, it has explained some obscure passages, and given many valuable arguments to the expounder of the written word. This is the legitimate use of science and investigation. It would be wholly impossible, even in a folio volume, to give a just account of Egypt, as described in her own monuments. We must, therefore, content ourselves with a few brief re-

marks upon her past, her present, and her future history, as connected with, or unfolded in the scripture.

1st. With respect to the past. 1st. As far as we know at present, Egypt was the most highly-civilized country of the ancient world. From the wonderful love of delineation possessed by the Egyptians, they were led to crowd their tombs, their temples, and their public buildings, with figures of every description, portraying every event upon their walls, from the conquest of kings and heroes down to the most ordinary details of humble life. In fact, they had a passion for illustration, surpassing even that of the present day. It is to this passion that we are indebted for the knowledge we possess of their great civilization. Nor is this fact unimportant to the Christian student. He may see from it that civilization is not, as the infidel dreams, the result of the wants of man developing his faculties, but of early revelation; from which, as man recedes, he sinks from the companion of angels to the naked savage, occupied only in providing for a bare subsistence. Let him who doubts this fact, repair to the tomb of an Egyptian king, and see what article of luxury, which modern refinement can desire, was wanting to the monarch, who reigned but a few generations from the time when the earth was a vast sea of water. But, another argument may be drawn from the civilization of Egypt. The history of the wanderings of Israel have been a fashionable theme for the sneers of pseudo-philosophers, who have triumphantly enquired how the tabernacle could be erected; the precious stones engraved, the fine linen woven and dyed, and the various metals refined and wrought into shapes of beauty by a wandering horde of emigrants in a desert. The sojourn in Egypt explains the whole. The pastoral patriarchs were sent

into Egypt to sojourn there for more than 300 years, amongst other reasons, for the purpose of fitting them for social life. Their great leader, as we are told in Scripture, was "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians;" and we again refer the doubter to the tombs of this country, to prove to him that the cutting and setting of gems, the working the precious metals, the weaving of the finest and most transparent tissues, were carried to the highest perfection in Egypt in times anterior to the Exodus.

But a third remark may be made, not to be overlooked in the present day—viz. that the highest state of civilization may co-exist with the grossest and most debasing system of idolatry. How soon the Egyptians forsook the God of their fathers, we cannot tell from Scripture. It does not positively appear that they were idolaters at the time of Abraham's first visit, nor can we suppose that Joseph, who had been so singularly faithful to his God, would have married the daughter of an idolatrous priest. It is difficult also to ascertain what amount of truth this symbol-loving people held, embodied in their mysteries, their sphynxes, their pyramids, their serpent-worship, &c. ; or, how soon the sign was confused with the thing signified ; but this we are sure of, that before the Israelites left Goshen, the Egyptians had sunk into the grossest idolatry.* It is not improbable that the Hamite tribes, who, under the names of Shepherd Kings, overran the country, and persecuted the Israelites, might have brought in much of their own horrid worship to add to the earlier native

* According to the texts of Manetho, animal worship was first introduced into Egypt by Chous, the second king of the second dynasty. May not this Chous be possibly Cush, who was the son of Ham the first ruler of Egypt?

superstitions. Further discoveries may throw light upon this interesting question.

We may observe—2ndly, that, with brief and partial exceptions, Egypt was the friend of God's ancient people.

The Jews seem to have adopted the manners and customs of the Egyptians, without rebuke, except when the custom was an idolatrous one. Joseph was an Egyptian in dress and in deportment, and Moses was mistaken for one by the daughters of Jethro. The Levitical law (Deut. xxiii. 7.) enjoined upon the Israelites courtesy and hospitality towards the Egyptians as a sacred duty, in requital of the benefits which their ancestors received in Egypt. This injunction was continually obeyed. Solomon, the most magnificent of the Jewish kings, married a daughter of Pharaoh; nor was this highly-typical union rebuked by God, though the Lord was displeased with his taking for wives the daughters of other idolatrous princes. (1 Kings xi. 9.)

Eventually the intimacy which subsisted between the two nations proved a great snare to the Israelites. The worship of the calf brought from Egypt, and punished so severely in the wilderness, was introduced into Israel by Jeroboam, who had been a refugee in Egypt during the latter part of Solomon's reign; and we find afterwards many grievous complaints by God of his people going "down to Egypt for help" in their troubles, and "strengthening themselves in the strength of Pharaoh," as if His arm was shortened that it could not save, or His ear heavy that it could not hear. After the invasion of the Chaldeans and the captivity of the Jews, a remnant of them fled for protection into Egypt, there to find that God was not to be mocked, and to meet that fate which they would have avoided

in their own country. After the Jews had returned from their captivity, and Egypt had passed successively under the dominion of the Babylonian,* Persian, and Grecian kings, the intimacy between the two countries became even closer than before. Multitudes of Jews flocked to the splendid city which Alexander built and called after his own name, many privileges were accorded to them, and at length their scriptures were translated into Greek at the command of Ptolemy Epiphanes, and thus the mine of truth was opened to the Gentiles through an Egyptian king! Egypt certainly was a highly-favoured country in ancient days. There the patriarch Jacob found an asylum in the years of famine, and there, when the Jewish dispensation was about to close, the babe of Bethlehem found a shelter from the wrath of Herod—"Out of Egypt have I called my Son." Matt. ii. 13—15. Such briefly was

* A work was published some time ago, in which the author, Mr. Roberts, endeavoured to prove with much ingenuity, that the gypsies of the present day were the Egyptians, who, according to Isaiah xix. 24, 25; Jer. xli. 26; Ezek. xxix, and xxx, were to be dispersed all over the world, and eventually to return. As some of your readers may have seen this work, I mention a few reasons for differing entirely from the author of it:

1. The language of the gypsies differs entirely and essentially from the Coptic.

2. There are gypsies in Egypt, just as in other countries, wholly unlike the natives.

3. The Egyptians themselves call the gypsies foreigners.

4. Their own tradition bringing them from Egypt, points not to ancient, but to modern Egypt. *They say* they wander, because their fathers would not allow Jesus to rest when he went down into Egypt—a legend evidently intended to suit the taste of the Roman Catholic nations among whom they found themselves.

5. The predictions alluded to only lasted for forty years, when the Egyptians were to be restored, and the prophecies of future blessings are made, not to returning wanderers like the ten tribes, but to the *inhabitants* of the land in the latter days.

Thus I think it clear that whoever the mysterious people called gypsies are, they are not the dispersed of ancient Egypt.

the ancient history of Egypt, as connected with the Scriptures. What then, among the changes of the world, is its modern history and present state? One word will explain it—slavery. The Gospel had scarcely reached it and a Church been formed there, than as if the very atmosphere of Egypt was unfavourable to the simplicity of truth, the Church of Christ, like the Jewish Church of old, caught the infection of mysticism, became corrupt, superstitious, and debased, and such has it continued to the present day. The followers of the false Prophet, those scourges of apostate Christendom, were permitted to wreak God's vengeance upon Egypt—oppressed, ground down, and enslaved, the miserable inhabitants of that once-favoured country drag on a dismal existence, and the land of Mizraim is still a standing evidence of the truth of Ezekiel's prophecy, that Egypt shall be a base country. (xxix. 13, 14.) Hear the testimony of a modern traveller: 'The love of a Fellah for his country and his Nile is an all-absorbing love. Remove him and he perishes. He cannot live a year away from his village; his grave must be where his cradle was. But he is of all men most submissive; he will rather die than revolt; resignation is his primary virtue; impatience under any yoke is unknown to him; his life, his faith, his law is submission. He is a bee always toiling, always toiling for others, not for himself.' *Dr. Bowring's Report*, p. 7.

Such is Egypt at present. Is it always to remain this base and abject country? No; the benefits which Israel received from Egypt shall not be forgotten by God, though its idolatries have been thus severely punished. As a writer on the antiquities of Egypt has remarked, 'The prophetic doom that consigns other idolatrous nations to utter destruction, frowns upon

them as the blackness of darkness. But the "swift cloud" on which the Lord rideth when he cometh unto Egypt (Isa. xix. 1), is sometimes irradiated with a gleam of hope.' The kings, and the armies of all the nations appear entombed in one vast sepulchral cave, according to the bold figure of Ezekiel, (chap. xxxii.) "There lay Asshur and all her company with many other of her compeers." But though the command went forth to the multitude of Egypt also, "Go down, and be thou laid with the uncircumcised," (v. 19) yet it is likewise declared, that Pharaoh should see the desolation that surrounded him, and "be comforted over all his multitude, even Pharaoh and all his army slain by the sword, saith the Lord God." We may probably find the fulfilment of this sublime prophecy in the circumstance, that the deep sufferings which now for more than 2000 years have overwhelmed Egypt, have not extinguished her national identity. Though the prey of every spoiler, though trampled to the very dust, she still remains Egypt, and still affords shelter to a miserable remnant of the descendants of her ancient inhabitants. But this is only one part of the prophecies which relate to Egypt. In the very brief but comprehensive sketch of modern history in prophecy given to us in the xith of Daniel, the kingdoms of the ancient world appear again upon the stage, guided by other rulers. Egypt and Palestine are once more the theatre of war. It matters not, (as far as Egypt is concerned,) whether France or Britain be the power which governs it at the time of the end. The possession of Egypt constitutes its ruler king of the South, just as much as the sway over Palestine and Syria gives the title of king of the North to its governor in prophecy, by whatever name he may be known among men.

We find then (Dan. xi. 40.) that "at the time of the end the king of the South," *pushes* at "the king of the North," fearing most probably for the safety of his possessions. The great Conqueror rushing like a whirlwind through the glorious land, and leaving as it would appear, foes in his rear, invades and conquers the land of Egypt, whose treasures of gold, and silver, and valuable things fell into his hand. In the midst of his triumphs, tidings from the North (Palestine), and the East trouble him. The long buried tribes are probably hastening to their ancient land from the distant East, and the countries which the king of the North has left unconquered in his haste ; Moab, Edom, and the children of Ammon, are subdued by them. He turns from Egypt in fury to meet his doom upon the mountains of Palestine. The Restoration of the Jews and their return to their Messiah, appears to be the signal of blessing for Egypt. The favour which Egypt showed to Israel in early days, shall be recompensed, tripled with spiritual blessings. It would appear as if the Jews were to conquer Egypt ; from Isa. xix. 17.,* where it is said, that "the land of Judah shall be a terror unto Egypt." Perhaps they come as deliverers from foreign yoke, (see ver. 20.) At any rate we learn from the succeeding verses of the chapter, that colonies of Jews shall be settled in that fertile country, and that the once renowned city Heliopolis shall with other cities then speak the language of Canaan, and call upon the name of the Lord. An altar to Jehovah is to be erected in the midst of the country, and a pillar, perhaps an

* The Jews in Egypt at present are calculated by Mr. Lane at 5000. They are held in the utmost contempt and abhorrence by the Mussulmans in general, and have a double share of humiliation and oppression heaped upon them.

Obelisk, after the fashion of the nation on the border.—When all nations go up to keep the great Feast of Tabernacles at Jerusalem, Egypt is particularly mentioned. Want of rain is the punishment to be inflicted on those countries who do not send their representatives to that solemn gathering of the nations,—but as Egypt does not require rain, a peculiar plague is threatened to its inhabitants as the penalty of non-attendance. (Zech. xiv. 18.) Many spiritual blessings are promised to Egypt at the latter days ; they shall return unto the Lord and he shall heal them,—they shall serve him with the Assyrians, they shall be a blessing in the midst of the land, “whom the Lord of Hosts shall bless, saying, Blessed be Egypt *my people*, and Assyria the work of my hands, and Israel my inheritance.” How much this precious prophecy should strengthen the hands and encourage the faith of those who are wearily labouring for the benefit of the debased descendants of Mizraim !

X. Y. Z.

THE HERDMAN OF TEKOA.

No. II. *continued.*

“ And I will smite the winter-house with the summer-house,
 And the houses of ivory shall perish,
 And the great houses shall have an end, saith the Lord.
 Hear this word, ye kine of Bashan,
 That are in the mountain of Samaria,
 Which oppress the poor, which crush the needy,
 Which say to their masters, Bring and let us drink :
 The Lord God hath sworn by his holiness
 That, lo, the days shall come upon you,
 That he will take you away with hooks,
 And your posterity with fish-hooks ;
 And ye shall go out at the breaches,
 Each cow at that which is before her ;
 And ye shall cast them into the palace, saith the Lord.”

Two explanations have been given of this passage : Secker supposes it may refer to the luxurious matrons of Israel, who oppressed the poor, and invited their lords, or husbands, to drink. Alas ! woman can be as cruel an oppressor as man ; and, who shall say, how many victims have, of late years, in our own land, fallen overtaken with labour at the shrine of her vanity : infant victims, or females young and delicate as the oppressor herself, condemned to drain away their life in the drudgery of ill-paid toil. To British females, then,

this passage may teach an important lesson. Calvin, however, thinks it ought to be regarded as a continuation of the former chapter, still addressed to the great men of Israel. The feminine gender is used throughout to reproach their effeminacy, whilst, in yet further contempt, the prophet will not call them men at all, but kine; fatness was what they gloried in, therefore he calls them cows, the fat kine of Bashan. They were in Samaria, the seat of government, but they were occupied there, not in seeking the welfare of the nation; but, in growing fat; therefore, though they were in the mountain of Samaria, he will call them kine of Bashan, which was celebrated for the fatness of its pastures. They ought to have protected the poor; but, instead of this, they oppressed them themselves, and were willing to connive at their masters doing the same, whilst they shared their sensual indulgence, "Come and let us drink."

But the days were coming when, fat and large as they were, they should be taken away easily as a little fish with a hook. They prided themselves on the punctilios of their rank, but then they would be glad enough to flee out at the breach directly before them, escaping through the broken wall. A cow in flight, what an image to pour contempt on the pride of these haughty rulers. They had enclosed themselves in their own fat, till their ears waxed dull of hearing; therefore God was obliged to rebuke them sharply by the mouth of his prophet. "Ye shall throw yourselves down from the palace," is the translation given by Calvin of the last line, and it is more easy to trace the connection of this version with the rest of the passage:

"Come to Bethel and transgress,
At Gilgal multiply transgression,

And bring your sacrifices every morning,
And your tithes after three years,
And offer a sacrifice of thanksgiving with leaven,
And proclaim and publish the free offerings,
For this liketh you, O ye children of Israel, saith
the Lord God."

What more was wanted : here was a most costly service, daily sacrifices as commanded, *Exod. xxix. 38*, tithes every three years, according to *Deut. xiv. 28, 29*, sacrifices of thanksgiving with leaven as they were wont to be offered, and even free offerings beyond what were laid down in the law. All this too at Bethel and Gilgal, places hallowed by the most sacred associations, where God appeared in vision unto Jacob, where the reproach of uncircumcision was rolled off Israel. But all is of no avail, it is the worship of self-will. God had commanded his altar to be erected at Jerusalem, and no altar at Bethel, however scrupulously served, was pleasing in his sight. "They came to Bethel but to transgress ; at Gilgal they multiplied transgression. This liketh you, O ye children of Israel, saith the Lord." These sacrifices flattered their vanity ; they loved to boast of them : but God took no pleasure in them.

We are told of the zeal and devotion implied in the gorgeous sanctuaries of popery ; there are those who would have us think a religion which excites to such sacrifices must be well-pleasing in the sight of God ; and they would moreover excite our imaginations with the associations of holy places. When we are thus tempted, let us remember the gorgeous will-worship of Bethel and Gilgal, and the judgment God has pronounced upon them. Let us remember that to obey is better than to sacrifice ; and that if they could lavish on their cathedrals the wealth of both the Indies, it

would not atone, in God's sight, for the one commandment they have dared to erase from his law.

The passage ch. iv. 6—11, is full of solemn warning to us. The words, "Yet have ye not returned unto me, saith the Lord," so often repeated, ought ever to sound in our ears. God is slow to anger, and of great mercy : he does not at once strike the final blow. "I will go and return," says he in Hosea, "to my place, till they acknowledge their offence, and seek my face." So it was with Israel in the days of Amos : God sent stroke upon stroke ; but five times he waits in vain, and the people will not return. Then in awful judgment he summons them.

"Therefore thus will I do unto thee, O Israel ;
And because I will do this unto thee,
Prepare to meet thy God, O Israel."

What a meeting is here !—when forbearance and mercy have run their course, and the sinner is called to confront the justice of an angry God. Britain has had loud calls to repentance, God has sent cleanness of teeth and want of bread, and pestilence into our cities, but now pitying our misery he has granted us some respite, as he did to Israel in the days of Jeroboam. Let us not abuse it as they did. The God of judgments is not a being with whom we may trifle. How grand the description given to impress Israel with a sense of his power in the closing verses of this chapter.

"For, lo, he that formeth the mountains and createth the wind,
And declareth unto man what is his thought,
That maketh the morning darkness,
And treadeth upon the high places of the earth,
The Lord, the God of hosts is his name."

THE JOYS OF HEAVEN.

(Continued.)

Taste also is one great means of enjoyment below—how often degraded and debased ! We have every reason to suppose from Scripture, that this sinless corporeal attribute will be gratified in heaven. Adam ate before he sinned. It was the first permission given ;—“ Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat.” Gen. ii. 16. Our Lord ate after he had assumed his resurrection-body. “ To us,” says Peter, “ who did eat and drink with Him after he rose from the dead.” Acts x. 41. Therefore eating and drinking is by no means confined to a sinful or even an *earthly* state. But the food of heaven is expressly mentioned, and that repeatedly in Scripture ;—“ Man,” says David, “ did eat angel’s food,” or as it is in the Marginal reading, “ every one did eat the bread of the mighty.” Psalm lxxviii. 25. “ Wine, which cheereth God and man,” says Jotham, Judges ix. 13 ; which text may be compared with our Lord’s memorable words, “ *I* will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, *until* that day when I drink it new with you in my Father’s kingdom.” Matt. xxvi. 29. When, in that mysterious vision recorded in Exodus, xxiv. Moses and the Elders saw the God of Israel, it is expressly said, they “ did eat and drink.” In Ezekiel xlvii, mention is made of the trees by the river’s brink, whose leaves were never to fade, and in Rev. xxii., we learn that the tree of life, watered by the river which proceedeth from the throne

of God, bare twelve manner of *fruits*, and brought forth her fruit every month. Well may we exclaim with the Jew of old, Luke xiv. 15 :—"Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God." But the mind has tastes as well as the body, and these tastes, as far as they are innocent, will assuredly be gratified ; for we read, Psalm xxxvi. 8., "Thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures ;" and again, Psalm cxi. 2 : "The works of the Lord are great, *sought* out of all them that have pleasure therein." But we must hasten to notice another source of pleasure to the body, viz., that of motion, and see what we can learn of its continuance. Considering again the living creatures as types of the redeemed, we find that each had six wings, thus, in Isaiah vi. 2., we read, "Above it, (the throne,) stood the seraphims: each one had six wings ; with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly." A wing is the symbol of rapid motion, it carries us on to a state of being very delightful, but very different to the one we have at present. Here we are of the earth, and tread its dust with human feet. If we want more rapid movement, we are compelled to borrow it from our inferiors, and to make use of the feet of beasts. In heaven it appears that we shall have the means of rapid movement. We shall converse without the intervention of animals with distant scenes. We read of the faithful servant being made a ruler over ten cities.—We read of each apostle judging a tribe. Distant thrones may be provided for God's distinguished ones, while all will meet around the throne of the Lamb. The Missionary who now toils over burning sands, to spread the good tidings of salvation to his brethren on this earth, may then per-

chance on angel's wings bear messages of love to distant worlds.

But it may be said, that while I have been dwelling on corporeal and intellectual enjoyments, I have been forgetting the spiritual ones—that while body and soul have been cared for, spirit has been neglected. Oh no! It is the spirit which is the true life of soul and body. It is the spiritual enjoyment which is at the root of the bodily and the intellectual. *Every* child of God, however feeble, knows and feels, that when he reaches his blessed home he shall be sinless like his Lord ;—that however his mortal frame be composed, it will offer no avenues to temptation, that however his mind be constituted, it will be in unison with the mind of God. Oh blessed consummation of earth's sins and sorrows! The whole man will be in harmony with God. Earth will have resumed her place in creation's system, and will roll majestically around the throne of God. Her inhabitants will join the universal chorus of praise, and by their union with the Godhead, will, in fact, lead the song,—“Holiness to the Lord,” will be written on every brow ; and from the hoary patriarch to the infant of days, love to God will beat in every bosom. “Now unto Him who is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of his glory, with exceeding joy : to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever.” Amen.

X. Y. Z.

THE PSALMIST'S REVELATION OF THE TIMES OF RESTITUTION,

WITH

PARALLEL PREDICTIONS OF THE SPIRIT.

PSALM XLVII.

A triumphant song of the Jewish people in anticipation of their entering upon their inheritance—and of the establishment of God's universal kingdom.

THE PSALMIST'S REVELATION.

1. O clap your hands,
all ye people ;* shout
unto God with the voice
of triumph :

2. For the Lord most
High is terrible ; he is
a great King over all
the earth.

3. He shall subdue
the people under us,
and the nations under
our feet.

PARALLEL PREDICTIONS.

Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise from the end of the earth, ye that go down to the sea, and all that is therein ; the isles, and the inhabitants thereof. Let the wilderness and the cities thereof lift up their voice, the villages that Kedar doth inhabit : let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them shout from the top of the mountains. Let them give glory unto the Lord, and declare his praise in the islands. Isa. xlii. 10—12.

For from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same, my name shall be great among the Gentiles ; and in every place incense shall be offered unto my name, and a pure offering ; for my name shall be great among the heathen, saith the Lord of hosts. Mal. i. 11.

For the nation and kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish ; Yea those nations shall be utterly wasted. The sons also of them that afflicted thee

* Bishop Horsley.

THE PSALMIST'S
REVELATION.

4. He shall choose our inheritance for us, the excellency of Jacob, whom he loved.

5. God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet.

6. Sing praises to God, sing praises : sing praises unto our King, sing praises.

7. For God is the King of all the earth :

Sing ye praises with understanding.

8. God reigneth over the heathen :

PARALLEL PREDICTIONS.

shall come bending unto thee ; and all they that despised thee shall bow themselves down at the soles of thy feet. Isa. lx. 12, 14.

Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken ; neither shall thy land any more be termed Desolate ; but thou shalt be called Hephzi-bah, and thy land Beulah : for the Lord delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be married. Go through, go through the gates ; prepare ye the way of the people ; cast up, cast up the highway ; gather out the stones ; lift up a standard for the people. And they shall call them, The holy people, The redeemed of the Lord : and thou shalt be called, Sought out, a city not forsaken. Isa. lxii. 4, 10, 12.

Now therefore arise, O Lord God into thy resting place, thou and the ark of thy strength. And the glory of the Lord filled the house. 2 Chron. vi. 41 ; vii. 1. And, behold, the glory of the God of Israel came from the way of the east ; and his voice was like a noise of many waters : and the earth shined with his glory. And the glory of the Lord came into the house by the way of the gate whose prospect is toward the east. Ezek. xliii. 2, 4.

In that day shall ye say, Praise the Lord, call upon his name, declare his doings among the people, make mention that his name is exalted. Sing unto the Lord ; for he hath done excellent things : this is known in all the earth. Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion : for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee. Isa. xii. 4—6.

And the Lord shall be King over all the earth : in that day there shall be one Lord, and his name one. Zech. xiv. 9.

Vide references on verse 6.

He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth. Psalm lxxii. 8.

THE PSALMIST'S
REVELATION.

God sitteth upon the
throne of his holiness.

9. The voluntary of
the people are gathered
unto the people of the
God of Abraham; (mar-
gin.)

For the shields of the
earth belong unto God:
he is greatly exalted.

PARALLEL PREDICTIONS.

But unto the Son he saith, Thy
throne, O God, is for ever and ever; a
sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre
of thy kingdom. Heb. i. 8.

Thus saith the Lord of hosts, It shall
yet come to pass, that there shall come
people, and the inhabitants of many
cities. Thus saith the Lord of hosts,
In those days it shall come to pass,
that ten men shall take hold, out of all
languages of the nations, even shall
take hold of the skirt of him that is a
Jew, saying, We will go with you;
for we have heard that God is with you.
Zech. viii. 20. 23.

The Lord is exalted; for he dwelleth
on high. Isa. xxxiii. 5.

A. A.

Literary Notices.

NARRATIVE OF AN EXPLORATORY JOURNEY TO THE FIVE CONSULAR CITIES OF CHINA. BY THE REV. G. SMITH. (*Seeley.*) This volume gives us a vivid picture of life in China. What strikes us most is the union of high civilization with the most complete worldliness. They have all the pursuits, the objects, the feelings of civilized life ; they have their political distinctions, their literary honours, their social refinements ; but they are without the knowledge of God, and there is no freshness of life amongst them. Money can purchase the good things of this life ; therefore money is their God, and life is spent in a restless pursuit after it. Literary distinction is the only way to political power ; therefore, it is eagerly sought by all classes : but, the aim of their learned men is not to discover fresh truth, or set forth that already known in a new and vivid manner, but to keep as close as possible in their compositions to the models of their ancient authors. Everything, either intellectual or spiritual, is blighted. Painful, indeed, must have been the feelings of the missionary, as he looked down on the city of Foo-choo, where there was not one messenger to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation, amidst a population of 600,000 souls. The Romanists are active, and have already got the start of us, having sent numerous missionaries into the newly-opened field of China : but the Church Mis-

sionary Society has but one missionary now labouring there. There are great facilities for preaching the Gospel : at Canton, the populace hate 'the barbarians,' calling them constantly, 'the foreign demons ;' but, in the northern parts, the people are disposed to be friendly, and everywhere there is so great a veneration for their printed characters, that tracts, distributed among them, are sure not to be destroyed. Mr. Smith's tour was undertaken with a view of ascertaining the best basis of future missionary operations : his own health obliged him soon to quit the field. We cannot attempt to touch on the many topics of interest brought before us in this volume. Our readers will find it worth a perusal ; and, if they have also had an opportunity of examining the Chinese Exhibition, they will not feel themselves entire strangers to the manners and customs of the Central Kingdom ; nor will they, we trust, contemplate, without some emotions of pity, its myriads of idolaters living in darkness and sin.

THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD. A SERIES OF BOYLE LECTURES. BY THE REV. F. D. MAURICE: This work, like most things proceeding from the pen of this able and pious author, is full of interesting and original thought. It is an endeavour to answer the infidel objection, that all religious creeds are alike the drapery in which the deep-seated religious instincts of the human heart have clothed themselves ; that they have always varied, according to place, time, and circumstances, and are all, whether heathen or christian, matters of comparative indifference. Mr. Maurice answers this objection, by showing, that every false religion, which has had an extensive influence, owes that influence to some one vital truth which it has illustrated ; while its weakness and decay have been caused

by the absence of other truths, which should have balanced and supported the truth admitted. Christianity differs from all false religions, in that it holds all that was really precious in them, in conjunction with the kindred truths they have neglected ; and is, therefore, the only religion which can satisfy the cravings of the human heart. These Lectures are deeply interesting ; yet while Mr. Maurice describes what he considers to have been the originating cause of Brahminism, Buddhism, &c., it is impossible not to feel that his peculiarly catholic spirit, ever quicker to discern good than evil, has unconsciously thrown the bright light of christianity over these dark superstitions. The contrast is striking, if we turn from his description of their origin in the upward aspirations of the human heart, to St. Paul's account of the progress of idolatry. Rom. i. Again and again as we read, we need to recal our Saviour's words, "they loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil." Those who do not look upon reading as a mere recreation or relief from the burden of vacancy of mind, but to whom close thought, and the awakening of judgment incident on an occasional difference of opinion from their teacher, are an enjoyment, will find this work repay the hours of hard study it may cost them.

POSTHUMOUS WORKS OF THE REV. THOMAS CHALMERS. Vol. I. DAILY SCRIPTURE READINGS. (*Hamilton*) Dr. Chalmers had been, for some years previous to his death, in the habit of daily recording the most vivid thoughts that were suggested to his mind by the passages of Scripture he read. His motives for so doing, he thus explains. 'In reading the life of Sir Matthew Hale, I find that he employed the pen to aid him in his spiritual meditations. He wrote

as he thought ; and hitherto my attempts at the sustained contemplation of divine things have been so confused and unsatisfactory, that I am glad to try the same expedient. May the Spirit of God, who worketh not without means, but by them, bless this humble endeavour after a nearer approach to the viewless objects of faith and eternity.' It is these valuable papers which are here given to the public, as they were left by their honoured author. They are preceded by some deeply interesting Sabbath exercises, in which his own feelings and inward conflicts are expressed, in which we see this father in Christ struggling with the same difficulties and temptations, under which his weaker brethren groan, feeling the pressure of worldly anxiety, and the burden of dulness and apathy of spirit. From all these burdens he has now found perfect rest ; and, we may be encouraged by his example, to struggle on yet a while, knowing that, in due season, we shall reap if we faint not.

THE HIGH PRIEST IN HIS ROBES OF GLORY, BLESSING THE PEOPLE. BY W. G. RHIND. (*Bagster.*) Some of our readers are acquainted with that beautiful work of art "the Tabernacle in the Wilderness :—" the present work, intended as a sequel to it, is, if possible, still more perfect in execution. The letter-press is also deeply interesting, consisting of notes and annotations, in chronological arrangement, showing the high priesthood from Aaron to Eli—from Eli to the captivity, and closing with the prophecy of Caiaphas, the last high priest before the priesthood of the true Melchisedek. Christ is set forth in a striking manner as the antitype of the Jewish high priest, whose robes of glory all spoke of Him that was to come. The whole is written with a glow and earnestness of feeling, which show how deeply the Author has enjoyed the sacred subject on which he dwells.

A REVIVED MINISTRY OUR ONLY HOPE FOR A REVIVED CHURCH. (*Jackson and Walford.*)

THE DUTIES SOLEMNLY BINDING ON THE VARIOUS SECTIONS OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST, FOR SUPPRESSING THE EMULATIONS AND STRIFES WHICH PREVENT ITS FULFILLING ITS MISSION TO THE WORLD. (*Jackson and Walford.*) Two striking pamphlets by the same Author. The first is an earnest appeal to his brethren in the ministry, to seek those high attainments in holiness, which alone can give them reasonable hope of attaining eminent usefulness. It may be read with profit, not only by ministers, but by all who are engaged in any spiritual work. In these days of universal activity, there is real danger of resting satisfied in having done something ; visited the poor, taught a school, or guided some charity, without any close self-examination as to how and in what spirit the work has been done ; whereas, we should never forget, that it is what we are, rather than what we do, that will prove the standard of our real usefulness. The feeblest efforts of an earnest praying christian, are often attended with a greater blessing from above, than the ablest combinations of mere men of talent.

The second pamphlet on the subject of Christian union, contains many important and seasonable truths, though it perhaps does not sufficiently acknowledge the difficulty of union on points of *great*, though not primary importance.

THE POWER OF THE PRESS, IS IT RIGHTLY EMPLOYED ? (*Partridge and Oakey.*)

THE YOUNG MAN'S BEST PURSUIT. BY THE REV. S. JENNER. (*Wertheim.*)

A NEW SERIES OF CHILDREN'S REWARD

BOOKS. (Edinburgh : *Kennedy*.) We have classed these together, because, while the first exhibits in awful colours the dangers of our country from obnoxious publications, the others illustrate some of the ways open to christians for the counteraction of this mighty evil. According to calculations made from stamp returns and careful inquiry, it would seem, that the yearly issue of pernicious literature amounts to above 20,000,000 copies. Some of this is of the lowest character : we give an extract respecting it from the pamphlet before us :—

‘The titles of some of the works alluded to will sufficiently indicate their character, and render explanation unnecessary. They may be classified thus—1st, infidel ; 2ndly, corrupting. Among the first may be mentioned—The Reasoner—The Library of Reason—The Herald of Progress—The Commonweal ; amongst the second—Newgate—The Highwayman—The Convict—The Wife’s Tragedy—The Parricide—The Love Child—The Vampire. But, even beyond this dreadful limit, there is a very large annual circulation, into which the writer dared not enter, so awfully polluting is its character.’

Of these last most fearful publications, supposed to be sold by stealth, the Author supposes an annual circulation of 520,000. What must be the results of such a flood of pollution constantly passing over the land. We see in French society, where the tragedies, even in high life, have this year been so fearful, the effects of the vile and exciting novels, with which the reading-public of France have been supplied. Must not the same causes produce similar effects among ourselves. Let us then strain every effort, since the people will be supplied with reading—and with reading that is interesting to them—to promote the sale of christian publications. We have reason to bless God for the success

of the Churchman's Penny Monthly, which has a circulation of above 100,000, and for the large issues made by the Religious Tract Society of useful and Christian works ; but how much still remains to be done ? Every effort, however feeble, in a right direction, ought to be encouraged. 'The Young Men's Missionary Society,' in behalf of which Mr. Jenner's Sermon was preached, has great claims on the Christian public. It addresses youths, at the time when they are most exposed to danger ; presents to them a worthy object on which to expend their energies, and cheers them with mutual help and co-operation : it has a library and reading-room, of which it is hardly possible to estimate the importance, but they are quite inadequate to the wants of the members, and they are now striving to raise a special fund for providing more suitable rooms, and a more extensive library. The Society, during the three years it has existed, has raised £800 for the cause of missions ; but, it is more with reference to the youths themselves, thus training to be future labourers in the cause of Christ, that we would solicit the sympathy and interest of the Christian public.

The series of Children's Reward-Books we have here introduced to our readers, is an excellent one : to reach the parents through the children is no new method ; and, while the enemy is so busy in the field of literature, these feeble weapons, like the sling and stone of David, may produce some effects not to be despised.

The Tract Society have brought out as usual their useful Almanacks for next year : every variety, from the penny sheet for the cottage-wall to the neat pocket-book, with its coloured engraving. These Almanacks all combine the daily text-book with the variety of convenient information they supply.

THE PROTESTANT.

"THE works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein. His work is honourable and glorious, and his righteousness endureth for ever. He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered : the Lord is gracious and full of compassion. He hath given meat unto them that fear him : he will ever be mindful of his covenant." How appropriate are these words of the Psalmist for the end of the eventful year that is now closing upon us. If the Lord hath made his wonderful works to be remembered, we shall do well to spend a short time in retracing their course, and trying once more to gather the many lessons they have been designed to teach us.

The year opened on our country in gloom and sorrow. The clouds of God's wrath brooded heavily over us, famine wasted our people, and there was no prospect of relief for many months. A winter of unusual severity increased their sufferings, nor was it long before famine was followed by its usual attendant the pestilence. Scenes were witnessed in unhappy Ireland to which the civilized world has long been a stranger. The hand of God was so manifestly stretched out against us, that the conscience of the nation was in a measure awakened, we turned unto Him who had smitten and who alone could heal us, we publicly acknowledged that we had deserved his wrath, and entreated that the heavy blow might be turned away from us. He heard us for his great name's sake, and to manifest alike the greatness of his power, and the

depth of his mercy, turned our dearth into cheapness and plenty, and now we have as a nation (though alas, the thanksgiving-day was far less marked than our fast in the day of sorrow,) returned our hearty praises for all his mercies. Such a year should close with no common feelings. If it has but slightly impressed the memory of those who have been untouched by its sorrows, it can never be forgotten in the villages and hamlets which it has so fearfully depopulated, by the parents whom it has left childless, or the children who are never henceforth to know a parent's care. Whilst all these traces of God's wrath are still before us, it becomes us to retain a solemn impression of the fierceness of his anger, whose name is Jealous, and who is as a consuming fire. "Stand in awe and sin not, commune with your own heart upon your bed and be still." There is enough too in the present state of our land to awaken these earnest communings of heart in those who love their country. When the famine was referred last winter, by those who study the present by the light of past history, to the wrath of God on a people who had endowed idolatry, it was answered by one of our statesmen, that this could not be, since the scourge had not fallen on the guilty parties, but on the poor of Ireland. The objection was one not difficult to answer at the time, but Providence has since given a farther answer, showing how little we can tell the extent over which the judgments of God may sweep; the failure of the poor Irishman's potatoes may blight the fortunes, and destroy the prospects of large classes of the merchants and gentry of England. With universal pressure and perplexity in the trading and manufacturing classes throughout our own country, with many parts of Ireland in a state of almost hopeless disorganization, and

the cry of famine beginning to rise again amidst her untilled fields, with that fearful pestilence the cholera, advancing as before, slowly and steadily across the plains of Russia from the distant East, it becomes the Lord's remembrancers to close the year in a spirit of humble and earnest prayer. Especially let them remember the duty of prayer for the blessing of God on the Parliament now assembled for the first time, that they may never forget that they are legislating for a Christian nation, under the eye of the God of heaven ; that the truly godly men among them may be enabled in their Master's strength to rise to the high and difficult position in which they are placed. Christians have surely this year had proof enough that He on whom they call is the living, the prayer-hearing God ; they have had encouragement enough to renew their supplications for mercy for their guilty land, and to strain every effort to realize their Saviour's description, and prove themselves the salt of the earth, staying the progress of corruption, the light of the world brightening the darkness that surrounds them.

If we look beyond our own country, how much is there on the continent of Europe to arrest our attention. If we turn to France, we find a nation who have sown the wind and are reaping the whirlwind. France alone, of all the countries of Europe, strove to cast off every trace of religion, and even to abolish the primitive institution of the Sabbath ; what is she reaping from a generation brought up under the auspices of infidelity ? Universal distrust—a sense of general corruption—bribery and peculation, proved or suspected in every branch of public administration—her people restless, coveting political power, which they show they have not principle enough to use aright, and eager to rush into

war, from which, possibly, nothing but the prudent policy of their aged king restrains them. Who can fail in the present aspect of France, to read the insufficiency of mere human motives, of the most irascible sense of honour, of the keenest desire of the glory that comes from man only, or as the fearful scene in the Praslin Hotel bore witness, of the advantages of birth and education to maintain the purity of public morals, or the high-toned integrity of the Christian who walks in the presence of his God ?

And what is going on in Germany, the land of thought and bold speculation ? Alas ! the hopes some Christians had entertained, that the great schism from the Romish Church, the German Catholic movement, would prove a true off-shoot from the Reformation, has been quite frustrated. The German Catholics, and the friends of light, are tending more and more towards infidelity. It is the natural course for active minds bursting loose from the bonds of popery. Infidelity must have taken root in the hearts of those, who for years continued in the service of a Church, which taught or allowed absurdities against which their reason revolted, and nothing but the restraining grace of God could have prevented them, while casting away the errors of the faith of their childhood, from casting away also some of its most precious truths. The schism, if so we may call it, of Luther, was that of a humble spirit, convinced of sin and athirst for righteousness ; the schism of the German Catholics has been that of honest but proud spirits, crushed beneath a debasing yoke, and thirsting for liberty. The last number of that valuable periodical, so rich in continental intelligence, *Evangelical Christendom*, gives an affecting account of the extreme length into which some of the party have run, even disclaiming the name

of Christian, because it implied that their creed was derived from Jesus of Nazareth, and not the product of their own thought and will.

In Switzerland the flame of civil war has ere now probably broken out. One party have armed in the favour of the Jesuits, the other and the most powerful is headed by the Infidel radicals, with neither therefore can we as Christians, feel much sympathy ; but considering the excitable state of most of the continental nations, war breaking out in the heart of Europe seems almost like a spark let fall in the midst of gunpowder.

In Italy we have the strange anomaly of a liberal Pope, the head of the oldest tyranny in Europe, a tyranny which has striven to enslave the thoughts as well as the persons of men, looked up to as the great hope of that party in his dominions, which is aiming at liberty and political amelioration. The drama is but just opened, we cannot tell whether the genius of popery or of modern Europe will prevail : whether in the former case the awakened spirit of Italy could be crushed, or in the latter what strange modifications the system of popery must undergo, are questions which we must wait for the event to solve.

Spain and Portugal continue, as they have so long been, distracted with civil broils, desiring liberty, but quite incapacitated for its exercise by the enervating pupilage under which the Roman See has so long kept them. Amidst the varied social and moral phenomena of the continent of Europe, none indeed are more marked than the almost universal growth of the democratic spirit. It received a severe check at the close of the last century, when the excesses of the French Revolution warned men of the dangers of that course they were ready so eagerly to enter ; but a generation has

arisen to whom this Revolution is only history, (the impressions of which are so feeble, compared to those of memory and sight,) and by whom its lessons are little regarded. What will be the end of these things? will the spirit of lawless insubordination grow stronger, burst all barriers, overthrow all constituted power, and introduce that time of fearful anarchy, when the sun shall become black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon as blood, when the stars of heaven shall fall? It may be so, and the soul shudders at the fearful prospect, but this we know, that in this case the time would not be long, for the "elect's sake it would be shortened," and He would come whose right it is, and take to him his great power and reign. His throne would be set up on the ruin of every other; the rule of peace and order would be again restored, but with it the rule of righteousness and love; for the saints of the most High would possess the kingdom under the whole heaven, and the earth would be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.

What progress has been making during the past year in those preparatory steps, that gathering of the elect from among all nations which must precede this glorious kingdom. Much progress—some that we can trace—much that is known only to the Lord of the vineyard. Many of his chosen ones have this year been gathered home, from the venerable father in Christ, who like Dr. Chalmers, has been followed to the grave by crowds of weeping mourners, to the lovely child whose youthful graces were the joy of a parent's heart. Many wandering sheep have this year been brought back to the fold of the good Shepherd; a blessing has rested on the humble labours of the Pastor and the Missionary, and angel harps have often sounded for joy at the con-

version of a sinner. The outward fields of usefulness are every where opening and enlarging. The strong holds of priest-craft in Ireland are shaken, but what will this avail, unless Christians hasten to lead her people to the foot of the great High Priest.* In our own land there are continual and repeated calls from populous districts inadequately supplied with means of instruction. On the continent the Evangelical Societies have been largely blessed, so largely indeed, that they are considerably embarrassed for means to carry on the work, which increases upon them. Fresh fields of missionary labour are opening. There is China with its teeming multitudes of highly civilised, and highly educated citizens, all devoted to mammon-worship, full of ardour, full of life and intelligence, but knowing no hope, no desire beyond the grave ; and Borneo with its simple Dyaks, ready to receive the glad tidings of salvation, which we trust will now soon be brought to their ears.

The friends of Israel too are called upon by a notice from the Jews' Society, stating that they are unable from want of funds to avail themselves of many promising openings. No striking events in Palestine have arrested the attention of those who are anxiously waiting the first signs of Israel's restoration to their own land, but it is impossible to look on the face of society, and not feel that the time is passing away when they were trodden under foot of the Gentiles. The recent manifestation in Italy described in the Jewish Chronicle for

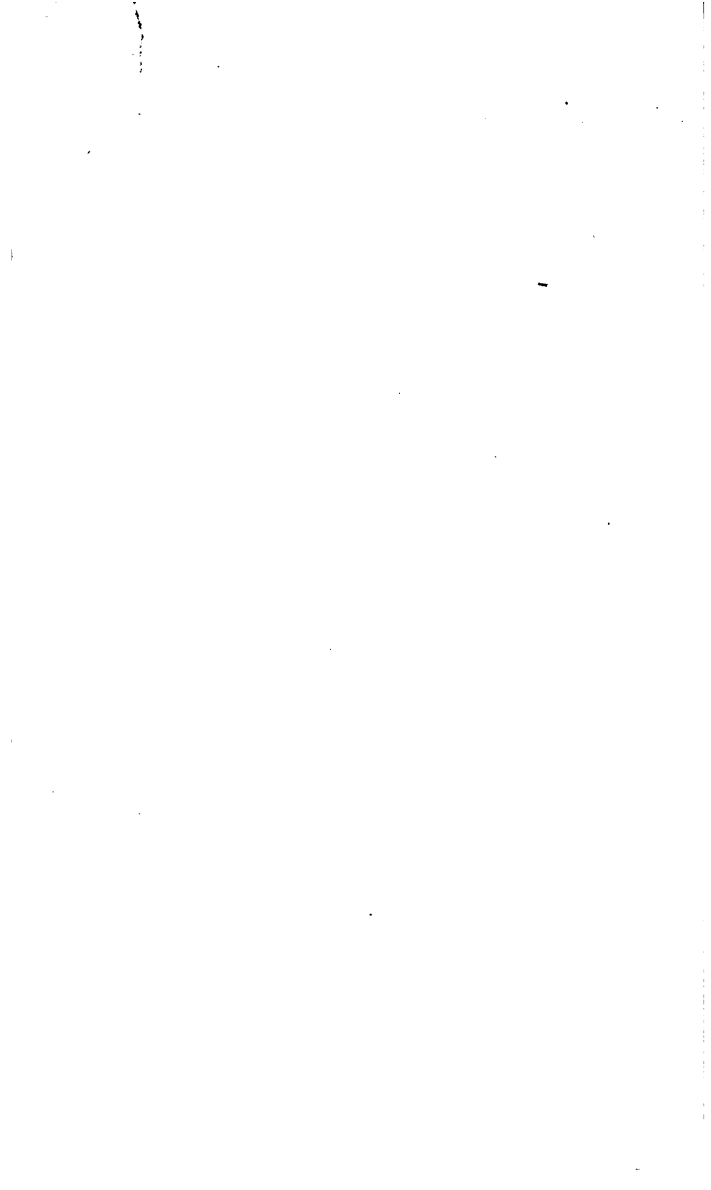
* The Hibernian Female School Society to which many of our readers extended last winter such ready help, earnestly solicits a renewal of assistance, for in many districts it is feared, the famine still prevails, and they are unwilling to relinquish the system of feeding the children, which they found to be so great a blessing last year. The Special Fund also, which has done so much in this year for the Irish Religious Societies, will need replenishing.

October 22nd, the election of a Jew to represent in Parliament, the metropolis of Britain, and in a more private sphere, the fact of such a publication as that fascinating tale 'Home Influence,' by the lamented Grace Aguilar, proceeding from the pen of a Jewess, all prove how prejudice and enmity are softening, how the bitter cup is passing from the lips of those who have so long drunk it. While as Christians we deprecate their admission into our legislature, we can rejoice in the prospects of mercy which are opening before them ; we believe that he who leadeth the blind in a way that they know not, is preparing the way for their restoration to their own land, and that it becomes Christians, though at the risk of exciting their enmity as bigotted conversionists, to use every effort to bring them to a knowledge of Messiah their King, Jesus their Saviour, who will so soon return to Mount Zion, tread again the slopes of Olivet, and sit upon the throne of his father David.

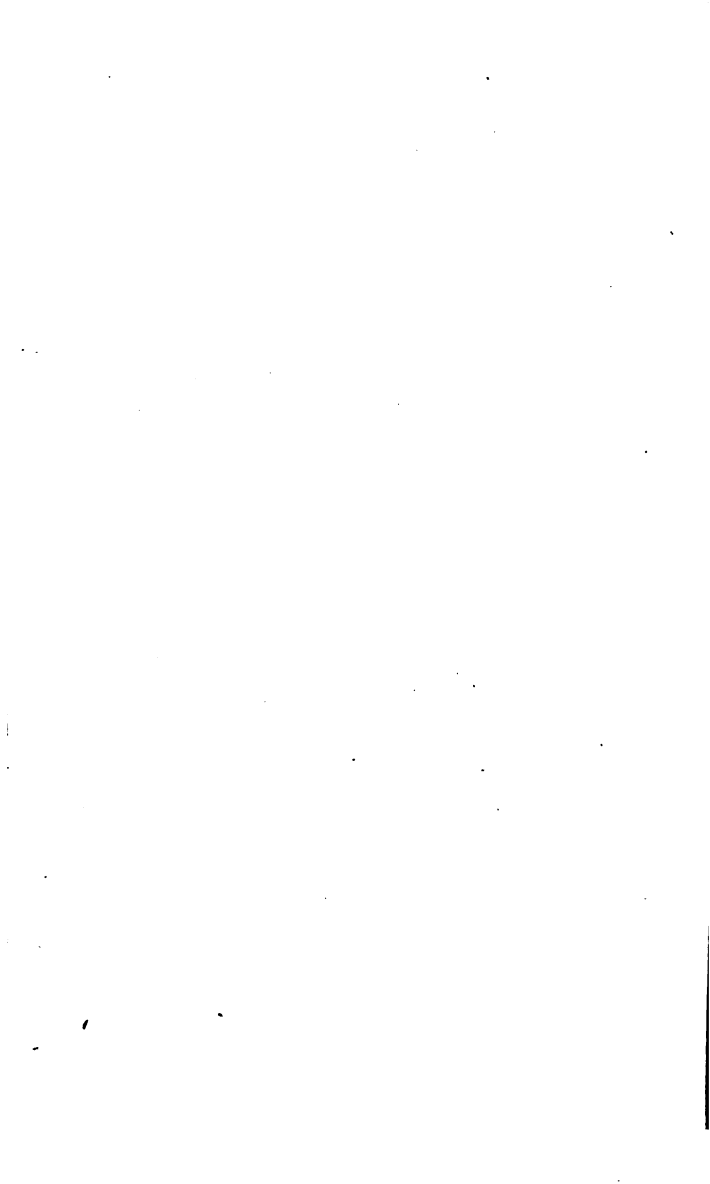
Every where the cry rises for more help ; we may apply to Christians in general, the stirring address of Keble to Christian ministers.

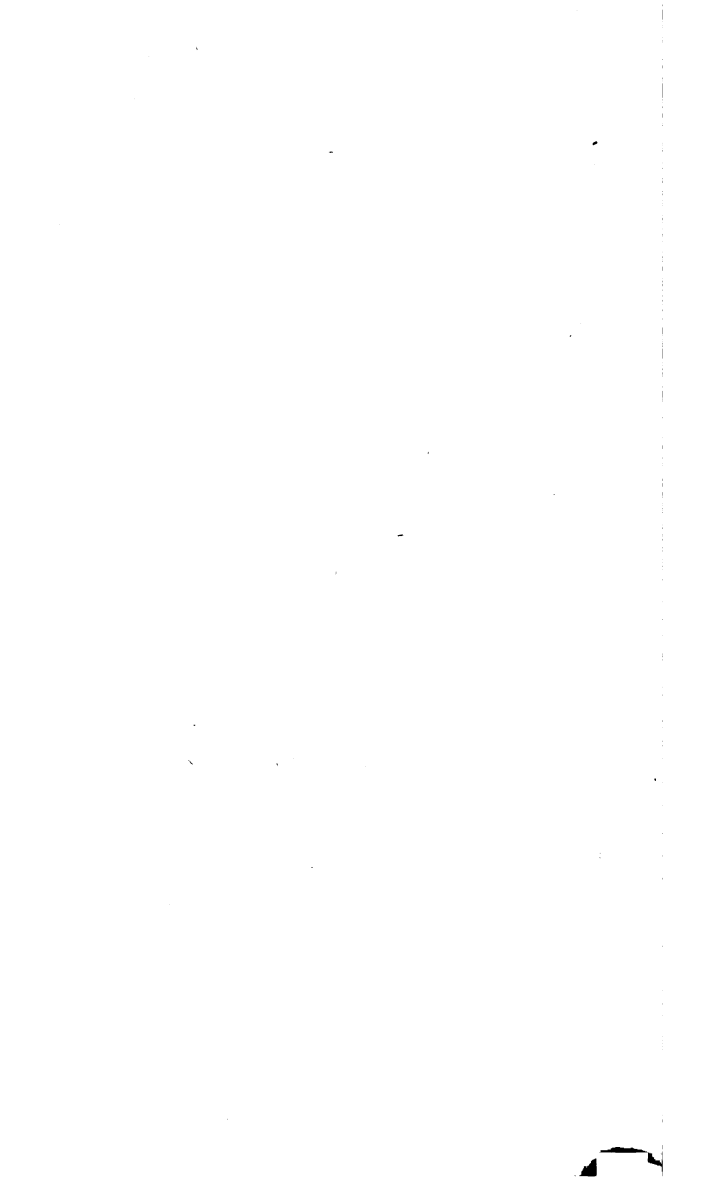
" Think not of rest, though dreams be sweet,
Start up and ply your heavenward feet ;
Is not Christ's oath upon your head,
Ne'er to lie down on slothful bed.
Never again your loins untie,
Nor let your lamps burn out and die ;
Till when the shadows thickest fall,
Ye hear the Master's midnight call ? "

When we shall hear that call we know not, but this we know, we shall not then reproach ourselves for having been too earnest in his service, nor shall we regret any labour undertaken for him, when we hear the words, " Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."



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